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संवत् सोरह से इकतीस  
करैं कथा हरि पद धरिसोसा



सुनत अवन पाइ ब विनामा  
होइ सुखी जे होइ सर परहो

राम चरित मानस यह नामा  
मन करि विषय अनलबनजरी

श्री



श्री

THE  
RAMAYANA  
OF  
TULSI DAS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL HINDI  
BY  
F. S. GROWSE, B.C.S.;  
M.A., OXON., C.I.E.;  
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FIFTH EDITION  
[IN THREE VOLUMES.]

REVISED AND CORRECTED

"The Ramayan of Tulsi Das is more popular and more honoured by the people of the North Western Provinces than the Bible is by the corresponding classes in England."

GRIFFITH.

Vol. III.

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1891.

कहिहहि सुनेहहि समासमचना  
कलिमलारीदितसुमगलाटणी

जो यह कथा सनेह समेती  
होइहहि राम चरनचनुसगी



संवत् सोरह से प्रसी असी भागवती  
आवणा मुकुमनमी तुलसी नन्यानी





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# THE RĀMAYANA OF TULSĪ DAS.

## BOOK IV.

### KISHKINDHYĀ.

#### *Sanskrit Invocation.*

BEAUTIFUL as the jasmine or the lotus, of surpassing strength, store-houses of wisdom, all glorious and accomplished bowmen, hymned by the Vedas, benefactors of cows and Brāhmans, may they who appeared in the form of mortal men as the two noble sons of Raghu, the champions of true religion, the wayfarers intent on their search for Sīta, may they grant us faith.

Blessed are the pious souls, who ever imbibe the nectar of holy Rāma's name; nectar, the product of no ocean, but of Brahm himself, the utter exterminator of all the impurities of this sinful age, the imperishable, the quintessence of the beauty of blessed Sambhu's moonlike face, the ever glorious, the remedy for all the diseases of life, the exquisitely sweet, the life of blessed Jānaki.

#### *Sorathā 1.*

How is it possible not to reverence Kāśi, the home of Sambhu and Bhavāni, knowing it to be the earthly birth-place of salvation, a treasury of knowledge and the destroyer of sin. Dull indeed of soul is the man who worships not him, who when all the hosts of heaven were in distress, drank up the deadly poison; who is so merciful as Sankara?

#### *Chaupāī.*

Rāma again proceeded on his way and drew near to the mountain Rishyamūka.<sup>1</sup> There Sugriva dwelt with his ministers, who, seeing them approach in all their immeasurable strength, was exceedingly alarmed and cried: "Hearken, Hanumān; take the form of a young Brāhman student

<sup>1</sup> The mountain Rishyamūka derives its name from *Rishya*, a kind of antelope.

and go and see who these two heroes are, of such remarkable strength and beauty, and when you have ascertained make some sign by which I may know also. If that wretch Bali has sent them, I must leave the hill and flee at once." The monkey assumed the form of a Brahman and went to the place; there bowed his head and thus questioned them: "Who are you two knights of warrior mien, who roam this wood, one dark of hue, the other fair? The ground is rough for your soft feet to tread. What is the reason, my masters, that you visit this forest? Your body is too delicate and exquisitely beautiful to be exposed to the intolerable sun and wind of these wild regions. Who are you? A Person of the Trinity; or the two great gods Nara and Naráyana?"

*Dohá 1.*

Or has the lord of all the spheres become incarnate in your human form, for the good of the world, to bridge the ocean of existence and relieve earth of its burdens?"

*Chaupái.*

"We are the sons of Dasarath, the king of Kosala, and have come into the forest in obedience to our father's command; Ráma, the name of one brother, and lakshman of the other. With us was my young and beautiful bride, the daughter of the king of Videha. But some demon here has stolen her away; and it is she, O Bráhmaṇ, whom we are trying to find. We have told you our affairs, tell us now

1 Nara, the original or eternal Man, the divine imperishable spirit that pervades the universe, is always associated with Naráyana, which, as a patronymic from Nara, means 'the Son of the original Man.' In Manu, I. 10, Nara is apparently identified with Naráyana: the waters, it is said, being called nári, as produced from Nara, the eternal spirit, or Paramátmá, which is also styled Naráyana, as having its first place of motion on the waters. In the more systematic theology Nara and Naráyana are distinct, the former being regarded as a sage or patriarch, while the latter is a god. In epic poetry they are the sons of Dharma by Murti, or Abinsá, and are emanations of Vishnu, Arjuna being identified with Nara, and Krishna with Naráyana. In some places Nara and Naráyana are called *devau*, 'the two gods'; or *purva-devau*, 'the two original gods'; or *rishi*, 'the two sages'; or *puranau rishi-sattamanau*, 'the two most ancient and best of sages'; or *tapasau*, 'the two ascetics'; or *maha-muni*, 'the two great munis.'—Monier Williams, sub verbo.

your own story." He recognized his lord and fell and clasped his feet with a joy, Umá, beyond all description. His body thrilled with emotion and all words failed his tongue, as he gazed upon the fashion of their ravishing disguise. At last he collected himself and burst forth into a hymn of praise, with great joy of heart, for he had found his lord. "I asked, sire, in my ignorance; but why should you ask, as though you were a mere man. Under the influence of your delusive power I wandered in error, and therefore I did not at once recognize my lord.

*Dohá 2.*

In the first place I was a bewildered dullard, ignorant and perverse of soul, and then my gracious Lord God himself led me astray.

*Chaupái.*

Although, sire, my faults are many, yet a servant cannot anyhow be above his master. All created things are first fettered by your delusive power and then again set free by your grace. Therefore I make my cry to Raghubír, and know no other saving mode of prayer. As a servant has confidence in his master, or a child in its mother, so all dwell secure under the protection of the Lord." So saying, he fell in much agitation at his feet, and the love that filled his soul showed itself in every part of his body. Then Raghubatí raised him up and took him to his bosom, while his own eyes were flooded with tears of joy. "Hearken, O monkey; do not account yourself vile; you are second to Lakshman only in my affection; every one says that I have no respect of persons; any servant is beloved of me, and has a rank in heaven second to none.

*Dohá 3.*

For he, Hanumán, is second to none who never wavers in this faith, that he is the servant of the Lord God who is manifested in creation."

*Chaupái.*

When the Son of the Wind (i.e., Hanumán) saw his

lord so gracious, he rejoiced at heart, and every anxiety was at an end. "The king of the monkeys, sire, lives on this rock, Sugriva by name, a servant of yours. In return for his submission you should make friends with him and set his mind at rest. He will have Sita tracked; for he will despatch millions of monkeys in every direction." In this manner he told them all the particulars and took them both with him and gave them stools to sit upon. When Sugriva saw Rāma, he thought it a great blessing to have been born. He reverentially advanced to meet him and bowed his head at his feet; and Raghunāth and his brother returned his courtesy. The monkey's mind was occupied with this thought, 'If God would only give me such allies!'

*Dohā 4.*

Hanumān then explained the circumstances of both sides; holy fire was made a witness, and a firm alliance concluded.

*Chaupāī.*

When the alliance had been concluded, nothing was kept in reserve; Rāma and Lakshman told all their adventures. Sugriva's eyes were full of tears as he replied—"The daughter of the king of Mithilā will be recovered. One day when I was sitting here with my ministers deep in thought, I saw some one flying through the air, with a woman in his power, who was weeping piteously and crying 'Rāma, Rāma, O my Rāma!' When she saw me, she dropped her scarf." Rāma at once asked for it; he gave it him: he pressed the scarf to his bosom in the deepest distress. Said Sugriva: "Hearken, Raghunāth; be not so distressed; take courage. I will do all in my power to serve you and recover Jānaki."

*Dohā 5.*

The All-merciful and Almighty rejoiced to hear his friend's speech. "Tell me, Sugriva, the reason why you are living in this forest."

*Chaupāī.*

"My lord, Bālī and I are two brothers: our mutual



and enemies, joys and sorrows of the world, are effects of delusion, and are not eternal realities. Bāli is my greatest friend, by whose favour I have met you, O Rāma, destroyer of all sorrow ; as when a man dreams that he has been fighting some one, and on waking and coming to his senses is ashamed of his illusion. Now, my lord, do me this favour, that I may leave all and worship you, night and day." When Rāma heard the monkey's devout speech, he smiled and said, with his bow in his hand : " Whatever I have said is all true ; my words, friend, cannot fail." O Garūr, Rāma, as the scriptures say, is the juggler who makes us all dance like so many monkeys. Sugriva then took Raghunāth away with him, who went with bow and arrows in hand. Afterwards he sent Sugriva on ahead, who went up close and roared with all his might. Bāli on hearing him, sprang up in a fury, but his wife clasped his feet in her hands and warned him : " Harken, my lord, Sugriva's allies are two brothers of unapproachable majesty and might, the sons of the king of Kosala, Lakshman and Rāma, who would conquer in battle even Death himself."

*Dohā 7.*

Said Bāli: "Harken, timorous dame; Raghunāth is kind and the same to all; even if he kill me, he will still be my lord."

*Charpī*

So saying, he sallied forth in all his pride, thinking no more of Sugriva than of a blade of grass. The two joined combat; and Bāli with a furious leap struck him a blow with his fist, which resounded like a clap of thunder. Sugriva at once fled in dismay; the stroke of his fist had fallen upon him as a bolt from heaven. "What did I say, O merciful Raghubīr; this is no brother of mine but Death himself." "You two brothers are so much alike that for fear of mistake I did not shoot him." He then stroked Sugriva's body with his hands and his frame became as of adamant, and all his pain was gone. Next he put on his neck a wreath of flowers and sent him back with a large increase of strength. Again they

fought in every kind of way, while Rāma watched them from behind a tree.

*Dohá 8.*

When Sugrīva had tried every trick and put forth all his strength and had given up in despair, Rāma drew an arrow and struck Bāli in the heart.

*Chaupāi.*

Struck by the shaft, he fell in dismay to the ground. Again he sat up and saw the Lord standing before him, dark as hue, with his hair fastened up in a knot on his head, and his eyes inflamed as they were when he fitted the arrow to his bowstring. Again and again as he gazed upon him, he laid his soul at his feet and accounted his life blessed: for he recognized his lord. Though his heart was full of affection, the words of his mouth were harsh, as he looked towards Rāma and said: "You have become incarnate, sire, for the advancement of religion, and yet you take my life, as a huntsman would that of a wild beast. I, forsooth, am an enemy and Sugrīva a friend; yet for what fault have you killed me, my lord?" "Hearken, wretch; a younger brother's wife, a sister, a daughter-in-law and an unwedded maid are all alike: whoever looks upon one of them with an evil eye may be slain without any sin. Fool, in your extravagant pride you paid no heed to your wife's warning. You knew that he had taken refuge under the might of my arm, and yet in your wicked pride you wished to kill him."

*Dohá 9.*

"Hearken Rāma; I dealt craftily with my lord; to-day, guilty as I am, I obtain, sire, at my death a place in heaven."

*Chaupāi.*

When Rāma heard this most tender speech, he touched Bāli's head with his hands: "I restore the soundness of your body; retain your life." Said Bāli; "Hearken, All-merciful; the saints are born again and again and labour throughout their life, and yet even to the last Rāma never comes near them. But he, the everlasting, by the virtue of whose name

Sankara at Kási bestows heaven upon all alike, has come in visible form before my very eyes; can I ever, my lord, have such a chance again?

*Chhand 1.*

He has become visible to my eyes, whose praises the scriptures are all unequal to declare, to whom scarcely the saints attain after profound contemplation accompanied by laborious suppression of the breath,<sup>1</sup> abstraction of soul, and control of the senses. Seeing me the victim of excessive pride, the Lord has told me to retain my body. But who would be such a fool as to insist upon cutting down the tree of paradise and watering a wild *babul* tree? Now, my lord, look upon me with compassion and grant me the boon I beg; whatever the womb, in which it be my fate to be born, may I ever cherish a special devotion to the feet of Rāma. O my lord, take this my son Angad and grant him like discretion, power and prosperity; grasp him by the hand. O king of gods and men, and make him your servant."

*Dohá 10.*

After making a fervent act of devotion to Rāma's feet, Bāli's soul left the body; as placidly as when a wreath of flowers drops from an elephant's neck without his knowing it;

*Chaupái.*

And Rāma dismissed him to his own heavenly mansion. All the people of the city ran together in dismay, and Tārā with dishevelled hair and tottering frame broke out into wild lamentation. When Raghurāi saw her distress, he imparted to her wisdom and dispersed her delusion. "The body, which is composed of the elements, earth, water, fire, air and ether,<sup>2</sup> is of no value. The mortal frame, which you see before you,

1 The eight means of mental concentration (according to Patanjali, the founder of the Yoga system of philosophy) are *Yama*, 'forbearance,' 'restraint'; *Niyama*, 'religious observances'; *Asana*, 'postures'; *Prāṇāyāma*, 'suppression of the breath', or 'breathing in a peculiar way'; *Pratyahāra*, 'restraint of the senses'; *Dhāraṇa*, 'steadying of the mind'; *Dhyāna*, 'contemplation'; and *Samādhi*, 'profound meditation,' or rather, a state of religious trance.—*Monier Williams*.

2 *Ākāśa*, 'ether,' is the subtle and ethereal fluid, supposed to fill and pervade the universe and to be the peculiar vehicle of life and of sound.—*Monier Williams*.



sleeps ; but the soul is eternal ; why then do you weep?" True understanding sprung up in her mind ; she embraced his feet and received the boon that she asked, a perfect faith. O, Umá, the lord Ráma dances us all up and down like so many puppets. Then he gave orders to Sugriva and he performed all the funeral rites with due ceremony. Ráma next directed his brother to go and celebrate Sugriva's installation. He bowed his head at Raghupati's feet and went forth, he and all whom Ráma had commissioned to accompany him.

*Dohá 11.*

Lakshman immediately summoned the citizens and the council of Bráhmans, and invested Sugriva with the sovereignty and appointed Angad Prince Imperial.

*Chaupái.*

O, Umá, there is no such friend as Ráma in the world, neither guru, nor father, nor mother, nor kinsman, nor lord. It is the way with all other gods, men and saints, to make friends for selfish purposes ; but the generous Raghubír, from mere natural kindness, made Sugriva king of the monkeys, when he was trembling all day and all night in such fear of Báli that there was no colour left in his face and his heart was burnt up with anxiety. I know this, that any man, who deserts such a lord, must needs be caught in the meshes of calamity. Ráma then sent for Sugriva and instructed him in all the principles of statecraft, and added : "Hearken, Sugriva, lord of the monkey race ; I may not enter a city for fourteen years. The hot weather is now over and the rains have set in. I will encamp on the hills close by. Do you with Angad reign in royal state ; but remain ever mindful of my interests." Sugriva then returned to the palace, while Ráma remained in camp on mount Bravarshana.<sup>1</sup>

*Dohá 12.*

The gods had beforehand made and kept for him a

<sup>1</sup> In the Sanskrit Rámáyana the hill is called Prasravana ; but the two words bear much the same meaning. The text might also be translated, 'remained on the hill during the early rains.'

charming cave in the mountain, knowing that the all-merciful Râma would come and stay there for some days.

*Chaupâi.*

The magnificent forest was a most charming sight, with the trees all in flower and the swarms of buzzing bees gathering honey. From the time that the Lord came, every plant and fruit and every kind of agreeable foliage was forthcoming in profusion. Seeing the incomparable beauty of the hill, the Lord and his brother rested there. In the form of bees, birds and deer, the gods, saints and seers came and did service to their lord. From the time that Lakshmi's spouse took up his abode in it, the forest became a picture of felicity. There the two brothers sat at ease on the bright and glistening crystal rock, and the younger was told many a tale inculcating faith, self-governance, statecraft and wisdom. What with clouds that ever canopied the heavens and the frequent thunder, the season of the rains seemed a most delightful time.

*Dohâ 12*

"See, Lakshman, how the peacocks dance at the sight of the clouds, like a householder, enamoured of asceticism, who rejoices when he finds a true believer in Vishnu.

*Chaupâi.*

Clouds gather in the sky and thunders roar; but my darling is gone and my soul is in distress.<sup>1</sup> The lightning flashes fitfully amid the darkness, like the friendship of the vile which never lasts. The pouring clouds cleave close to the ground, as sages stoop beneath accumulated lore. The mountain endures the buffeting of the storm, as the virtuous bear the abuse of the wicked. The flooded streamlets rush proudly along, like mean men puffed up with a little wealth. The water by its contact with the earth becomes as muddy as the soul when environed by delusion. The lakes swell gradually and imperceptibly, like as when the quality of goodness

<sup>1</sup> In England a cloudy sky is associated with gloomy ideas, and the bright sunshine with everything that is cheerful. But in India it is the reverse. When the clouds gather and thunder is heard, every one rejoices at the prospect of rain.

developes in a good man ; and the rivers flow into the bosom of the ocean, like as the soul, that has found Hari, is at rest for ever.

*Dohá 14.*

The green earth is so choked with grass that the paths can no longer be distinguished, like holy books obscured by the wrangling of heretics,

*Chaupái.*

On all sides there is a lively croaking of frogs, like a party of Bráhmaṇ students repeating the Vedas. All the trees put forth their new leaves, like pious souls that have come to matured wisdom. The *ák* and *jawísá* plants lose their leaves : as in a well-governed realm the schemes of the wicked come to nought. Search as you like, the dusty foot-path is no longer to be traced ; like as when religion is put out of sight by passion. The earth rich with crops makes as goodly a show as the prosperity of benevolent. The fire-flies glitter in the darkness of the cloudy night, like a mustered band of hypocritical pretenders. The ridges of the fields are broken down by the heavy rains, like women ruined by too much license. The diligent cultivators weed their lands, like philosophers who root up ignorance, vanity and pride. The *chakrá* and other birds are nowhere to be seen, like virtue that fled at the coming of the iron age. However much it may rain, no grass springs upon barren ground ; so lust takes no root in the heart of Hari's worshippers. The earth gleams with swarms of living creatures of every kind ; so the people multiply under good government. Here and there weary wayfarers stay and rest, like a man's bodily senses after the attainment of wisdom.

*Dohá 15.*

At times a strong wind disperses the clouds in all directions, like the birth of a bad son, who destroys all the pious practices of his family.

*Chaupái.*

Now the rains are over and the season of autumn has

returned ; see Lakshman, how exquisitely beautiful everything is. The whole earth is covered with the flowering *káns* grass, as though the rains had exposed its old age. The rising of Canopus<sup>1</sup> has dried up the water on the roads, like as greed is dried up by contentment. The surface of every river and lake is as pure and bright as is the soul of the saints devoid of all vanity and delusion ; drop by drop their depths are diminished, like as the enlightened gradually lose all notions of self. The wagtails know the autumn season and come out once more, like virtuous deeds in an auspicious time. There is neither mud nor dust ; the earth is as brilliant as the administration of a king who is well versed in state policy. The fish are distressed by the shrinking of the water, like improvident men of family by the loss of money. The unclouded sky shines as bright as a worshipper of Hari, who has discarded every other patron. Here and there is a slight autumn shower, like the faith of one who is not yet fully persuaded.

*Dohi* 16.

Kings and ascetics, merchants and mendicants, leave the city and go their way with joy, like men in any of the four stages of life,<sup>2</sup> who cease to labour when they have once attained to faith in Hari.

*Chaupái.*

Where the water is deep, the fish are as glad as men who have taken refuge with Hari and have not a single trouble. The lakes, with their flowering lotuses, are as beautiful as the immaterial Supreme Spirit when clothed with a material form. The garrulous bees make a wonderful buzzing, and the birds a charming concert of diverse sounds ; but the *chakwá* is as sad of soul to see the night, as a bad man at the sight of another's prosperity. The *cháta*k cries out from excess of thirst, like a rebel against Mahádev, who knows no

<sup>1</sup> The heliacal rising of the constellation Agastya, i.e., Canopus, takes place on the seventh day after the new moon of Bhádon, in the rainy season.

<sup>2</sup> The four stages of life, through which every Bráhmaṇ should pass, are 1st, that of the Brahmachári, or student ; 2nd, that of the Griha-stha, or householder ; 3rd, that of the Vánaprastha, or anchorite ; and 4th, that of the Bhikṣu, or mendicant.

rest. The moon by night subdues the autumnal heat of the sun, like as the sight of a saint expels sin. Flocks of partridges fix their gaze upon the moon, as Hari's worshippers look only to Hari. Mosquitoes and gadflies are driven away by the terrors of winter, like as a family is destroyed by the sin of persecuting Bráhmans.

*Dohá 17.*

Under the influence of the autumn, earth is rid of its insect swarms, as a man, who has found a good teacher, is relieved from all doubt and error.

*Chaupái.*

The rains are over and the clear season has come, but I have had no news, brother, of Sita. If I could only once anyhow get tidings of her, I would in an instant recover her out of the hands of even Death himself. Wherever she may be, if only she still lives, brother, I would make an effort to rescue her. Sugriva has forgotten all about me, now that he has got back his kingdom and treasure, his city and his queen. Fool that he is, I will to-morrow slay him with the selfsame arrow with which I slew Bâli." He, by whose favour, Umâ, pride and delusion are dissipated, could never even dream of being angry. Only enlightened saints can understand these actions of his, who have a hearty devotion to the feet of Raghubir. Lakshman believed his lord was angry, and strung his bow and took his arrows in his hands.

*Dohá 18.*

Then the all-merciful Raghupati instructed his brother, saying : "Frighten our friend Sugriva and bring him here."

*Chaupái.*

Now the Son of the Wind also had thought to himself, 'Sugriva has forgotten all about Râma.' So he went near and bowed his head at his feet and reminded him of the four modes of making war.<sup>1</sup> As Sugriva listened, he became much alarmed : "Sensual pleasures have robbed me of all my

<sup>1</sup> The four *upayas*, or modes of making war, are, sowing dissension, negotiation, bribery and open force.

understanding. Now, O Hanumán, despatch a multitude of spies, legions of monkeys, in every direction, and tell them that any one who is not back in a fortnight shall meet his death at my hands." Hanumán then summoned envoys, and showed them all special honour, making use of threats, blandishments and motives of policy. They all bowed their head at his feet and set forth. At that very time Lakshman entered the city. Seeing him to be angry, the monkeys all ran away.

*Dohá 19.*

He twanged his bow and cried 'I will burn the city to ashes.' Then came Báli's son, seeing the distress of the people,

*Chaupái.*

and bowed his head at his feet and made humble petition, till Lakshman assured him he had nought to fear. When the monkey king heard tell of Lakshman's wrath, he was terribly alarmed : "Hearken, Hanumán ; take Tára with you and with suppliant prayers appease the prince." Hanumán ; went with Tára and fell at his feet, and after hymning his lord's praises, respectfully conducted him to the palace and bathed his feet and seated him on a couch. The monkey king also bowed his head at his feet, but Lakshman took him by the hand and embraced him. "There is nothing, my lord, so intoxicating as pleasure ; in a single moment it infatuates even the soul of a saint." On hearing this humble speech, Lakshman was glad and said everything to reassure him, while Hanumán told him all that had been done and how a multitude of spies had already started.

*Dohá 20.*

Then Sugriva with Angad and the other monkeys went forth with joy, preceded by Lakshman, and arrived in Ráma's presence.

*Chaupái.*

With folded hands he bowed his head at his feet and cried: "My lord, it has been no fault of mine. Your delusive power, sire, is so strong that only Ráma's favour can disperse it. Gods and men, saints and kings are mastered by their senses; and I am but a poor brute beast, a monkey, one of the

most libidinous of animals. A man who is invulnerable by the arrow of a woman's eye, who remains wakeful through the dark night of angry passion, and whose neck has never been bound by the halter of covetousness, is your equal, O Raghurái. It is a virtue not attainable by any religious observance; it is only by your grace that one here and one there can accomplish it." Then Raghupati smiled and said: "You are as dear to me as my own brother Bharat. Now take thought and make an effort to get tidings of Síta."

*Dohá 21.*

While they were yet thus speaking, the troops of monkeys arrived of all colours and from all parts of the world, a monkey host marvellous to behold.

*Chaupái.*

I, Uma, saw this army of monkeys; only a fool would try to count them. They came and bowed the head at Ráma's feet and gazing upon his face found in him their true lord. In the whole host there was not a single monkey to whom Ráma did not give separate greeting. This is no great miracle for the lord Raghurái, who is omnipresent and all-pervading. They all stood as they were told, rank after rank, while Surgríva thus spoke and instructed them: "In Ráma's behoof and at my request, go forth ye monkey host in every direction. Make search for Janak's daughter, my brethren, and return within a month. Whoever comes back at the end of the time without any news shall die at my hands."

*Dohá 22.*

No sooner had they heard this speech than all the monkeys started at once in every direction. Sugríva then called Angad, Nila and Hanumán :

*Chaupái.*

"Hearken, Nila, Angad and Hanumán, and you, O staunch and sagacious Jámaván ; go ye together, all ye gallant warriors, to the south, and ask every one for news of Síta. Strain every faculty to devise some way of accomplishing Ráma's object. The sun is content with back service and



the fire with front, but a master must be served back and front alike, without any subterfuges.<sup>1</sup> Discard the unrealities of the world and consider the future ; so shall all the troubles connected with existence be destroyed. This is the end, brother, for which we were born, to worship Rāma without any desire for self. He only is truly discriminative, he only is greatly blessed, who is enamoured of the feet of Raghubīr." After begging permission to depart and bowing the head at his feet they set out with joy, invoking Raghurāi. The last to make obeisance was Hanumān. The lord, knowing what would happen, called him near and with his lotus hands touched his head and gave him his ring off his finger for he knew his devotion : "Say everything to comfort Sīta, telling her of my might and my constancy, and come quickly." Hanumān thought himself happy to have been born and set forth, with the image of the all-merciful impressed upon his heart. Although the Lord knows everything, he observes the rules of statecraft in his character as the champion of the gods.

*Dohā 23.*

They went forth searching every wood, river, lake, and mountain cave, with their soul so absorbed in Rāma's concerns that they forgot all about their own bodily wants.

*Chaupāi*

Wherever it might be that they came across a demon, they took his life with a single blow. They looked into every recess of forest and hill, and if they met any hermit they all surrounded him. Overcome by thirst they were dreadfully distressed, and losing their way in the dense jungle, could find no water. Hanumān thought to himself "without water to drink we shall all die. He climbed a mountain peak and

<sup>1</sup> In this line there is no difference of reading in any of the MSS., but the precise meaning of the words is obscure and the Pandits interpret them in as many as 22 different ways. The translation given above exactly preserves the vagueness of the original. One of the alternative renderings is, 'as the flint nourishes fire in its bosom so should one serve a master ;' but I do not know of any parallel passage where *bhāṅk pīth* is used in the sense of 'a flint.'



looking all round about, spied a strange opening in the ground; with geese, herons and swans on the wing and all kinds of birds making their way into it. Then Hanumán came down from the mountain and took them all and showed them this cavern, and with him to lead the way they lost no time, but entered the chasm.

- *Dohá 24.*

A grove and beautiful lake came in sight, with many flowering lotuses and a magnificent temple, where a holy woman<sup>1</sup> was sitting.

*Chaupái.*

From a distance they all bowed the head before her and made enquiry and explained their circumstances. She then said: "Take water to drink and eat at will of this luscious and beautiful fruit." They bathed and ate of the sweet fruit and then all came and drew near to her, and told her all their adventures. "I will now go to Raghurái; close your eyes and so leave the cave; you will recover Síta, do not fear." The warriors closed their eyes, and when they again opened them they were all standing on the shore of the ocean. But she went to Raghunáth and came and bowed her head at his lotus feet, and made much supplication. The lord bestowed upon her imperishable faith.

*Dohá 25.*

In obedience to the Lord's commands she went to the Badri forest, cherishing in her heart Ráma's feet, the adoration of the eternal Siva.

*Chaupái.*

Now the monkeys were thinking to themselves: "The appointed time has passed and nothing has been done." So they all came together and asked one another, "there is no news, brother; what are we to do?" Angad's eyes were full of tears as he replied: "It is death for us either way. Here we have failed to get tidings of Síta, and if we go home

<sup>1</sup> In the Sanskrit Rámáyana her name is given as Swayamprabhá, 'the self-shining.'

our king will slay us. After my father's death he would have killed me, had not Rāma protected me, no thanks to him." Again and again Angad told them all : " It is a case of death without a doubt." When the monkey chiefs heard Angad's words, they could make no answer, tears streamed from their eyes. For a moment they were overwhelmed with despair, but at last they all spoke and said " unless we get news of Sita we will not return, O sagacious prince." So saying the monkeys all went to the seashore, where they spread beds of *kusa* grass and sat down. But Jāmbavān, seeing Angad's distress, addressed him with a discourse of appropriate admonition : " My son, do not imagine Rāma to be a man ; know that he is the invisible god, unconquerable and from everlasting. All we who are his servants are most highly blessed in our love for the eternal God thus made incarnate.

*Dohā 26.*

Of his own free will the Lord has manifested himself on behalf of gods, Brāhmanas, cows and Earth, and remains in bodily form among his worshippers, having abandoned all the joys of heaven."

*Chaupāī.*

He exhorted him in this wise at great length, and Sampāti from his cave in the mountain heard him. When he came out and saw the multitude of monkeys, he cried : " God has provided me with a feast. I will eat them all up at once ; I am dying for want of a meal these many days past. I have never yet had a good bellyful, but to-day God has supplied me for once and all." The monkeys trembled to hear the vulture's words, ' we were right in saying to-day we must die.' At the sight of him they all rose up, and Jāmbavān was mightily disturbed at heart ; but Angad, after thinking to himself, exclaimed : Glory to Jatāyu, there is none like him, who gave up his life in Rāma's service and, blessed beyond measure, has been translated to Hari's sphere in heaven." When the bird heard these words of mingled joy and sadness, he drew near

to the monkeys in alarm and after assuring them of safety began to question them. They told him the whole history. When Sampátí heard of his brother's doings, he gave great glory to Raghupati.

*Dohá 27.*

"Take me to the sea-shore and make him an offering of sesamum seeds ; with the help of my instructions you shall recover her whom you seek."

*Chaupái.*

When he had completed the funeral rites for his brother on the seashore, he told them his own history. "Hearken, monkey chiefs. We two brothers in our first youth mounted into the heaven, winging our way towards the sun. He could not endure its splendour and turned back, but I in my pride went closer. My wings were scorched by the excessive heat, and I fell to the earth uttering fearful cries. A saint, by name Chandrama,<sup>1</sup> was moved with compassion when he saw me, and instructed me in all kinds of knowledge and rid me of my inveterate pride. "In the Treta age God will take the form of a man, and his spouse will be carried off by the king of the demons. The Lord will send out spies to search for her, and if you join them you will be purified. Your wings will sprout again, fear not, when you have found them Síta." The saint's prophecy has come true to-day. Hearken to my words and set about your lord's business. On the top of mount Trikút is the city of Lanká ; there lives Rávan in absolute security, and there, in a grove of Asoka trees, sits Síta, a prey to grief.

*Dohá 28.*

I see her, though you cannot ; a vulture's sight has no bounds. I am now old, or else I would have given you some assistance.

*Chaupái.*

If any one of you can leap over a hundred leagues of sea,

<sup>1</sup> In the Sanskrit Rámáyana he is called Nisákara, the night-maker, which also, like Chandrama, is a name for the moon.

he will do Ráma's business for him very cleverly. Look at me reassure yourselves ; see how my body has been restored by Ráma's favour. Any wretch, who invokes his name, is able to cross the vast and boundless ocean of existence, and you are his messengers ; have then no fear, but with Ráma's image impressed upon your soul, concert your plans." So saying, Garúr, the vulture, left them, and their soul was in the greatest amazement. Each one vaunted his own strength, but doubted whether he could leap across. Said the king of the bears, " I am now too old and not a particle of my former strength is left in my body ; when Kharári took his three strides,<sup>1</sup> then I was young and full of vigour.

*Dohá 29.*

As he fettered Báli, the lord increased in stature to an indescribable size, but in less than an hour I ran round him seven times."

*Chaupái.*

Angad said: " I will leap across ; but I am rather doubtful about getting back again." Then said Jámaván : " You are quite competent; but why should we send our leader ? Hearken, Hanumán," added the king of the bears, " why is our champion so silent ? You are the son of the wind and strong as your sire, a storehouse of good sense, discretion and knowledge : in all the world what undertaking is there so difficult that you, my son, cannot accomplish it ? and it is on Ráma's account that you have come down upon earth." On hearing this he swelled to the size of a mountain, with a body of golden hue and of dazzling splendour, as though a very monarch of mountains, and roaring again and again as it were a lion, he cried " I can easily spring across the salt abyss, and slay Rávan with all his army, and uproot Trikút and bring it here. But I ask you, Jámaván, what I ought to do ; give me proper instructions." " All that you have to do, my son, is to go and see Síta and come back with the

<sup>1</sup> The allusion is to Vishnu's incarnation as a dwarf, which was the fifth in order, that as Ráma being the seventh,

news. Then the lotus-eyed, by the might of his own arm, taking with him merely for a show his hosts of monkeys,

*Chhand 2.*

With his hosts of monkeys Ráma will destroy the demons and recover Síta ; and gods and saints and Nárad and all will declare his glory, that sanctifies the three spheres." Any man attains the highest beatitude who hears, sings, tells or meditates upon the feet of Raghubír, lotus flowers which, like the bee, Tulsi Dás is ever singing.

*Dohá 30.*

If any man or woman will study the glories of Raghu-náth, the panacea for all the ills of life, Siva will make him to prosper in everything that he desires.

*Sorathá 2.*

Hearken then to his praises, with his body dark of hue as the lotus, with more than all the beauty of a myriad Loves, the fowler who sweeps into his net all kinds of sin as it were so many birds.

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[Thus endeth the book entitled "KISHKINDHYA," composed by Tulsi Dás for the bestowal of pure wisdom and continence; being the fourth descent 'into the holy lake of Ráma's deeds,' that cleanses from every defilement of the world.]

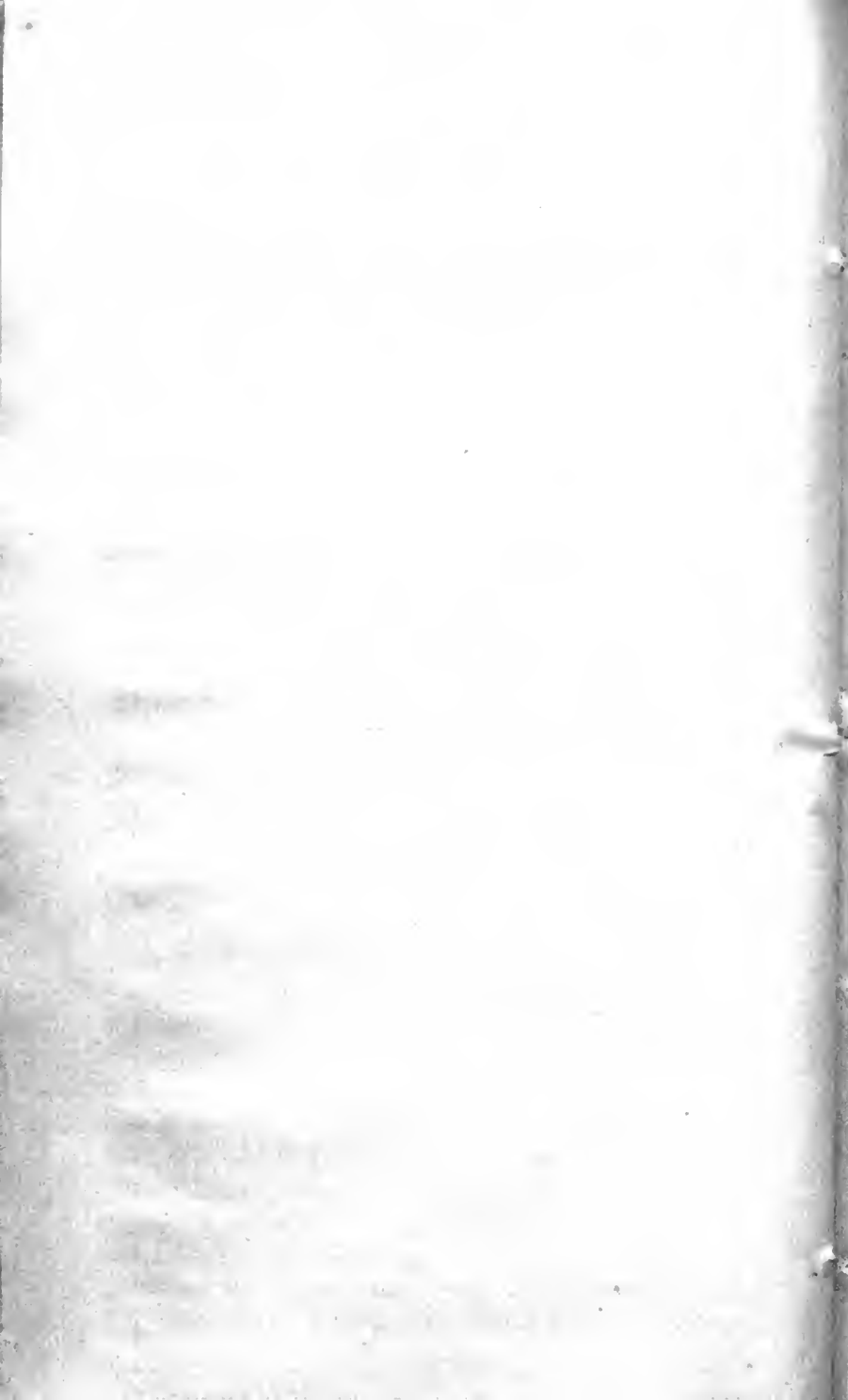
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**BOOK V.**

THE BEAUTIFUL.

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# THE RĀMĀYANA

OF  
TULSI DĀS.

BOOK V.

## THE BEAUTIFUL.

*Sanskrit Invocation.*

I ADORE, under his name RĀMA, the passionless, the eternal, the immeasurable, the sinless; the bestower of the peace of final emancipation; the lord, whom Bráhma, Sambhu, and the Serpent-king incessantly worship; the theme of the Vedánta; the sovereign of the universe; the preceptor of the gods; Hari in the delusive form of man : the All-merciful ; the princely son of Raghu; the jewel of kings.

O Raghupati, there is no other desire in my soul—I speak the truth and you know all my inmost thoughts—grant me, O Raghu king, a vehement faith, and make my heart clean of lust and every other sin.

I reverence the home of immeasurable strength, with his body resembling a mountain of gold; the fire that consumed the demons as it were the trees of a forest; the first name in the list of the truly wise: the store-house of all good qualities; the monkey chief; Raghupati's noble messenger, the Son of the Wind.

*Chaupái.*

On hearing Jámaván speak so cheerfully, Hanumán was greatly rejoiced at heart. "Wait for me here, my friends, however great your discomfort, with only roots, herbs, and fruits for your food, till I return after seeing Síta; the task is one I am most pleased to undertake." So saying he bowed his head to them all and went forth with joy, having the image of Raghunáth impressed upon his heart. There was a majestic rock by the seashore; he lightly sprung on to the top of it; then, again and again invoking Raghubír, the Son of the Wind leaped with all his might. The mountain on which he had planted his foot sank down immediately in-



to the depths of hell. Like Ráma's own unerring shaft, so sped Hanumán on his way. Ocean had regard for Ráma's envoy and told Maináka to ease his toil.<sup>1</sup>

*Dohá 1.*

But Hanumán merely touched him with his hand, then bowed and said, 'I can stop nowhere till I have done Ráma's business.'

*Chaupái.*

The gods saw Hanumán on his way and wished to make special trial of his strength and sagacity. So they sent the mother of the serpent-race, Surasá by name, who came and cried: 'To-day the gods have provided me a meal.' On hearing these words, the Son of the Wind replied: "When I have performed Ráma's commission and have come back, and have given my lord the news about Síta, then I will put myself into your mouth: I tell you the truth, mother, only let me go now." But, however much he tried, she would not let him go, till at last he said: 'You cannot get me into your mouth.' She opened her jaws a league wide; the monkey made his body twice that size. Then she stretched her mouth sixteen leagues. Hanumán at once became thirty-two. However much Surasá expanded her jaws, the monkey made his frame twice as large again. When she had made her mouth a hundred leagues wide, he reduced himself to a very minute form and went into her mouth and came out again: then bowed and asked permission to proceed. "The purpose for which the gods sent me, namely, to make trial of your wisdom and strength, I have now accomplished.

*Dohá 2.*

Your wisdom and strength are perfect; you will do all that Ráma requires of you." She then gave him her blessing and departed, and Hanumán went on his way rejoicing.

*Chaupái.*

A female demon<sup>2</sup> dwelt in the ocean, who by magic

<sup>1</sup> Maináka is a rock in the narrow straits between Lanká and the main land.  
<sup>2</sup> In the Sanskrit Rámáyana her name is given as Siabiká, the mother of Ráhu.

caught the birds of the air. All living creatures that fly in the air as they look down upon the water cast a shadow upon it; and she was able to catch the shadow, so that they could not fly away; and in this manner she always had birds to eat. She played this same trick on Hanuman; but the monkey at once saw through her craft and slew her, hero as he was, and all undismayed crossed over to the opposite shore. Arriving there, he marked the beauty of the wood, with the bees buzzing in their search for honey, the diverse trees all resplendent with simultaneous flower and fruit, and multitudes of birds and deer delightful to behold. Seeing a huge rock further on, he fearlessly sprang on to the top of it. But, Uma, this was not at all the monkey's own strength, but the gift of the Lord, who devours even Death himself. Mounted on the height, he surveyed Lanka a magnificent fortress that defies description, with the deep sea on all four sides around its golden walls of dazzling splendour.

*Chhand 1.*

Its golden walls studded with all kinds of jewels, a marvellously beautiful sight, with market-places, bazárs, quays, and streets, and all the other accessories of a fine city. Who could count the multitude of elephants, horses and mules, the crowds of footmen and chariots, and the troops of demons of every shape, a formidable host beyond all description. The woods, gardens, groves, and pastures, the ponds, wells and tanks were all superb: and the soul of a saint would be ravished at the sight of the fair daughters, both of men and Nágas, of gods and Gandharvas. Here wrestlers, of monstrous stature like mountains, were thundering with mighty voice and grappling with one another in the different courts, with shouts of mutual defiance. Thousands of warriors of huge bulk were sedulously guarding the city on all four sides; elsewhere horrid demons were banqueting in the form of buffaloes, men, oxen, asses and goats. Talsi Dás for this reason gives them a few words of mention, because they lost their life by Râma's hallowed shafts and thus became assured

of entrance into heaven.

*Dohá 3.*

Seeing the number of the city guards, the monkey thought to himself, 'I must make myself very small and slip into the town by night.'

*Chaupái.*

Thereupon he assumed the form of a gnat<sup>1</sup> and entered Lanká after invoking Vishnu.<sup>2</sup> The female demon, by name Lankini, accosted him: "How dare you come here in contempt of me? Fool, do you not know my practice, that every thief in Lanká becomes my prey?" The monkey struck her one such a blow with his fist that she fell to the ground vomiting blood. Recovering herself again, she stood up and with clasped hands made this confident petition: "When Bráhma granted Rávan's prayer, the Creator gave me a sign before he left, 'When worsted by a monkey, know then that it is all over with the demons.' My meritorious deeds, my son, must have been very many that I have been rewarded with the sight of Ráma's messenger.

*Dohá 4.*

In one scale of the balance put the bliss of heaven and the final emancipation of the soul from the body, but it will be altogether outweighed by a fraction of the joy that results from communion with the saints.

*Chaupái.*

Enter the city and accomplish your task, ever mindful at heart of the lord of Kosala. Deadly poison becomes as ambrosia, foes turn friends, ocean shrinks to a mere puddle, fire gives out cold, and huge Sumeru is of no more account

1 The word *masak*, which I translate 'gnat,' never, so far as I am aware, bears any other meaning. But in one glossary, with reference to this particular passage, it is explained by *bílár*, 'a cat,' only—as it would seem—because that is the animal mentioned in the Sanskrit Rámáyana. In both cases the poet has no sooner stated the transformation than he forgets all about it; for all Hanumán's subsequent actions are described as if performed by him in his natural shape. He may be supposed to have resumed it as soon as he had passed the guard; or the words may be taken to mean, "he made himself as small as a gnat." This latter view is confirmed by what follows on page

2 *Nara-hari* stands for the more common *Nar-sinha*—*hari* and *sinha* both meaning 'lion'—and here denotes not that particular incarnation, but Vishnu generally.

than a grain of sand for him whom Ráma deigns to regard with favour." In the tiny form that he had assumed, Hanumán entered the city with a prayer to God. Carefully inspecting every separate palace, he found everywhere warriors innumerable. When he had come to Rávan's court, its magnificence was past all telling. The monkey saw him in bed asleep, but no trace of Síta in the room. He then noticed another splendid building, with a temple of Hari standing apart, its walls brilliantly illuminated with Ráma's name, too beautiful to describe, it fascinated every beholder.

*Dohá 5.*

The beauty of the chamber emblazoned with Ráma's insignia was indescribable. At the sight of some fresh sprigs of tulsi, the monkey chief was enraptured.

*Chaupái.*

"Lanká is the abode of a gang of demons, how can the pious have any home here?" While the monkey was thus reasoning within himself, Vibhíshan awoke and at once began to repeat Ráma's name in prayer. The monkey was delighted to find a true believer. "Shall I at once make myself known to him? A good man will never spoil any undertaking." Assuming the form of a Bráhmaṇ, he raised his voice in speech. As soon as Vibhíshan heard him, he rose to meet him, and bowing low, asked after his welfare, saying, "Tell me, reverend Sir, who you may be; if a servant of Hari, you have my hearty affection; if a loving follower of Ráma, your visit is a great honour for me."

*Dohá 6.*

Hanumán then told him Ráma's whole history and his own name. At the recital and the recollection of his infinite virtues, both quivered all over the body, while their soul was drowned in joy.

*Chaupái.*

"Hearken, Son of the Wind; my condition here is like that of the poor tongue between the teeth. Yet do not suppose, Father, that I am friendless: the Lord of the Solar race

will show me favour. The sinful body is of no avail, if the soul has no love for his lotus feet. But now, Hanumán, I have gained confidence: for it is only by Hari's favour that one meets a good man, and it is the result of his kindness that you have so readily revealed yourself to me." "Listen, Vibhíshan, to my experience of the Lord; he is ever affectionate to his servants. Say who am I and of what noble descent; a wanton monkey, of no merit whatever, a creature the mention of whose name in the early morning makes a man go fasting for the whole day.

*Dohá 7.*

So mean am I; yet hearken, friend; Raghubír has shown favour even to me." His eyes filled with tears as he recalled his perfection.

*Chaupái.*

"I know of a truth that any who turns aside in forgetfulness of such a lord may well be miserable." As he thus discoursed on Ráma's excellences, he felt an unspeakable calm. Vibhíshan then told him of all that had been going on and of Síta's mode of life, till Hanumán cried: "Hearken, brother; I would fain see the august Síta." Vibhíshan explained to him the whole mode of procedure, and the Son of the Wind then took his leave and proceeded on his way. Assuming the same form as at first he went to the Asoka grove, where Síta dwelt. As soon as he saw her, mentally prostrated himself in her presence. She had spent the first watch of the night sitting up, haggard in appearance, her hair knotted in a single braid on her head,<sup>1</sup> repeating to herself the list of Raghu-pati's perfections.

*Dohá 8.*

Her eyes fastened on her own feet, but with her soul absorbed in the contemplation of the feet of her lord. Hanumán was mightily distressed to see her so sad.

*Chaupái.*

Concealing himself behind the branches of a tree, he

<sup>1</sup> To twist the hair in a single braid is a sign of mourning for an absent husband.

mused within himself; "Come, sir, what ought I to do?" At that very moment Rāvan drew near, with a troop of women in various attire. The wretch tried in every way to talk Sīta over, by blandishments, bribes, threats and misrepresentations. "Hearken, fair dame," he cried, "I will make Mandodari and all my other queens your handmaids, I swear it, if you only give me one look." Sīta plucked a blade of grass, and with averted face, fondly remembering her own dear lord, replied: "Hearken, Rāvan: will the lotus expand at the light of a glowworm? Ponder this at heart," cried Jānaki; "Wretch, have you no fear of Rāma's shafts? Even though absent, Hari will rescue me. Shameless monster, have you no shame?"

*Dohá 9.*

I tell you, you are but a glowworm, while the very sun is only an image of Rāma." On hearing this bold speech he drew his sword and cried in the utmost fury:

*Chaupáí.*

"Sīta, you have outraged me; I will cut off your head with this biting blade. If you do not at once obey my words, you will lose your life, my lady." "My lord's arms, Rāvan, are beautiful as a string of dark lotuses and mighty as an elephant's trunk; either they shall have my neck, or if not, then your cruel sword. Hearken, wretch, to this my solemn vow. With your gleaming scimitar<sup>1</sup> put an end to my distress, and let the fiery anguish that I endure for Rāma's loss be quenched in night by the sharp blade of your sword: rid me, cried Sīta, "of my burden of pain." On hearing these words he again rushed forward to kill her; but the daughter of Mayā restrained him with words of admonition. He then summoned all the female demons and ordered them to go and intimidate Sīta: 'if she does not mind what I say in a month's time, I will draw my sword and slay her.'

*Dohá 10.*

Rāvan then returned to the palace, while the demoness-

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<sup>1</sup> The word translated 'gleaming scimitar' is *chandra-hās*, which means literally 'deriding the moon,' by reason, that is, of its own greater brilliancy.

es, assuming every kind of hideous form, proceeded to terrify Sita.

*Chaupái.*

One of them, by name Trijatá, was devoted to Ráma's service, prudent and wise. She declared to them all a dream, how that they for their own sake ought to show Síta reverence. "In my dream a monkey set fire to Lanká, and put to death the whole demon army, and set Rávan on an ass, naked, with his head shorn and his twenty arms hacked off. In this fashion he went away towards the south,<sup>1</sup> while Vibhishan succeeded to the throne of Lanká. The city resounded with cries for mercy in Ráma's name, till the Lord sent Síta among them. I deliberately warn you that four days hence this dream will be accomplished." Upon hearing her words they were all dismayed and went and threw themselves at Síta's feet,

*Dohá 11.*

after which they dispersed in every direction. But Síta was troubled at heart: 'At the end of a month<sup>2</sup> this vile monster will slay me.'

*Chaupái.*

With clasped hands she cried to Trijatá: "Mother, you are my helper in distress; quickly devise some plan that I may be rid of life, for this intolerable bereavement is no longer to be endured. Bring wood and erect my funeral pyre and then set fire to it. My affection, reverend dame, will thus be attested." Who could bear to listen to such an agonizing cry? When she heard her speech she clasped her feet and would fain comfort her by reciting the majesty and might and glory of her lord. "Hearken, fair lady; there is no fire to be had at night;" and so saying she went away home. Sita exclaimed: "Heaven is unkind; without fire my pain

<sup>1</sup> The realm of Yama, the god of Death, is supposed to be in the south. For this reason a Hindu will never, when it is possible to avoid it, have the door of his house in that direction. Muhammadans even, at the present day, are much influenced by the same superstition.

<sup>2</sup> As appears from what follows, it is not death that she dreads, but the long interval of a month, which has to elapse before her death takes place.

cannot be cured. I see the heaven all bright with sparks, but not a single star drops to the earth. The moon is all ablaze, but no fire comes from it, as if it knew what a poor wretch I am. Ye Asoka trees,<sup>1</sup> that hear my prayer, answer to your name and rid me of my pain; and you flame-coloured opening buds, supply me with fire to consume my body." A single moment seemed like an age to the monkey, as he beheld Sita thus piteously lamenting her bereavement.

*Dohá 12.*

After taking thought within himself he threw down the signet ring, as though a spark had fallen from the Asoka. She started up with joy and clasped it in her hand.

*Chaupái.*

When she had looked at the lovely ring, beautifully engraved with Ráma's name, she was all astonishment, for she recognized it, and her heart fluttered with mingled joy and sorrow. "Who can conquer the unconquerable Raghurái? This cannot be any trick of Maya." All sorts of fancies passed through her mind, till Hanumán spoke in honeyed accents and began to recount Rámchandra's praises. As Sita listened, her grief took flight. Intently she hearkened with all her soul as well as her ears, while he related the whole story from the very beginning. "The tale you tell is so grateful to my ears; why do you not show yourself, friend? Then Hanumán advanced and drew near. She turned and sunk to the ground in bewilderment. "Noble Jánaki, I am Ráma's messenger; the Fountain of mercy himself attests my truth I have brought this ring, lady, which Ráma gave me for you as a token." "Tell me how can monkeys consort with man?" He then explained how they had come together.

*Dohá 13.*

On hearing the monkey's affectionate speech, her soul trusted him, and she recognized him as a faithful follower of the All-merciful.

<sup>1</sup> The name Asoka is derived from *a* 'without' and *soka* 'pain.' The conceit cannot be preserved in an English translation.



*Chaupái.*

On perceiving him to be one of Hari's worshippers, she felt an intense affection for him ; her eyes filled with tears, her body quivered with emotion. " O Hanumán, I was sinking in the ocean of bereavement ; but in you, my friend, I have found a ship. Tell me now of their welfare, I adjure you ; how is the blessed Kharári and how is his brother ? Raghurái is tender-hearted and merciful, why, O monkey, should he affect such cruelty ? The mere sound of his voice is a delight to his servants. Does he ever deign to remember me ? Will my eyes, friend, be ever gladdened by the sight of his dark and delicate body ?" Words failed, her eyes swam with tears. " Alas ! my lord has entirely forgotten me." Seeing Síta thus distracted by her bereavement, the monkey replied in gentle and respectful tones : " Lady, your lord and his brother are both well, save that the All-merciful sorrows for your sorrow. Do not imagine, madam, that Ráma's affection is a whit less than your own.

*Dohá 14.*

Take courage now and listen to Ráma's message." So saying, the monkey's voice failed him and his eyes filled with tears.

*Chaupái*

Then he proceeded to tell her of Ráma's forlorn condition " Every thing—says he—is changed into its opposite. The fresh buds upon the trees burn like fire ; night seems as the night of death, and the moon scorches like the sun. A bed of lotuses seems a prickly brake, and the rain-clouds drop boiling oil. The trees only add to my pain, and the softest and most fragrant breeze is like the breath of a serpent. Nothing relieves my torture, and to whom can I declare it ? for there is no one who will understand. The essence of such love as yours and mine, my beloved, only my own soul can comprehend, and this my soul is always with you. Know such to be the profundity of my love." As the Videhan princess listened to Ráma's message, she became so absorbed in love

as to have no thought for herself. Said the monkey: "Lady, compose yourself, remembering that Râma is a benefactor to all who serve him. Reflect upon his might and, as you listen to my speech, discard all anxiety."

*Dohâ 15.*

The demon crew are like moths and Raghupati's arrows as a flame ; be stout of heart, madam, and rest assured that they will all be consumed.

*Charpûi.*

If Raghubîr only knew, he would make no delay. Râma's shafts, like the rays of the rising sun, will scatter the darkling demon host. I would have carried you away at once myself, but, I swear to you by Râma, that I have not received his order to do so. Wait patiently, madam, for a few days, and he will arrive with his monkeys, will slaughter the demons, and take you away, so that Nârada and the other seers will glorify him in all the three spheres of creation." "Are all the monkeys, my son, like you ? the demon warriors are very powerful, and my soul is sorely disquieted." On hearing this, the monkey showed himself in his natural form, his body, in bulk like a mountain of gold, terrible in battle, and of vast strength ; then Sîta took comfort at heart, and he again resumed a diminutive appearance.

*Dohâ 16.*

"Hearken, lady ; the monkeys have no great strength or wit of their own, but by the Lord's favour even a snake, small as it is, might swallow Garûr."

*Charpûi.*

As she hearkened to the monkey's speech, so full of glorious faith and noble confidence, her mind became easy, she recognized his love for Râma and gave him her blessing: "May you abound, my son, in all strength and virtue ; may neither age nor death affect your good qualities, and may you be ever constant in your devotion to Râma, and may the Lord be gracious to you." Hearing these words, Hanumân became utterly overwhelmed with emotion ; again and again he bow-

ed his head at her feet, and with clasped hands spoke thus :  
 "Now, lady, I am fully rewarded; for your blessing is known to be effectual. But hearken, madam, I am frightfully hungry and I see the trees laden with delicious fruit." "Know, my son, that this grove is guarded by most valiant and formidable demons." "I am not afraid of them, mother, if only you will keep your mind easy.

*Dohá 17.*

Seeing the monkey so strong and sagacious, Jánaki said:  
 "Go, my son, and eat of this pleasant fruit, with your heart fixed on Hari's feet.

*Chaupái.*

He bowed his head and went and entered the garden and having eaten of the fruit began breaking down the trees. A number of stalwart watchmen were posted there; some he killed, the others went and called for help: "My lord, an enormous monkey has come and rooted up the Asoka grove; he has eaten the fruit and broken down the trees, and with many a blow laid the watchmen on the ground." On hearing this, Rávan despatched a number of his champions. At the sight of them Hanumán roared like thunder and overthrew the whole demon host; a few, more dead than alive, ran off shrieking. He then sent the young prince Aksha, who took with him an immense number of his best warriors. Seeing them approach he seized a tree, which he brandished and with an awful roar swept them down with it.

*Dohá 18.*

Some he hacked, some he crushed, some he laid low in the dust; some got back and cried "My lord, this monkey is too strong for us."

*Chaupái.*

When he heard of his son's death, the king of Lanká was furious and he sent the valiant Meghnád. "Do not kill him, my son, but bind him; I would fain see this monkey and where he has come from." Indrajit<sup>1</sup> sallied forth, a peerless champion,

<sup>1</sup> Meghnád's name was changed by Bráhma to Indrajit, after his victory over Indra.

full of fury at the tidings of his brother's death. When the monkey saw this formidable warrior draw near, he ground his teeth, and with a roar rushed forward and tore up a tree of enormous size, with which he swept the prince of Lanká from his car. As for the mighty men of war who accompanied him, he seized them one by one and crushed them by his weight. Having finished them off, he closed with their leader. It was like the encounter of two lordly elephants. After striking him a blow with his fist, he went and climbed a tree, while for a moment a swoon came over his antagonist. But again he arose and practised many enchantments; still the Wind god's son was not to be vanquished.

*Dohá 19.*

On his making ready Bráhma's magical weapon,<sup>1</sup> the monkey thought within himself, "If I do not submit to Bráhma's shaft, its infinite virtue will have failed."

*Chaupái.*

He launched the magic dart against the monkey, who overthrew a host as he fell. When he saw that he had swooned, he bound him with a running noose and carried him off. Observe, Bhaváui; the messenger of the god, by the repetition of whose name wise men cut the bonds of existence, himself came under bondage, or rather in his lord's service submitted to be bound. When the demons heard that the monkey had been bound, they all rushed to the palace to see the sight. The majesty of Rávan's court on the monkey's arrival there struck him as being beyond all description. The gods and regents of the air, standing humbly with clasped hands, were all in dismay, if they saw him frown. But the monkey's soul was no more disturbed at the sight of his majesty than Garúr would be frightened by any number of snakes.

<sup>1</sup> The weapon had been given to Meghnád by Bráhma with a promise that it should never fail. Hanumán therefore submits to it in order that Bráhma's promise might not be falsified.

*Dohá 20.*

When Rávan saw the monkey, he laughed aloud and mocked him ; then again he remembered his son's death and his soul grew sad.

*Chaupái.*

Said the King of Lanká : " Who are you, monkey, and by whose might have you wrought the destruction of the grove ? What, do not you hear me ? I see you are an uncommonly bold varlet. For what offence did you put the demons to death ? Speak, wretch ; as you value your life." " Harken, Rávan ; He by whose might Maya creates this universal sphere ; by whose might Bráhma, Vishnu, and Siva produce, maintain and destroy the world ; by whose might the thousand-headed serpent supports on his pate the mundane egg with its mountains and forests ; who assumes various forms in order to befriend the gods and to give a lesson to wretches like you ; who broke Siva's stubborn bow and crushed your pride and that of the assembled kings : who slew Khara and Dúshan and Trisira and Báli, in spite of their matchless strength :

*Dohá 21.*

By the slightest exercise of whose might the entire mass of creation, animate and inanimate, exists ; he it is whose messenger I am, and it is his beloved spouse whom you have stolen away.

*Chaupái.*

I know your power ; you had a fight with Sahasra-bhuj, and also gained renown in your conflict with Báli." He heard what the monkey said, but smiled as though he heard not. " I ate the fruit, my lord, because I was hungry, and then like a monkey began breaking the boughs. Every one, master, loves his life more than aught else ; those good-for-nothing fellows fell upon me, and I gave them blow for blow. Thereupon your son put me in bonds—bonds that I am in no way ashamed of—for my only object is to accomplish my master's

business. Rávan, I implore you with folded hands, abandon your pride and attend to my advice. Have some consideration for your own family ; cease to go astray and adore him, who relieves his worshippers from every anxiety. Never fight against him, for fear of whom Death trembles exceedingly ; even Death, who devours all else, gods and demons, animate and inanimate creation alike. Give up Síta, as I tell you.

*Dohá 22.*

Ráma is the protector of suppliants ; Kharátri is a very ocean of compassion ; turn to him for protection, and the Lord will forget your offences and will shelter you.

*Chaupái.*

Take Ráma's lotus feet to your heart and reign for ever at Lanká. The glory of saint Pulastya<sup>1</sup> is stainless as the moon ; do not make yourself a spot on its brightness. Unless Ráma's name be in it, no speech has any charm : Think and see for yourself, apart from pride and vanity. Without her clothes, Rávan, a modest woman, however richly adorned with jewels, is a shameful sight ; and so is wealth, or dominion, without Ráma, gone at once, gotten as if not gotten at all. Those rivers, that have no perennial source, flow only after rain and then soon dry up again. Hearken, Rávan ; I tell you on my oath, if Ráma is against you, there is none who can save you. Siva, Seshnág, Vishnu and Bráhma cannot protect you, if you are Ráma's enemy.

*Dohá 23.*

Arrogance is a root fruitful of many thorns ; abandon violence and pride, and worship Ráma, the prince of the Raghu race, the Ocean of Compassion, the Lord God."

*Chaupái.*

Though the monkey bespoke him in such friendly wise, in words full of faith and discretion, piety and sound judgment, he laughed and replied with the highest disdain : "What a sage adviser I have found, and in a monkey too ! Wretch, you have come within an inch of death for daring to give me

<sup>1</sup> Pulastya was Rávan's grandfather.

such vile counsel." "It will be contrariwise" said Hanumán; "you will acknowledge the error of your soul, I know well." On hearing the monkey's words, he ground his teeth in a fury. "Quick, some of you, and put an end to this fool's life." The demons obeyed and rushed forward to slay him, but Vibhishan and his ministers advanced and bowing the head made humble petition: "It is against all statecraft: an ambassador must not be killed. Punish him in some other way, Sire." All exclaimed to one another, 'this is sound counsel, friend,' Rávan on hearing it, replied with a laugh: "Let the monkey go then, but mutilate him first.

*Dohá 24.*

A monkey is proud of his tail" (so he went on to say) "bind it with rags steeped in oil and then set fire to them.

*Chaupái.*

The poor tailless wretch can then go back and fetch his master, and I shall have an opportunity of seeing his might, whom he has so extravagantly exalted." The monkey smiled to himself to hear this. 'Sárad, I know, will help me.' Obedient to Rávan's command the demons began making their foolish preparations. Not a rag was left in the city nor a drop of *ghí* or oil, to such a length the tail had grown. Then they made sport of him. The citizens crowded to see the sight, and struck him with their feet and jeered him greatly, and with beating of drums and clapping of hands they took him through the city and set fire to his tail. When Hanumán saw the fire blazing, he at once reduced himself to a very diminutive size, and slipping out of his bonds sprang on to the upper story of the gilded palace, to the dismay of the giants' wives.

*Dohá 25.*

That instant the forty-nine winds,<sup>1</sup> whom Hari had sent,

<sup>1</sup> In the Veda, the Maruts, or winds, are said to be sixty-three in number, forming nine Ganas, or troops, of seven each. In post-Vedic literature they are described as the children of Diti, either seven, or seven times seven in number. After Diti's elder sons, the Asuras, had been subdued by Indra, their mother implored her husband Kasyapa, the son of Marichi, to bestow on her an Indra-destroying son. Her request was granted; but Indra, with his weapon Vajra, divided the child, with which she was pregnant, into forty-nine pieces, which commenced uttering piteous cries, till Indra in compassion transformed them into the Maruts, or Winds.—*Monier. Williams* sub-*verbo*.



began to blow; the monkey shouted with roars of laughter and swelled so big that he touched the sky.

*Chaupái.*

Of enormous stature and yet marvellous agility, he leaped and ran from palace to palace. As the city was thus set on fire, the people were at their wits' end; for the terrible flames burst forth in countless millions of places. "Alas! father and mother, hearken to my cry: who will save us now? As I said, this is no monkey, but some god in monkey form. This is the result of not taking a good man's advice; our city is burnt down as though it had no protector." The city was consumed in an instant of time, save only Vibhíshan's house; the reason why it escaped, Bhaváni, was that he who sent the messenger had also created the fire. After the whole of Lanká had been turned upside down and given over to the flames, he threw himself into the middle of the sea.

*Dohí 26.*

After extinguishing his tail and recovering from his fatigue, he assumed his old diminutive form and went and stood before Jánaki, with hands clasped in prayer.

*Chaupái.*

"Be pleased, madam, to give me some token, such as Ráma gave me." She unfastened the jewel in her hair and gave it him.<sup>1</sup> The Son of the Wind received it gladly. "Salute him respectfully for me, my son, with these words: 'my lord, you never fail to fulfil desire and are renowned as the suppliant's friend; relieve me then from my grievous distress.' Repeat to him, friend, the story of Indra's son,<sup>2</sup> and remind my lord of the might of his arrows, If he does not come within a month, he will never find me alive. Tell me, monkey, how can I keep myself alive; for you now, my son, speak of going,

1 In both recensions of the Sanskrit Rámáyana, Sita gives Hanumán the jewel before he destroys the grove and sets the city on fire. The second interview is not mentioned at all in the up-country text.

2 The son of Indra, to whom allusion is here made, is Jayanta, who had attacked Sita in the form of a crow. See page 190, Vol 2.

and it is only the sight of you that has given me any comfort: henceforth day and night will seem to me both alike."

*Dohá 27.*

He did everything he could to console Síta and inspire her with confidence, and then bowed his head at her lotus feet and set forth to rejoin Ráma.

*Chaupái.*

As he went, he roared aloud with such a terrible noise that the wives of the demons, who heard it, were overtaken by premature childbirth. Crossing the sea with a bound, he arrived on this side and uttered a cry of joy for the monkeys to hear. At the sight of Hanumán, they were as delighted as if they have been given a new spell of life. "Your face is so glad and your whole body so radiant that you cannot but have accomplished Ráma's commission." All greeted him with as much delight as an expiring fish feels when it gets back into the water; and they set out with joy to rejoin Ráma, talking as they went of all that had lately occurred. When they had reached the Madhu-ban, with Angad's consent they began eating the luscious fruit; the watchmen tried to stop them, but were beaten off with fisticuffs. They then fled,

*Dohá 28.*

crying out that the prince had laid waste the garden. Sugriva rejoiced at the news: "The monkey must have returned, after successfully completing his master's business.

*Chaupái.*

If they had not got news of Síta, they would never have eaten the fruit of the Madhu-ban." While the king was thus reasoning within himself, Hanumán and his party arrived. They at once bowed the head at his feet, and he received them with all possible cordiality and asked of their welfare. "It is well with us now that we have seen your feet. By Ráma's favour the business has turned out excellently. Hanumán has accomplished his lord's purpose and has saved the life of us all." On hearing this, Sugriva again embraced him and then went on with the monkeys to where Ráma was. When

Râma saw them coming, he was greatly delighted at the completion of the business. The two brothers were seated on a crystal rock and all the monkeys went and fell at their feet.

----- *Dohâ 29.*

Raghupati in his infinite tenderness greeted them all with much affection and asked of their welfare. "All is well with us, my lord, now that we have seen your lotus feet."

*Chaupâi.*

Said Jânavant; "Hearken, Raghu-râya; anyone, my lord on whom you show favour will always be prosperous for ever; gods, men and saints will be gracious to him; though victorious he will still remain modest and amiable, and his glory will irradiate all the three spheres of creation. By my lord's favour the task has been accomplished, and to-day we may well say that our life has been worth living. My lord, to tell the whole of Hanumân's doings would be too much for a thousand tongues." Jânavant then proceeded to inform Râma of Hanumân's principal exploits. The All-merciful was charmed by the recital and again in his joy clasped Hanumân to his bosom. "Tell me, my son, how Jânaki is and how she keeps life in her body."

*Dohâ 30.*

"Your name is sentinel over her by night and day; her contemplation of you is as a prison-gate; her eyes are the fetters for her feet; how then is it possible for her life to flit away?"

*Chaupâi.*

When I was leaving, she gave me this jewel from her hair." Raghupati took and clasped it to his heart, while his eyes overflowed with tears. "And did Sîta send any message also?" "Embrace the feet of my lord and his brother, crying, O friend of the poor, reliever of the suppliant's distress; in heart, word and deed, I am devoted to your service; for what offence, my lord, have you deserted me? Of one fault I am myself conscious, in that I still continue to live, though separated from you. But this, my lord, is the fault of my eyes."

which prevent my soul from taking flight. In this furnace of bereavement which is fanned by my sighs, my body is as it were a heap of cotton and would be consumed in a moment, but my eyes drop such a flood in self-commiseration that it cannot catch fire. Sita's distress is so utterly overwhelming and you are so pitiful that it is better not to describe it.

*Dohá 31.*

O fountain of mercy, each single moment seems an age ere it passes. Set out at once, my lord, and with your mighty arm vanquish the miscreant crew and deliver her."

*Chaupti.*

On hearing of Sita's distress, the lotus eyes of the Lord, the abode of bliss, overflowed with tears. "When in thought, word and deed, a believer follows in my steps, what ought he to know of misfortune?" Said Hanumán: "There is no misfortune, my lord, except to forget you and your worship. Of what account are the demons to my lord, who can rout them at once and recover Sita." "Hearken, O monkey; neither god, nor man, nor saint that has ever been born into this world, has been such a benefactor to me as you. What return can I make you? There is none that occurs to my mind. Mark me, my son; I am not free from my obligation to you; I will think and see what I can do." Again and again as the deliverer of the gods gazed upon the monkey, his eyes filled with tears and his whole body quivered with emotion.

*Dohá 32.*

As he listened to his lord's words and looked upon his face, Hanumán was enraptured, and in an ecstasy of love fell at his feet, crying, 'save me, save me, O my Lord God.'

*Chaupti.*

Again and again his lord sought to raise him up, but he was so absorbed in devotion that he would not rise. (As he called to mind the Lord with his lotus hands thus placed on the monkey's head, Siva himself was overcome with emotion; but again, restraining his feelings, he proceeded with the

charming narrative.) After raising the monkey, the Lord embraced him and took him by the hand and seated him close by his side: "Tell me, O monkey, about Rávan's stronghold of Lanká, and how you were able in such an offhand way to burn down his fort." Seeing his lord so gracious, Hanumán replied in terms of singular modesty: "A monkey forsooth is a creature of singular prowess to skip about as he does from bough to bough. When I leaped across the sea, burnt down the golden city, routed the demon host and laid waste the grove, it was all done through your power, Raghurái; it was no strength of mine, my lord.

*Dohá 33.*

Nothing is difficult for him to whom you are propitious; a mere shred of cotton, were it your pleasure, could burn up the whole submarine fire."<sup>1</sup>

*Chaupái.*

The Lord smiled much to hear these words, and recognized him as indeed a loving servant. "Ask of me a boon my son, some choice blessing; to-day I will make you happy for ever." "Faith, my lord, is the greatest of blessings; of your favour grant me this else unattainable boon." On hearing the monkey's pious request, the Lord, Bhaváni, responded: 'So be it.' O Umá, he who knows Ráma's true nature can take pleasure in nothing but his worship: and he who takes this truth to heart has attained to the virtue of faith in Ráma. When the assembled monkeys heard the Lord's reply, they cried 'glory, glory, glory to the All-merciful, the All-blessed.' Raghupati then summoned the monkey-chief and told him to make preparations for the march: "What need now for any delay? At once issue orders to the monkeys." The gods, who had witnessed the spectacle, rained down many flowers and returned with joy from the lower air to their own celestial spheres.

<sup>1</sup> *Badavánala*, the submarine fire, is represented in mythology as a being with a body of flame, but the head of a mare (*badavá*) which sprang from the thighs of the patriarch Urva and fell into the ocean.

*Dohd 34.*

In obedience to Sugrīva's summons all his hosts of captains came in, differing in colour, but all unequalled in strength, a vast multitude of monkeys and bears.

*Chaupai.*

They bowed the head at the Lord's lotus feet, those roaring bears and gigantic monkeys. Rāma beheld all the monkey host, and turned upon them the gracious glance of his lotus eyes. Each monkey chief was as much emboldened by his favour as Sumera would be by the recovery of his wings.<sup>1</sup> Rāma then sallied forth exulting, and many were the glad and auspicious omens that befell him. It was only befitting that his march should be attended by favourable omens, since in him abide all glory and auspiciousness. Jānaki knew of his departure, for her left side throbbed as if to tell her. Every good omen that befell her was converted into an omen of ill for Rāvan. Who could adequately describe the army on the road, with the terrible roaring of the monkeys and the bears, how they marched, brandishing rocks and trees and with their talons for weapons, now in the heaven and now on earth, as the fancy moved them. They bellowed as if with the voice of a tiger; earth shook and the elephants of the eight quarters trembled.

*Chhand 1—2.*

The elephants of the eight quarters trembled, the earth reeled, the mountains tottered, and the ocean was agitated; the sun and the moon, gods, saints, Nāgas, and Kinnars, all rejoiced to know that their troubles were over. Myriads upon myriads of enormous fighting monkeys pressed onwards, snapping and snarling, singing glory to Rāma's conquering might and hymning the praises of Kosala's lord. The huge serpent king could not support the burden; he staggered again.

<sup>1</sup> This conceit has a very unmeaning sound when expressed in English. The allusion is to the legend which represents all the mountains as once having had wings, till they were clipped by Indra; while the word *paksha* which primarily means 'a wing' has also the secondary signification of favour.

and again, but each time saved himself by clutching in his jaws the hard shell of the tortoise; as though he had mastered the stupendous theme of Raghubir's glorious expedition, and were inscribing it on the tortoise's back as the most imperishable material to be had.

*Dohá 35.*

In such wise the All-merciful marched onwards, till he arrived at the seashore, where the host of bears and fighting monkeys began to devour all the fruit they found.

*Chaupái.*

On the other hand, the demons had been living in great fear, ever since the time the monkey had left, after burning down the city. Every one kept at home, thinking to himself: "There is no hope of safety for the demon race; if his messenger was so unspeakably powerful, how can the city escape when he comes himself?" When Mandodari was informed of what the people were saying, she was still more distressed, and with clasped hands fell at her lord's feet and thus besought him, in words full of sound judgment: "O my husband, cease to contend against Hari: take my words to your heart as most wholesome advice. His mere messenger did such deeds that our matrons, on hearing them, were overtaken by premature labour; if then you desire your own welfare, call your ministers and send him back his wife. As a frosty night comes upon a bed of lotuses, so has Síta come for the ruin of your race. Harken, my lord; unless you give up Síta, neither Sambhu nor Bráhma can help you.

*Dohá 36.*

Ràma's arrows are like serpents, and the demon host so many frogs; delay not, but do the best you can before they have snapped you up."

*Chaupái.*

The monster heard her prayer and laughed aloud; his arrogance is known throughout the world. "A woman is naturally cast in a timorous mould, and even in prosperity



has a mind ill at ease. If the monkey army comes, the poor wretches will all be eaten up by the demons. The very guardians of the spheres trembled for fear of me ; it is quite absurd for my wife to be afraid." So saying he laughed and embraced her, and then full of inordinate conceit proceeded to the council-chamber. But Mandodari was sore troubled at heart, saying, 'Heaven is against my lord.' While he was sitting in court, he received intelligence that the whole army had crossed the sea. Then he enquired of his ministers, "Tell me what you think best to be done,' They all laughed and replied, "Remain quiet. You have conquered gods and demons without any trouble ; of what account can men and monkeys be ? "

*Dohà 37.*

When these three, a minister, a physician and a spiritual adviser, use fair words, either from fear or hope of reward ; dominion, religion and health are all three quickly destroyed.

*Chaupái.*

This was all the help that Ràvan got ; they did nothing but sound his praises. Perceiving his opportunity, Vibhishan came and bowed his head at his brother's feet, then again bowing took his seat on his throne and after obtaining permission spoke thus : "As you graciously ask of me my opinion, I declare it, Sire, to the best of my ability. If you desire your own welfare and glory, with a reputation for wisdom, a prosperous issue and every other happiness, turn away from the face of another man's wife as from the moon on its fourth day.<sup>1</sup> Though a man were lord of the fourteen spheres, he cannot set himself to oppose the Universal. However amiable and accomplished a person may be, no one will speak well of him if he shows even the slightest covetousness.

*Dohà 38.*

Lust, passion, vanity, and covetousness are all paths that

<sup>1</sup> It is a Hindu superstition that it is unlucky to see the moon on the fourth day. Hence the proverb:—

"Jo dekhe chauthe ká chanda, Bât chalat, lége pharphanda, "

lead to hell : abjure them and worship Raghubír, whom all the saints worship.

*Chaupái.*

Ráma, my brother, is no mortal king, but the sovereign of the universe, the Fate of Fate itself, the Supreme Spirit, the imperishable and uncreated God, the benefactor of cows and of Bráhmans, of the earth and of the gods : who in his infinite mercy has assumed the form of humanity, to rejoice his votaries and to break the ranks of the impious ; the champion of the Veda and true religion, the saviour of the immortals. Cease to fight against him and humbly bow the head. Raghunáth relieves the distress of every suppliant. O my lord, give him back Síta and worship him with disinterested affection. The lord has never abandoned any one who has fled to him for protection, though he were guilty of having ruined the whole world. Know of a truth, Rávan, that it is the lord, he who has for name 'the saviour from every calamity,' who has now appeared among us.

*Dohú 39.*

Again and again I lay my head at your feet and utter this my prayer: have done with pride, arrogance and conceit, and worship Ráma. These are the words which Saint Pulastya sent in a message to me, and I have at once taken this opportunity of repeating them to you, Sire."

*Chaupái.*

One of his wisest counsellors Mályaván, was greatly rejoiced to hear this speech. "Take to heart, my son, this admirable counsel which your brother Vibhíshan has given you." "These two villains who thus magnify my enemies, is there no one here who will rid me of them?" Mályaván thereupon returned home, but Vibhíshan with clasped hands spoke yet again : "In every one's breast, my lord, so the Vedas and Puránas declare, either wisdom or unwisdom finds a dwelling. Where wisdom dwells, there too is every kind of prosperity : and where unwisdom, there is

final destruction. In your breast malignant unwisdom has established herself ; you take your friends for enemies and your greatest enemy for a friend, being thus extravagantly enamoured of this Síta, who is the very night of Death for the whole demon race.

*Dohá 40.*

My brother, I clasp your feet and implore you to take my words in good part : restore Síta to Râma ; it will be much to your advantage."

*Chaupái.*

Though the words that Vibhíshan spoke were wise and prudent, and supported by the authority of the Vedas and Purânas, the Ten-headed rose in a fury at hearing them : "Wretch, you are within an inch of your death. It is all owing to me, you villain, that you have been able to live at all ; and yet, fool as you are, you take the side of my enemies. Can you tell me, wretch, of any one in the whole world, whom I have not conquered by the might of my arm. You live in my capital, but are in love with hermits ; you had better go to them, if you want to preach." So saying, he spurned him with a kick ; but he still continued to clasp him by the feet. "You are as it were my father ; kill me, if you think proper ; but, O my lord, to worship Râma would be far better for you." This is the virtue of the saints, Umá, that they return good for evil. Taking his ministers with him, he went his way through the air, proclaiming aloud to them all :

*Dohá 41.*

"Râma is the very soul of truth ; your courtiers, my lord, are overpowered by fate ; I will now take refuge with Raghubír ; lay no blame to me."

*Chaupái.*

After Vibhíshan had left with these words, it was all over with everyone of them. Disrespect to a saint, Bhaváni, brings speedy ruin on the most prosperous undertaking. As soon as Vibhíshan had left, Râvan lost all his glory and good

fortune. But he rejoiced as he went to meet Ráma, and revolved in his mind many agreeable anticipations : " I am about to behold his lotus feet, so roseate, so soft, so beneficent to all who wait upon them ; at whose touch the Rishi's wife was delivered from the curse, and the Dandaka forest was sanctified ; feet that Síta cherished in her bosom, even while they ran to seize the delusive deer ; lotus feet in Siva's lake-like heart ; how blest am I who am now about to see them !

*Dohá 42.*

" With these very eyes shall I this day behold the feet, whose shoes even Bharat keeps clasped to his heart."

*Chaupái*

With such loving fancies to occupy his mind, he quickly arrived on this side the ocean. When the monkeys saw Vibhíshan coming, they took him to be some special envoy. So they stopt him and went to their chief and told him all the circumstances. Said Sugriva : " Hearken, Raghurái ; Rávan's brother has come to see you." The lord replied : " What do you advise, friend?" The monkey king rejoined : " Mark my words, Sire ; the craft of these demons is past all telling. Why should he come thus of his own accord ? The villain's object is to spy out our secrets. My idea is that we ought to keep him prisoner." " Friend, you have reasoned with much wordly wisdom ; but I have a vow to befriend all suppliants. "Hanumán was delighted to hear these words from the Lord, the God who shows compassion on all who flee to him.

*Dohá 43.*

" The men who abandon a suppliant, from suspicion that he may be an enemy, are vile and criminal, and misfortune will keep her eye upon them.

*Chaupái.*

I would not abandon any one who had fled to me for protection, even though he had been guilty of the murder of a million Bráhmans. Directly any creature appears before me, I blot out the sins of all his past lives. No one who is

essentially wicked can delight in my service ; if he is really bad at heart, how can he come into my presence ? Only a man of pure soul can find me ; I take no pleasure in hypocrisy, deceit and vice. Rávan may have sent him as a spy ; but even so, O king, we need not fear any loss. All the demons, my friend, that the whole world contains, Lakshman could rout in a single moment. If he has come out of fear, to sue for mercy, I will protect him as I would my own life.

*Dohá 44.*

In either case bring him here." Thus spake the All-merciful with a smile. "Glory to the lord of mercy" cried the monkey as he went, taking with him Angad and Hanumán.

*Chaupái.*

The monkeys respectfully escorted him into the presence of the all-merciful Ráma. He beheld from a distance the two brothers, the delight of all men's eyes, the givers of every blessing ; then looking again upon Ráma's perfect beauty, he stood stock still, with all his gaze intently fixed upon the long arms, the lotus eyes and dark-hued body of the suppliant's friend, his lion-like shoulders and magnificent broad chest and his charming face, that would ravish the soul of Káma-deva himself. With streaming eyes and trembling limbs he at last made bold to speak in accents mild. "My lord, I am Rávan's brother ; Champion of heaven, I have been born of demon race, with a savage temperament, as naturally prone to evil as an owl is partial to the night.

*Dohá 45.*

I have heard with my ears of your glory and have come ; O my lord, save me, save me ; you who are the deliverer from all life's troubles, the remover of distress, the friend of the suppliant, Raghubír."

*Chaupái.*

So saying he prostrated himself ; but at the sight the Lord arose in haste with much delight, being pleased to hear his humble address, and took him in his mighty arms and clasped him to his breast ; then with his brother seated him

by his side, and to calm his votary's fears spake thus : " Tell me, prince of Lanká, is it all well with you and your family ? Your home is in an ill place. How, my friend, can one practise the duties of religion, when encompassed day and night by wicked men ? I know all your circumstances, your proficiency in virtue, your aversion to evil. God keep us from evil communications : 'twere better, my son, to live in hell.' " Now that I have seen your feet, O Ráma, it is all well with me, since you have recognized me as one of your worshippers and have shown mercy upon me.

*Dohí 46.*

No creature can be happy, or even dream of rest to his soul, till he worship Ráma, after forswearing lust, that fountain of remorse.

*Chaupái.*

" So long as the heart is peopled by that villainous crew, avarice, sensuality, selfishness, arrogance and pride, there is no room there for Raghunáth, with his bow and arrows and quiver by his side. The intensely dark night of selfishness, so agreeable to the owl-like passions of love and hate, abides in the soul only until the rising of the sun-like lord. Now I am well, and all my fears are over, in that I have beheld your lotus feet. None of the threefold torments of life has any effect upon him, to whom you in your mercy show favour. I am a demon, utterly vile of nature, who have never observed any pious practices, and yet the lord, to whose vision even the saints have not attained, for all their profound meditation has been pleased to take me to his heart.

*Dohí 47.*

" Surely I am blessed beyond measure, and Ráma's grace is most beneficent, in that I behold with my eyes those lotus feet, which even Bráhma and Siva adore."

*Chaupái.*

" Harken, friend ; I will declare to you my characteristics, as known by Bhusundi, Sambhu and Umá. If a man who has been the curse of the whole world comes trembling

and looks to me for protection, if he abjures all his pride and sensuality without guile or subterfuge; I make him at once like one of the saints. Father and mother; kinsfolk, children and wife; life and property; home, friends and establishment; in short, every object of natural affection is gathered up as the strands of a rope wherewith to attach his soul to my feet. He regards all things as alike, without any preference, and with a soul unmoved either by joy, sorrow, or fear. A saint like this is as fixed in my soul as money is in the heart of a miser. Good men like you are my friends, and it is only for their benefit that I have become incarnate.

*Dohi 48.*

"Virtuous and devoted believers, who are steadfast in uprightness, strict in pious observances, and who love and revere Brāhman, are the men whom I regard as my own soul.

*Chaupái.*

"Hearken, Prince of Lankā; all these good qualities are yours, and you are therefore very dear to me." On hearing Rāma's speech, all the assembled monkeys exclaimed, 'Glory to the All-merciful!' But Vibhishan, on hearing such ambrosial sounds, could not contain himself: time after time he clasped his lotus feet, his heart bursting with boundless joy. "Hearken, my God, lord of all creation, friend of the suppliant, reader of men's thoughts; I had at first another wish in my mind; but devotion to my lord's feet has come upon me like a torrent and swept it away: now in your mercy grant me such pure faith as that which ever gladdens Siva's soul." 'So be it,' said the Lord, the valiant in fight, and then at once called for water from the sea. "It was not part of your wish, friend, but the sight of me brings a reward with it all over the world." So saying Rāma marked his forehead with the royal *tilak*: an infinite shower of flowers rained from heaven.

*Dohi 49.*

Thus did Raghunāth protect the humble Vibhishan from Rāvan's fiery wrath, fanned by the strong blast of his breath,



and gave him secure dominion and all the good fortune which Siva had formerly bestowed upon the ten-headed Rávan.

*Chaupái.*

Men who forsake such a lord to worship any other are mere beasts without the tails and horns. All the monkeys were charmed with the Lord's amiability, who had recognized a servant and claimed him for his own. Then the All-wise, who dwelleth in the hearts of all, assuming any form at will, though himself formless and passionless, the champion of religion, the friend of men, and the destroyer of all the demon race, spoke and said: "Hearken monkey-king, valiant monarch of Lanká; how are we to cross the deep ocean, full of alligators, serpents and different kinds of sea monsters, of fathomless profundity and absolutely impassable." Vibhíshan replied: "Hearken, Raghu-náyak; your arrows could burn up a thousand seas, but still it would be better policy to go and make petition to the god of ocean.

*Dohá 50.*

For being your family priest,<sup>1</sup> my lord, he will take thought and suggest some scheme, by which the whole host of bears and monkeys may cross the deep without any trouble."

*Chaupái.*

"Friend, you have suggested a good idea; let us try it and may fortune be with us." This invocation did not please Lakshman; he was much annoyed at Ráma's words. "Why trust fortune, my lord? give vent to your indignation and dry up the ocean. It is the one resource of a coward in soul to sit still and pray fortune to help him." Raghu-bír laughed to hear this and said: "I shall do it all the same; but never you mind." So saying he went to the shore of the salt sea and there took his seat on grass that he had strewn. Now after Vibhíshan had joined Ráma, Rávan sent spies of his own,

*Dohá 51.*

who disguised themselves as monkeys, and so saw all that

<sup>1</sup> King Sagara, by whose sons the bed of the ocean was dug, which is thence called Sagar, was one of Ráma's ancestors.

was going on. In their profound admiration of the Lord's generosity and his tenderness to suppliants,

*Chaupái.*

they loudly extolled his magnanimity and in the intensity of their devotion forgot their disguise. When the monkeys perceived them to be spies from the enemy, they seized them and took them to their chief. Said Sugriva. "Hearken, all you monkeys : just mutilate them and let them go." On receiving this command, the monkeys ran and paraded them in bonds all through the camp, ill-treating them in every possible way and refusing to let them go for all their prayers for mercy, till they cried : 'We adjure you by Ráma not to rob us of our nose and ears.' When Lakshman heard this, he called them all to him, and, being moved with compassion, smiled and had them at once set free : "Give this missive into Rávan's hands and say 'Read, destroyer of your race, what Lakshman says.'

*Dohá 52.*

Tell the fool also by word of mouth my emphatic command—'Surrender Síta and submit yourself, or it will be your death.'

*Chaupái.*

The spies bowed the head at Lakshman's feet and set out at once, praising his generosity. Still repeating Ráma's praises, they arrived at Lanká and prostrated themselves before Rávan. The Ten-headed with a smile asked them the news : "Tell me, Suka, I pray, of your own welfare, and then let me hear about Vibhíshan, to whom death has drawn very nigh. The fool left Lanká where he was a king; but now the wretched weevil must be crushed with the wheat. Tell me next what force these bears and monkeys muster, who have come here by command of their evil destiny though the poor old sea has been soft-hearted enough to spare their lives. Tell me finally about the hermits, whose soul trembles for fear of me.

*Dohá 53.*

"Did he meet you as a suppliant, or did he take to flight on hearing the report of my renown? Will you tell me nothing about the enemy's might and magnificence? Your wits seem utterly dazed."

*Chaupái.*

"Of your grace, my lord, be not wroth, but take a blunt reply to a blunt question. As soon as your younger brother joined him, Râma bestowed upon him the mark of sovereignty. The monkeys, who had heard that we were your spies, put us in bonds and abused us shamefully. They were about to cut off our ears and nose, when we invoked the name of Râma and they let us go. You ask, my lord, of Râma's army; a myriad tongues would fail to tell it: such a host of bears and monkeys of diverse hue and gruesome visage, huge and terrible—the one who set fire to the city and slew your son is the very weakest of them all—champions with innumerable names, fierce and unyielding monsters of vast bulk, with the strength of unnumbered elephants.

*Dohá 54.*

"Dwivid and Mayand, Níla and Nala, Angad and Gada of the mighty sword, Dadhi-mukha and Kebari, the malignant Nisatha and the powerful Jâmbavân.

*Chaupái.*

"Each of these monkeys is equal to Sugrîva, and who could count all the myriads like them? By Râma's favour their strength is unbounded; they reckon the three spheres of creation as of no more account than a blade of grass. I have heard say, O Râvan, that the monkey chiefs number eighteen thousand billions; and in the whole of the army, my lord, there is not a single monkey who would not conquer you in battle. They are all wringing their hands in excess of passion: 'Why does not Râma give us some order, either to swallow the ocean with all its fish and serpents, or at least to fill it up with piles of trees and mighty mountains, and then crush Râ-

van and lay him low in the dust.' This is the language that all the monkeys hold. Utterly devoid of fear, they shout and leap about as if they would make Lanká a mere mouthful.

*Dohá 55.*

"All the bears and monkeys are born warriors, and, moreover, they have the lord Ráma at their head. O Rávan, they could conquer in battle even Death himself, a myriad times over.

*Chaupái.*

"A hundred thousand Seshnāgs would fail to declare all Ráma's glory and power and wisdom. With a single shaft he could burn up a hundred seas, yet so prudent is he that he took advice of your brother and, on hearing his reply, went to the sea and humbly asked the favor of a passage." On hearing this, the Ten-headed smiled: "Truly he showed as much sense then as when he took monkeys for his allies. He has put faith in the words of that arrant coward, my brother, and, like a spoiled child, begs of ocean what he will never get. Fool, you have been extolling a mere impostor: I have sounded the depth of my enemy's strength and skill. Where in the world could any one achieve the glory of a triumph, who had such a cowardly counsellor as Vibhíshan." The envoy waxed wroth at the wretch's speech, and thought it a good time to produce the letter. "Ráma's brother gave me this letter: have it read, my lord, and much good may it do you." Rávan smiled and took it with his left hand and told his minister, the wretch, to read it out.

*Dohá 56.*

"Fool, submit your soul to advice, and do not bring destruction upon all your race; you cannot escape from Ráma's displeasure, even though Vishnu, Bráhma and Siva be your protectors. Abandon your pride, and, like your younger brother, fly like a bee to the lotus feet of the lord, or like a moth you will be consumed in your wickedness, you and all your family, by Ráma's arrows of fire."

*Chaupái.*

The Ten-headed, as he listened, was terror-stricken at

heart, but smiled with his lips and cried aloud for all to hear: "He who stretches out his hands to clutch the sky only falls to the ground; a devotee's idle talk is of small account." Said Suka: "My lord, every word is true; be wise and abandon your natural arrogance. Cease from wrath and hearken to my advice; make an end, Sire, of your feud with Rāma. Raghubīr is exceedingly mild in disposition, though he is the sovereign of all the world. The Lord will be gracious to you directly you approach him, and will not remember even one of your offences. Restore to him Janak's daughter; this, Sire, is all I ask of you; do it." When he spoke to him of giving up Sīta, the wretch spurned him with his foot; but he bowed his head to the ground before him and then went to join the all-merciful Rāma, and after due obeisance told him all that had happened. By Rāma's grace, he recovered his proper rank; for it was by the Rishi Agastya's curse, Bhavāni, that he had become a demon, though still retaining the intelligence of a saint. Now, once more in the form of a saint, after again and again prostrating himself at Rāma's feet, he went his way to his own hermitage.

*Dohā 57.*

Dullard Ocean made no answer to prayer, though three days had been spent; then cried Rāma in a fury: "He will do me no kindness, unless he is frightened.

*Chaupāī.*

"Lakshman bring me my bow and arrows: with my fiery darts I will dry up the deep. To use entreaties to a churl, to lavish affection upon a rogue, to deal liberally with a born miser, to discourse of divine wisdom with a man devoted to self, to speak of detachment from the world to the covetous, to tell of Hari to a man under the influence of passion or love, is all the same as sowing the seed in hope of a harvest." So saying, Rāma strung his bow, a proceeding that pleased Lakshman mightily. The Lord let fly the terrible shaft; a burning pain ensued in the bosom of ocean; the

crocodiles, serpents and fish were all sore distress. When Ocean perceived that these creatures were burning, he filled a golden dish with all kinds of jewels and humbly presented himself in the form of a Bráhma.

*Dohá 58.*

Though you may take infinite trouble in watering it, a plantain will not bear fruit, until it has been well trimmed ; similarly, mark me, Garú, a mean upstart heeds neither prayers nor compliments, but requires rougher treatment.

*Chaupái.*

Terrified Ocean clasped the Lord's feet: "Pardon me, Sire, all my offences. Air, wind, fire, water and earth are all, my lord, naturally dull and slow to change. They have been produced by the delusive power that you sent forth with a view to creation—so all the scriptures declare—and as each has been fixed by the Lord's command, so it must remain, to secure its own happiness. My lord has done well in giving me this lesson ; but still it was you who first fixed my bounds. A drum, a clown, a churl, a beast, and a woman are all fit subjects for beating. By my lord's favor, I shall be dried up, the army will cross over, and my glory will be at an end ; the scriptures declare the word of the Lord to be unchangeable ; do then at once what seemeth you good."

*Dohá 59.*

The Lord smiled, to hear this exceedingly humble speech, and said, "Tell me, father, some device, how the monkey host may cross over ?"

*Chaupái.*

"My lord, there are two monkey brothers, Nila and Nala, who from childhood have been instructed by a sage. The mightiest mountains touched by them will by your favor float upon the waves. I too, remembering your majesty, will assist to the best of my power. In this manner, my lord, you will bridge the sea and the glorious deed will be sung in earth, heaven and hell. With this arrow, Sire, slay the

dwellers on my mother's shore, who are vile criminals." The All-merciful, on hearing Ocean's grievance, at once removed it, the valiant Rāma.<sup>1</sup> At the sight of his mighty vigour Ocean rejoiced and became easy of mind, and after telling him all that had taken place, bowed at his feet and took his leave.

### *Chhand 3.*

Ocean returned home and Rāma approved his counsel. These his acts, which remove all the impurities of this sinful age, has Tulsi Dās sung to the best of his ability. The excellences of Raghupati are a treasure of delight, a panacea for all doubt, a purge for every sorrow, and they who are wise of heart will abandon all other hope and confidence and be ever singing them or hearing them sung.

### *Dohā 60.*

The virtues of Raghunāyak are the source of every blessing, and those who reverently hear their recital cross the ocean of existence without any need for a boat.

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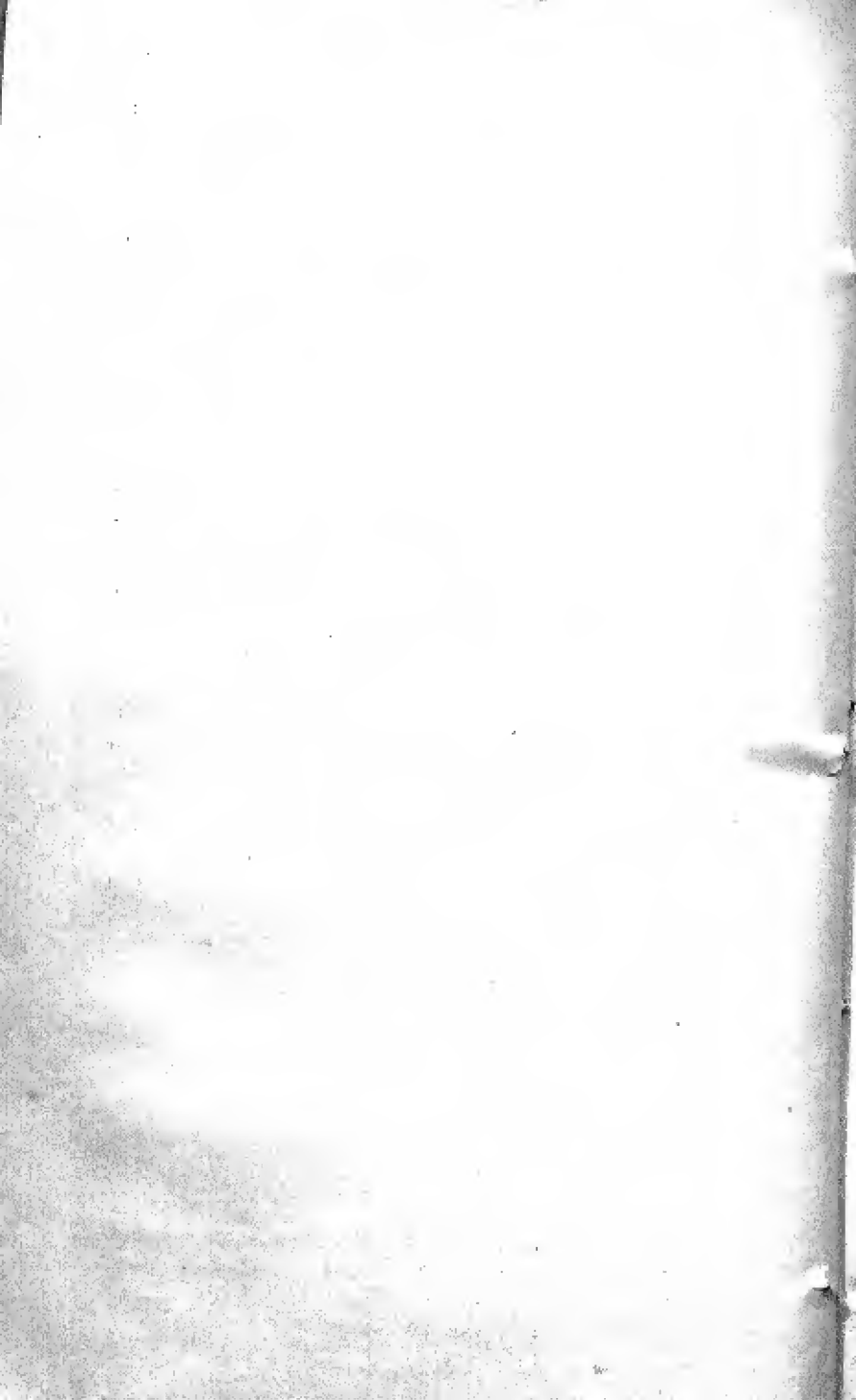
<sup>1</sup> In the Sanskrit Rāmāyana this curious incident is related rather more intelligibly. Ocean complains that the Abhīras of the north are such an impure race that he cannot bear to receive into his bosom any stream of which they have drunk. Thereupon, Rāma with his fiery arrow dries up every river in their land, but creates instead a deep chasm in the ground, with a constant supply of water, and blesses the riverless region with exemption from disease.

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[Thus endeth the book entitled 'the Beautiful,' composed by Tulsi Das, being the fifth descent into 'the holy lake of Rāma's deeds.']

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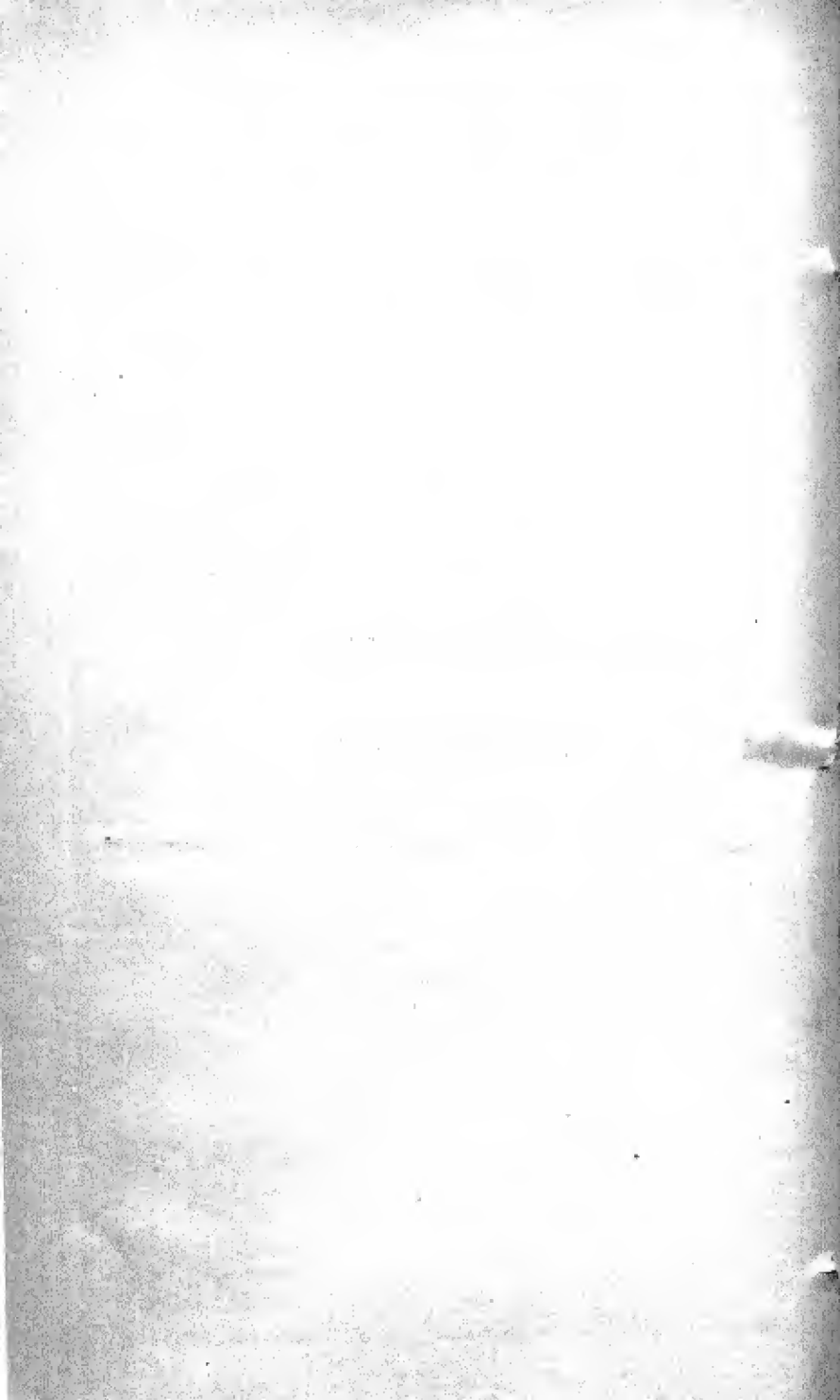


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**BOOK VI.**

LANKÁ.

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# THE RĀMĀYANA

OF

TULSI DĀS.

BOOK VI.

**LANKĀ.**

*Sanskrit Invocation.*

I worship RAMA ; the adored of Love's enemy ; the dispeller of all the terrors of existence ; the lion to destroy the mad elephant, Death ; the lord of ascetics ; accessible only by contemplation ; the store-house of all good qualities ; the invincible ; the passionless ; the unchangeable ; above the influence of Mayā ; the sovereign of the gods ; the implacable destroyer of the wicked ; the one god over Brāhma and all his fellows ; the god incarnate in the form of an earthly king, lotus-eyed and lustrous as the jasmine.

I glorify the divine SANKARA ; as glistening in hue as the conch shell or the moon ; the all-beautiful in person, robed in tiger's skin ; bedecked with horrible black snakes for ornaments, attended by the Ganges and the moon ; the lord of Kāsi ; the subduer of the flood of pollution that distinguishes this sinful age ; a tree of Paradise to yield fruits of prosperity ; the ever adorable lord of Pārvati ; the store-house of good qualities ; the vanquisher of Love.

May Sambhu, who rewards the saints with eternal beatitude, difficult even for them to obtain, and who punishes the guilty ; may that same Sankara grant me prosperity.

*Dohā 1.*

O my soul, why dost thou not worship Rāma, whose bow is Death and whose arrows are sharp, with whom the merest instant of time counts the same as an age and whose year is a cycle.

*Sorathā 1.*

After hearing Ocean's speech, the lord Rāma spoke and said to his ministers: "Why now delay? make the bridge, that the army may pass over." Jāmbavān clasped his hands and replied: "Hearken, pride of the solar race; your name, my lord, is the bridge, by aid of which men cross the ocean of life.

*Chaupāī.*

"What trouble then can there be about crossing this little stream?" Hearing this, the Son of the Wind added: "By my lord's favour a fierce subterranean fire had before now dried up the depths of the sea, but it was filled again by the floods of tears shed by the widows of his foes, and that is what makes it salt." On hearing Hanumān's ingenious speech, the monkeys gazed with rapture on Rāma's person. Then Jāmbavān spoke to the two brothers Nala and Nīla and explained to them all the circumstances: "Keep your thoughts fixed on Rāma's power and begin building the bridge; you will find no difficulty." Again he addressed himself to the whole monkey host: "Hearken, all of you; I have one request to make; only impress upon your soul Rāma's lotus feet; and then you bears and monkeys will find the task a mere pastime. Away with you, my sturdy monkey troops, and bring hither heaps of trees and rocks." On hearing this, the monkeys and bears set forth hurrahing, 'Glory to Rāma and all his might!'

*Dohā 2.*

They plucked up and carried off in sport the biggest mountains and trees and brought them to Nala and Nīla, who set to work to build the bridge.

*Chaupāī.*

The enormous rocks, which the monkeys brought and gave them, were handled by Nala and Nīla like mere pellets. When the All-merciful saw the charming construction of the bridge, he smiled and said: "This is a most exceedingly delightful spot: no words can tell its immeasurable dignity. I

will set up here an image of Sambhu: I have a great desire at heart to do so." On hearing this, the monkey king sent a number of messengers to summon and fetch all the great saints. After moulding a lingam in the proscribed manner and worshipping it, "there is none other," he cried, "so dear to me as Siva. No man, though he call himself a votary of mine, if he offend Siva, can ever dream of really finding me. If he desire to serve me, in antagonism to Siva, his doom is hell; he is a fool of no understanding.

*Dohá 3.*

They who either out of attachment to Siva dishonor me, or who serve me but dishonor Siva, shall have their abode in the deepest hell till the end of the world.

*Chaupí*

All who make a pilgrimage to Rámesvar will, on quitting the body, go direct to my sphere in heaven. Any one who takes and offers Ganges water there will be absorbed into the divine essence. To all who serve me unselfishly and without guile Siva will grant the boon of faith. Whoever makes a pilgrimage to the bridge that I have built will without any trouble cross the ocean of existence." Ráma's words gladdened the hearts of all, and the saints thereupon returned to their hermitages. This, Párvati, is Ráma's way; he is always gracious to the humble. Níla and Nala built the bridge so cleverly that by Ráma's favour they acquired brilliant renown. The rocks, which naturally sink themselves and cause other things to sink also, were like so many rafts; nor is this to be ascribed to the power of the sea, or the virtue of the stone, or the action of the monkeys;

*Dohá 4.*

it was by the might of the blessed Ráma that the rocks made a way across the sea. How dull of soul then are they who leave Ráma to worship any other lord.

*Chaupí.*

When they had completed the bridge and made it thoroughly secure, the All-merciful was glad of heart at the

sight. The passage of the host was beyond all telling, with the clamour of the multitude of warlike monkeys. The gracious Rāma mounted a spot near the bridge and gazed upon the mighty deep. Then all the creatures of the sea showed themselves, in their anxiety to behold the lord of compassion; every kind of crocodile, alligator, fish, and serpent, with bodies a hundred leagues in length and enormous bulk. After them were others, such that a single one could devour all the first swarm; while they again trembled no less before one of the swarm that followed them. They could not take their eyes off the Lord, and in the general gladness of heart all were happy together. You could not see the water, so thickly they covered it, as they gazed in delight on the vision of Hari. At their lord's command the army marched on; who can describe the magnitude of the monkey host?

*Dohā 5.*

The bridge was so thronged with the crowd that some of the monkeys took to flying through the air, while others crossed over on the backs of sea monsters.

*Chaupāī.*

When the two brothers had gazed awhile at the spectacle, the gracious Rāma smilingly advanced and crossed over with the host. The throng of monkey chiefs was more than I can describe. On the opposite shore the Lord pitched his tent, and told all the monkeys that they might go and feast on the goodly fruit and roots. On hearing this the bears and monkeys ran off in all directions. To please Rāma every tree was laden with fruit, whether it was in season or out of season, without any regard to the time of year. They devour the sweet fruit and shake the trees, and hurl masses of rock at the city of Lankā. If ever they found a straggling demon, they all hemmed him in and led him a pretty dance, and finally bit off his nose and ears with their teeth and so let him go, after making him hear of their lord's great deeds. Those who had lost their nose and ears went and told all to



Rávan. When he heard of the bridging of the sea, the Ten-headed started up and cried in consternation :

*Dohá 6.*

“ What! he has bridged the sea, with all the springs and streams<sup>1</sup> that fall therein, the great deep with all its waters Can it be true that ocean trembles, the lord of rivers, the store-house of the waters, the receptacle of the floods! ”

*Chaupái.*

Then becoming conscious of the agitation he had displayed he turned with a smile to the palace, full of frantic imaginations. When Mandodari heard that the Lord had arrived and had made nothing of bridging the sea, she took her spouse by the hand and led him to her own apartment, and besought him in these humble and winning words, bowing her head at his feet and holding up the hem of her mantle 2:—  
“ Be not angry, my beloved, but hearken to my speech. You should fight, my lord, with one whom you may be able to subdue either by wit or strength. But the difference between you and Ráma is like that between a poor little fire-fly and the sun. He who slew the monsters Madhu and Kaitabha, who worsted Dit's valiant son, Hiranyáksha, who put Báli in bonds and slew Suhadra-báhu, he it is who has now become incarnate to relieve earth of its burdens. O my lord, do not fight against him, in whose hands are Death and fate and our very life.

*Dohá 7.*

Bow your head at Ráma's lotus feet and give him back Síta ; then resign your throne to your son and retire into the woods and there worship Raghunáth.

*Chaupái.*

He is pitiful to the humble, like a tiger, who will not devour a man who comes to meet him. All that you had to do you have done long ago ; you have vanquished gods and

1 *Vana*, which ordinarily means 'a forest,' must be taken here in its very unusual signification of a stream.

2 This with women is a sign of the greatest humility. The corresponding action amongst men is to tie a cloth round their neck.

demons and all creation. The saints, O Rávan, have laid down this rule, that a king in his old age should retire to the forest. There, O my spouse, make your prayers to him, who is the creator, preserver and destroyer, even Ráma, ever gracious to the humble; put away your selflove and pride, my lord, and worship him. He for whom the greatest saints perform all their labours, for whom kings leave their throne to become hermits, is this very king of Kosala, this Ráma, who has come here to show mercy upon you. Only submit to my advice, and the glory of your renown shall spread through the three spheres."

*Dohà 8.*

So saying she clasped him by the feet, her eyes full of tears and trembling in every limb. "O my lord, worship Ráma, and your prosperity shall never be shaken."

*Chaupái.*

Rávan raised the daughter of Mayá from the ground and began, the fool, to boast of his own might. "Hearken, my beloved, you are disturbed by idle fears; is there any warrior in the world my equal? Varuna, Kuver, the Wind-god, Yama, and Fate, and all the regents of the eight quarters, have been subdued by the might of my arm. Gods, demons and kinnars are all in my power: what cause can have arisen for these fears of yours?" Having thus said everything that he could to comfort her, he again went and took his seat in the council. But Mandodari knew at heart that his arrogance was doomed to destroy him. In the council he enquired of his ministers: "In what way shall we fight the enemy?" They replied: "Hearken, demon-king; why question us thus again and again? Consider now and say what there is to be afraid of; men, monkeys and bears are our natural food."

*Dohá 9.*

But Prahasta, after listening to all they said, clasped his hands and cried—"Do not, my lord, act contrary to sound judgment; your counsellors have mighty little sense.

*Chaupái.*

They have all spoken simply to please their master ; but good results do not come in that way. A single monkey leaped the ocean and came hither; what he did you all know by heart. What ! were none of you hungry then, that you did not seize and devour him when he set fire to the city ? Pleasant to hear but fraught with future trouble is the advice which your counsellors have given their lord. Come, sire, tell me now, is he a mere man that we can devour, who has bridged the sea without any trouble, and has crossed over to Suvelá with all his army ? What they say is all idle boasting. Hearken, sire, with due respect to my prayer, and do not in your arrogance account me a coward. There are plenty of people in the world who are ready to make or listen to pleasant speeches; but few, my lord, who care either to hear or to give wholesome advice, if it sounds unpleasant. Hearken now to wise counsel; first send an envoy and, when you have restored Sita, do your best to make friends with him.

*Dohá 10.*

If he withdraws after recovering his wife, there will be no need of any further dispute; if otherwise, then, sire, face to face in the battle prepare for resolute encounter.

*Chaupái.*

In either case, my lord, if you accept my advice, you will have glory in the world." The Ten-headed answered his son in a fury : " Wretch, who has taught you to give such advice as this ? From this time I have a doubt in my mind; can a bamboo root have produced such a mere reed ? " On hearing his father's brutal and violent speech, he turned home, saying these bitter words: " Good advice is as much thrown away upon him as medicine on a man doomed to die." Seeing that it was now evening, Rávan proceeded to the palace, glancing with pride at his twenty arms. On the top of the Lanká rock was a hall with handsome court-yard, where he went and took his seat. A number of kinnars began

to sing to the accompaniment of cymbals, drum and lute, while beauteous nymphs danced before him.

*Dohá 11.*

The delights that he here enjoyed exceeded a hundred-fold those of Indra : the most powerful enemy might threaten; but no fear nor anxiety could disturb his repose.

*Chaupai.*

Now the valiant Ráma had crossed over with his army to mount Suvelá. There having noted one specially lofty peak, beautiful and bright above all others, Lakshman with his own hands spread a couch of lovely flowers and fresh twigs, which he covered with a fine soft deer's skin; and here the All-merciful took his seat. The Lord's head rested in the lap of the monkey-king; to right and left of him were his bow and quiver; with his lotus hands he trimmed his arrows, while the prince of Lanká whispered texts of scripture in his ear. The highly favoured Angad and Hanumán caressed his lotus feet, while behind him Lakshman kept watch as a sentinel, with quiver by his side and bow and arrows in his hands.

*Dohá 12.*

Thus sat Ráma, a very store-house of benignity, beauty and all perfection. Blessed are they who with profound devotion ever contemplate him under this form.<sup>1</sup> As he looked towards the east, the Lord observed the risen moon and cried to them all: "See the moon, like some dauntless lion,

*Chaupai.*

that has its dwelling in a cave of the eastern range, pre-eminent in might, majesty and strength, rends asunder the darkness as it were the head of a wild elephant; and paces the plain of heaven, a lion-like moon. The stars scattered about the sky like pearls are the jewels of beauteous night. "But," said the Lord, "tell me, my friends; each one of you, your opinion as to the spots on the moon." Said Sugriva: Hear-

<sup>1</sup> This scene affords a very favourite subject for Hindu painters; partly, no doubt, on account of the blessing which Tulsí Dás here promises to those who contemplate it.

ken, Rāma, it is only the shadow of the earth that is seen in the moon." Another said : " When Rāhu attacked the moon, its bosom became thus discoloured." A third suggested : " When Brāhma fashioned Rati's face, he stole from the moon a part of its essence, and this is the hole that you see in the moon's surface showing the shadow of the sky." Said the Lord : " The moon has a great liking for poison, and has given it a home in its very heart ; thence darting abroad innumerable empoisoned rays, it tortures parted lovers."

*Dohā 13.*

But Hanumān cried : " Hear me, my Lord ; the moon is your devoted slave, and it is your image enshrined in the moon's bosom that causes the darkness," The all-wise Rāma smiled to hear the speech of the Son of the Wind ; then turning towards the south, the All-merciful spoke again.

*Chaupāī.*

" Look Vibhīshan, to the southern quarter—to the gathering clouds and the flashes of lightning. A pleasant sound of distant thunder is heard amidst the gloom ; there will be some rain, think you, or a storm of hail ?" Vibhīshan, replied : " Mark me, Sire, there is neither lightning nor gathered cloud. On the top of the Lankā hill there is a palace, where Rāvan witnesses the sports of the arena : the royal umbrella held above his head presents the appearance of a mighty mass of cloud : the jewelled ornament in Mandodari's ears emits the flashes, my lord, that you take for lightning ; while the incomparable music of the cymbals and drums is the pleasant sound that you hear, O king of the gods." The Lord smiled and, perceiving his arrogance, strung his bow and fitted an arrow to the string.

*Dohā 14.*

A single shaft struck umbrella, crown and ear-drop ; in the sight of all they fell to the ground, and none could explain the mystery. Having performed this startling feat, Rāma's arrows returned and dropt into the quiver. But

Rávan and the whole assembly were much disturbed when they saw this interruption to their revel.

*Chaupái.*

"There was no earthquake, nor wind to speak of, nor did we see a missile of any kind," thus they pondered each to himself. "It is certainly a most alarming ill omen." When Rávan perceived that the assembly had taken fright, he smiled and invented an ingenious answer: "Even when I lost my heads, I came to no harm; now, only my crowns have dropt off; what ill-luck is there in that? Go home all of you and go to sleep." They bowed and took their leave. But anxiety had settled in Mandodari's bosom the moment the jewel had dropt from her ear to the ground. With streaming eyes and hands clasped in prayer, she cried: "O lord of my life, hearken to my petition. O my husband, give over fighting against Ráma, and do not indulge your pride with the idea that he is a mere man.

*Dohá 15.*

The jewel of the line of Raghu, believe what I say, is the omnipresent God, in whose every limb, as the Vedas declare, is the fabric of a world.

*Chaupái.*

His feet are the infernal regions, his head the abode of Bráhma, and in every limb subsists some separate sphere; the play of his brows is the doom of fate, his eyes are the sun, his hair the dark thunder-cloud, his nostrils are the twin sons of Asvini, and the constant winking of his eyes the cause of day and night. His ears, as the Vedas declare, are the ten quarters of the heaven, his breath is the wind, and his articulate voice the scripture. His lips are greed and his teeth the terrors of death; his smile is Mayá; his arms the regents of the quarters; his face is the element of fire; his tongue, water; and his movements the creation, preservation and destruction of the universe. The hairs on his body are the trees and bushes that grow on the earth; his bones the mountains, and the net-work of his veins the rivers; his belly the sea, and his

hinder parts hell. Everything may be called a manifestation of the omnipresent Lord,

*Dohā 16.*

who has Siva for his self-consciousness, Brāhman for his intelligence, the moon for his mind, and the great First Principle for his soul ; who not only indwells in man, but also assumes the form of any animate or inanimate creature, the Lord God. <sup>1</sup> Harken, my beloved, ponder upon this and cease to contend against the Lord ; cherish a devotion to Rāma's feet, and then my happy estate shall never fail."

*Chaupāī.*

He laughed when he heard his wife's speech. "Wonderful, indeed, is the power of infatuation. The poets have

<sup>1</sup> The terminology here employed is that of the Sāṅkhya philosophy according to which everything is evolved or produced from an original primordial *tattva*, or eternally existing essence, called *Prakṛiti*. From it proceed seven productions, which are also producers, and thence sixteen other principles, which are productions only, not producers. Soul *puruṣa*, the twenty-fifth essence, is neither a production nor a producer. The first production of *Prakṛiti* is *Buddhi*, commonly called intellect or intellectual perception, and variously termed *Mahat*, from its being the Great source, of the two other internal faculties, *Ahankāra*, 'self-consciousness', and *Manas* or 'mind.' Third in order comes this *Ahankāra*, the 'I-making faculty, that is, self-consciousness, or the sense of individuality [sometimes conveniently termed ego-ism] which produces the next five principles, called *Tan-mātras*, or subtle elementary particles, out of which the grosser elements [*Mahā-bhūta*] are evolved. These are *ākāśa*, ether; *āraṇya*, air; *tejas* or *jyotiḥ*, fire or light; *āpas*, water; and *prithivī* or *bhūmi*, earth. In addition to the five *tan-mātras*, the third producer, *Ahankāra*, produces also the eleven organs *viś.*, the five organs of sense, *budhīndriyāni*, the ear, skin, eye, nose and tongue; the five organs of action, *karmēndriyāni*, the larynx, hand, foot and the excretory and generative organs ; and an eleventh organ standing between these two sets, called *manas* 'the mind,' which is an internal organ of perception, volition, and action. Thus the eight producers, *viś.*, *Prakṛiti*, *Buddhi*, *Ahankāra*, and the five *tan-mātras*, with the five grosser elements and the eleven organs, constitute the true elements of the phenomenal world ; the most important—after the mere unintelligent original germ, *Prakṛiti*—being *Ahankāra*. (See Monier Williams' Indian Wisdom). It is tolerably clear that these categories were in the mind of Tulsī Dās at the time of writing, but he has employed them in a loose and popular way. Thus *māhas*, which is strictly a synonym for *Ahankāra*, seems in the text to stand rather for *Prakṛiti*. In Rām Jasan's edition of the text the words are wrongly divided. As is frequently the case with native Sanskrit scholars when commenting on Hindi literature, the editor would seem to have read the passage too exclusively by the light of Sanskrit authorities. *Prakṛiti* may be explained as non-extended energy ; unconscious life moving on towards consciousness ; a latent ego destined to put forth conscious thought when the conditions of the environment allow of it. With increase of power there comes an increased *ahankāra*, self-consciousness, or development of the ego into a personage, individual, self-balanced, master of its resources, characteristic, *sui generis*, himself.



truly described woman's nature. There are eight faults from which she is never free at heart ; imprudence, falsehood, fickleness, infatuation, timidity, want of judgment, impurity, and illiberality. You have declared all the manifestations of the enemy and told me a most alarming story ; but, my dear, I see through it at once and perfectly understand your kindness. I recognize your cleverness, my dear, for in this way you have exalted my power. Your words, fair dame, are obscure ; but they are auspicious when understood, though they sound alarming.<sup>1</sup> " Then Mandodari perceived that her husband's infatuation was the fated forerunner of his ruin.

*Dohá 17.*

In such diverse ways did Rávan amuse himself until the dawn appeared, when the lord of Lanká, fearless by nature and farther blinded by pride, entered the council chamber.

*Sorathá 2.*

Though the clouds rain ambrosia upon it, the bamboo neither flowers nor fruits ; so the soul of a fool never learns, though he have Brahma and Siva for his teachers.

*Chaupái.*

Now Ráma woke at break of day and summoned his ministers, to take counsel of them. " Quick, tell me what course should be adopted." Jámaván bowed his head at his feet and said : " Harken, omniscient observer of all men's hearts, perfection of wisdom, power, majesty, justice and every good quality. I thus advise you to the best of my ability : send the son of Báli as an ambassador." Every one heartily approved this good suggestion, and the All-merciful said to Angad : " Son of Báli, wise, strong and virtuous, go to Lanká, my son, in my service. Why should I give you any lengthy instructions ? I am aware of your distinguished ability. Frame your address to the enemy in such a way that he will agree to my requirements."

<sup>1</sup> The word *Bhayaśankant* would seem to be here itself used in an obscure sense as an illustration of the ambiguous language to which the speaker refers. Its ordinary signification would be 'delivering from fear,' but it may also be interpreted as 'letting loose,' that is, 'causing' fear, 'alarming.'

*Sorathá 3.*

Obedient to his lord's command and bowing at his feet Angad arose, crying : "O, Ráma, any one on whom you show favour becomes possessed of every virtue. You have graciously granted me, my lord, your own good fortune for the accomplishment of this task of yours." At this thought the young prince exulted at heart and his whole body quivered with excitement.

*Chaupái.*

After prostrating himself at his feet and imprinting the image of his majesty on his soul, Angad bowed to the assembly and went forth, the delighter in battle, the gallant son of Báli, dauntless by nature and his heart all aglow with the might of his lord. As he entered the city, he came across Rávan's son, who was playing there. From words they proceeded to a struggle ; both of unequalled strength and in the prime of their youth to boot. He raised his foot to kick Angad, who at once seized him by it and swung him round and dashed him to the ground. All the demons, even the stoutest warriors among them, who saw the deed, dispersed hither and thither, but dared not give the alarm ; they did not even whisper to one another, but remained silent, when they saw his death. A rumour, however, was noised through the city : "The monkey who set Lanká on fire has come again ; what has God in store for us now ?" Thus they all pondered in excessive dismay. Without being asked they showed him the road : if he but looked at any one he withered away.

*Dohá 18.*

Then with his thoughts fixed on Ráma's lotus feet he entered the Council Hall, with the gait of a lion, glancing on this side and that, a bold and stalwart hero.

*Chaupái.*

One of the demons was immediately despatched to report the news to Rávan. On hearing it, the Ten-headed cried with a laugh : "Go and bring this strange monkey here."

On receiving this order, a number of his messengers ran and fetched the monkey-chief. In Angad's eyes the Ten-headed appeared like the Black mountain endued with life; his arms like trees, his head a rocky peak, the hair on his body as it were all kinds of creepers, and his mouth, nose, eyes and ears like caves and chasms in the rock. Without the slightest trepidation of heart he entered the Court, the son of Bali; most dauntless of heroes. The assembly rose at the sight of the monkey; but in Rávan's heart was ungovernable fury.

*Dohá 19.*

As when a lion enters among a herd of mad elephants, so after bowing to the assembly he took his seat, his thoughts ever fixed on Ráma's power.

*Chaupái.*

Rávan asked: "Monkey, who are you?" "I am an ambassador from Ráma, Rávan. There was friendship between you and my father; and on that account, brother, I have come to you to do you a service. Of high descent, the grandson of Pulastya, you duly worshipped Siva and Bráhma, obtained your prayer of them accomplished all you undertook and conquered the guardians of the eight quarters and every earthly sovereign. Now under the influence of royal arrogance or some delusion you have carried off Síta, the mother of the world. Yet hearken to my friendly advice and the Lord will still pardon you. Put a straw between your teeth and an axe to your throat, and with all your family and your own wife and with Janak's daughter placed respectfully at your head, go all of you in this wise without any alarm,

*Dohá 20.*

crying, 'O jewel of the race of Raghu, defender of the suppliant, save now me, even me,' and when he hears your piteous cry the Lord will set your mind at rest."

*Chaupái.*

"Ah, you wretched monkey, take care what you are saying. Fool, do you not know that I am the declared enemy of the gods? Tell me your own name and your father's,

friend, and through what relation you claim alliance." "My name is Angad; I am the son of Bâli, with whom you once were on terms of friendship." On hearing Angad's reply, he was confused. "I admit, monkey, that it was so with Bâli: but if Angad is that Bâli's son, he has been born as a fire-brand for the destruction of his race. The womb that bare you, forsooth, was not pregnant for nothing; who with your own mouth confess yourself a hermit's envoy. Tell me now, is all well with Bâli?" Angad laughed and replied: "Ten days hence go to Bâli and embrace your old friend and ask him yourself of his welfare. He will tell you the kind of welfare that results from fighting against Râma. Harken, fool; he is a man divided against himself whose heart is closed to the divine Raghubîr.

*Dohâ 21.*

I, forsooth, am the destroyer of my race, while you, Râvan, are the preserver of yours. Who can say that you are blind or deaf while you have twenty eyes and twenty ears?

*Chaupâi.*

What! I disgrace my family by acting as his ambassador whose feet Siva and Brâhma and all the gods and saints desire to serve: your heart should burst asunder for entertaining such an idea." When he heard the monkey's fierce rejoinder, Râvan glared at him and cried: "Wretch, I suffer all your abuse because I understand the maxims of statecraft and religion." Said the monkey: "I have heard of the piety and virtue you showed in stealing away another man's wife; and how you were so good and patient that you did not drown yourself at the sight of your messengers and watchmen, and from pious motives forgave the wrong when you saw your sister with her nose and ears cut off. Your piety and virtue are renowned throughout the world; I am most fortunate in being able to see you."

*Dohâ 22.*

"Prate no more, you stupid brute, but look at my arms, you impudent monkey, very Râhus as they have proved to

eclipse the full-moon-like might of the Lokpáls : while Sambhu and Kailás in the palm of my lotus hand were but as the stately swan in the heavenly lake.

*Chaupái.*

Hearken, Angad ; tell me what champion there is in all your army who is a match for me. Your lord has lost strength through pining for his bride ; his younger brother too is all sad and forlorn ; you and Sugrív are each the curse of your family ; while my brother is an utter coward. Your counsellor, Jámbaván, is so stricken in years that he can no longer enter the field of battle. Nala and Níla are good architects, and there is one monkey, no doubt, of exceptional strength, he who came first and set fire to the city." On hearing this Angad replied : "Tell me the truth now, O demon king ; is it a fact that a monkey burnt down your city ? A poor little monkey set Rávan's capital on fire ! Who, on hearing this said, could believe it true ? He, Rávan, whom you extol as so distinguished a champion, is only one of Sugrív's inferior runners. He is a good one to go, but no fighter : we only sent him to get news.

*Dohá 23.*

Is it true that a monkey set fire to the city without any order from his lord ? This is why he did not go back to Sugrív, but kept himself out of sight for fear. All that you have said, Rávan, is quite true, and I am not in the least angry at hearing it : there is not any one in our army who would be a fair match for you. Take your friends and enemies from among your equals is a good sound maxim : if a lion kills a frog, who thinks it a fine deed ? Though it is no glory to Ráma to kill you, however great your offence, still, mark me, Rávan, the fury of the Kshatriya clan is hard to withstand." The monkey too set his heart on fire with the arrows of speech shot forth from the bow of sarcastic eloquence, and it was, so to speak, only with a pair of pincers that the dauntless Rávan could get out a rejoinder. At last he laughed and cried : "A monkey has, at all events, one good

quality; he will do anything to serve the man who feeds him.

*Chaupái.*

Bravo for a monkey who, regardless of shame, skips up and down in his master's service: dancing and jumping about to amuse the people, he does his duty by his employer right well. All of your race, Angad, are devoted to their lord; it is quite natural for you to speak of your master's good qualities in the way you do. But I am too sagacious in appreciating merit to pay any attention to your insolent tirade." Said the monkey; "Hanuman gave me a very true account of your generosity. Though he had laid waste your garden, killed your son and set fire to your city, still you would not do him any harm. It was in reliance upon your magnanimity, Rávan, that I have been thus outspoken. Now that I am here, I see that whatever a monkey may say will neither put you to shame nor excite you to anger or resentment." "Your cleverness, monkey, is so great that it might well be the death of your father." So cried the Ten-headed and burst into a laugh. "After being the death of my father, I would now be the death of you too, had I not just thought of something. I look upon you as a monument of Báli's honour and renown, and that is why I do not slay you, you wretched braggart. Come, Rávan, tell me how many Rávans there are in the world, or listen while I tell you how many I have heard of. One went down into hell to conquer Bali, where the children tied him up in the stable and made sport of him and buffeted him, till Bali took pity on him and let him go. Another again was discovered by Sahasra-báhu, who ran and secured him as a curiosity and took him home for a show, till Saint Pulastya came and rescued him.

*Dohá 24.*

Another, as I am ashamed to say, was held tight under Báli's arm. Do not be angry,<sup>1</sup> Rávan, but tell me the truth, which of all these are you?"

<sup>1</sup> *Mānā* here stands for *māśā*, which occurs elsewhere in the poem with the sense of 'anger.'

*Chaupái.*

"Hearken, fool ; I am that mighty Rávan, the action of whose arms is well known by Kailás and his valour by Siva ; for him I worshipped not with flowers but with my own heads, which I took off with my own lotus hands times innumerable, when I worshipped Tripurari. The guardians of the eight quarters know the might of my arms ; in their heart, you fool, is sore distress to-day. The elephants who support the world learnt also the hardness of my chest whenever I closed with them in conflict ; their mighty tusks, though never broken before, snapt off like radishes when they struck against my front. As I moved, earth quivered like a small boat when a wild elephant steps into it. I am that glorious and renowned Rávan ; have you no ears to hear, you lying chatterer ?

*Dohá 25.*

"This is the Rávan of whom you make light, while you exalt a mere man. Ah vile monkey, infamous wretch, are you at last beginning to understand ?"

*Chaupái.*

On hearing this, Angad replied indignantly : "Give over talking, you pitiful boaster. He, whose axe was like a fire to consume Sahasra-báhu's mighty forest of arms ; whose sword was like the tide of the salt sea, in which kings innumerable have been drowned time after time ; and at the sight of whose majesty every one took to flight, how can he be accounted a man, you wretched Rávan ? How can Ráma be a mere man, you arrogant fool ? Is Kamadeva an ordinary archer ; is the Ganges merely a river ; the cow of plenty only a cow ; the tree of Paradise only a tree ; is charity only so much grain ; is ambrosia any liquid ; Garúr a mere bird ; Neshinag a serpent and the philosopher's stone, Rávan, only a stone ? Hearken, O dull of understanding ; is Vaikunth an ordinary world, or absolute faith in Ráma a common blessing ?



*Dohâ 26.*

Fool, how was it that the monkey Hanuman escaped, after trampling on the pride of you and your army, laying waste your garden, setting fire to your city and slaying your son ?

*Chaupâi.*

Hearken, Râvan ; have done with conceit and worship Râma, the all-merciful. If you are foolish enough to provoke Râma, neither Brâhma nor Rudra has the power to protect you. Do not puff yourself out with vain delusions ; if you fight against Râma, this will be your fate : smitten by Râma's arrows, your many heads will fall to the ground, in front of the monkeys, and they and the bears will play polo with them, as if they were so many balls. When Râma waxes wroth in battle, his arrows fly quick and terrible. Will you then persist in your vain boasting and not rather be wise and adore his clemency ? On hearing these words Râvan flared up afresh, like a blazing fire upon which butter has been cast.

*Dohâ 27.*

"Have you never heard of my brother Kumbha-karn and my renowned son Indrajit and my own valour, by which I have conquered the whole universe ?

*Chaupâi.*

Fool, with the help of his monkey friends he has bridged the sea, but what is that to be proud of ? Birds innumerable traverse the ocean, yet they are no heroes. Now mark me, monkey : my arms are like a sea filled with a flood of strength, beneath which many gods, men and heroes have been drowned. Who is there so strong that he can overcome these twenty unfathomable and boundless oceans ? I even made the Dig-pals draw water for me. You have told me, poor wretch, of your king's renown, but if your lord is so valiant in battle as one would judge from the way in which you harp on his achievements, then why does he send an ambassador ? Is he not ashamed to make terms with an

enemy? Look at my arms, which could treat mount Kailás as a mere churning-stick, and then, foolish monkey, sing, if you will, the praises of your lord. *Dohá 28.*

What hero is there equal to Rávan, who, with his own hands, cut off his own heads, and delighted to cast them into the fire, time after time, as Siva is witness.

*Chámpái.*

When I saw the skull burning, with the letters traced on my forehead by the Creator, and read that my death was to be at the hands of a man, I laughed, for I knew the divine prophecy to be untrue. When I remember this, I have no fear: Bráhma must have written when he was old and stupid. Are you not then ashamed, you fool, to keep boasting of any warrior's strength as compared with mine?" Angad replied: "There is no one in the whole world, Rávan, so shamefaced as you. Your modesty is so innate that you never speak of your own merits. You are always thinking of the old story of your heads and the mountain,<sup>1</sup> and that is the reason why you tell it me twenty times over. Bury deep in your heart the remembrance of that strength of arm by which you overcame Sahasra-báhu and Bali and Báli; but hearken, O dull of soul, make the business complete; if a man who cuts off his head is a hero, what a hero a juggler must be, who with his own hands cuts his whole body to pieces.

*Dohá 29.*

A moth is infatuated enough to burn itself to death, and an ass bears any burden, but they are not called heroes; look, stupid, and understand.

*Chámpái.*

Boast no more in arrogant speech, but listen modestly to my advice. I have not come, Rávan, as an envoy to propose terms, but Raghubár has sent me from another motive.

1. That is to say, of how you cut off your ten heads as a sacrifice to Siva and how you uprooted mount Kailás.

In his mercy he has said again and again, 'It is no honour for a lion to kill a jackal.' Pondering at heart on my lord's words, I have submitted, wretch, to your injurious speech; otherwise, I would have broken your head and carried off Sita, the fair bride. I know all about your strength, vile enemy of heaven; how in Hari's absence you robbed him of his wife. Your pride, demon king, is great, but I am the messenger of Rāma's servants, and if I were not afraid of displeasing him, I would as soon as look at you make you a perfect spectacle.

*Dohā 30.*

After dashing you to the ground and routing your army and destroying your city, I would have carried off Sita with all the ladies of your household.

*Chārupī.*

If I had done so, it would still be no great matter; there is no valour shown in slaying the slain. Now an outcast, a man mad with lust, a miser, a destitute beggar, a man in disgrace, a man in extreme old age, one who is always ill or always in a passion, a rebel against Vishnu, a hater of religion and the saints, a man who thinks only of his own body, a scandal-monger and a man thoroughly vicious, these twelve even while they live are no better than corpses. On this account, wretch, I do not slay you, but do not provoke me further." On hearing this, the demon king cried in a fury:—"Though small of stature, you have spoken big words. O foolish monkey, he of whose might you vaunt so fiercely, has no might, or sense, or glory at all.

*Dohā 31.*

Seeing him to be of no worth or dignity, his father banished him, and this is a sorrow to him, as also is the loss of his wife; while his terror of me oppresses him night and day. Proud as you are of his might, there are thousands of men like him, whom my demons devour every day and night. Cease your perverseness, fool, and come to your senses."

*Chandrá.*

When he thus abused Ráma, the monkey prince waxed wroth. Those who open their ears to attacks upon Hari and Hara are as guilty as if they had killed a cow. The huge monkey gnashed his teeth and taking him in his two arms hurled him furiously to the ground. The earth shook, the assembly quaked and took to flight as if driven by a hurricane of terror. Rávan raised himself from his fall and sat up, but his magnificent diadems had fallen to the ground; part he took and re-arranged on his heads, part Angad despatched to his lord. When the monkeys saw the crowns coming, they ran away crying—"Good God, here are stars falling in the day time, or Rávan in his fury has sent forth four thunderbolts that come with rushing speed." The Lord smiled and said:—"Fear not at heart; here is no star, nor sword, nor either Ketu or Ráhu; those are Rávan's crowns, which come as despatched by the son of Báli."

*Dohá 32.*

The son of the Wind sprang forward and caught them in his hand and brought and laid them at his lord's feet: the Devas and monkeys gazed in astonishment at the sight, for their brilliancy was like that of the sun. On the other hand, Rávan in his wrath cried furiously to one and all—"Seize the monkey, seize him and kill him." Angad heard and smiled.

*Chandrá.*

"In like manner sally forth in haste, all ye mighty men, and devour every bear and monkey wherever ye find one. Go and leave not a single monkey in the whole world, but take alive the two hermit brothers." The prince replied indignantly:—"Are you not ashamed to bluster like this. Cut your throat and die, you reckless destroyer of your own family; does not your heart crack at the sight of his power. Ah! villainous woman-stealer, compound of all that is mean and impure, sensual dullard, though at death's door, you still

habble abuse ; Fate has you in his toils, wretched cannibal. Hereafter you shall reap the fruit of this, when the bears and monkeys belabour you : but when you thus speak of Rāma as a man, I wonder your proud tongue does not drop off : and beyond a doubt it will drop off to the ground, head and all, in the battle.

*Sorathā 4.*

How can he be a mere man, Rāvan, who slew Bāli with a single arrow ? you are blind with all your twenty eyes ; a curse on your birth, you baseborn fool. Rāma's arrows are all athirst to drink your blood : for fear of him I spare you, insolent boaster, contemptible demon.

*Chaupāi.*

I am quite able to smash your jaws, but Rāma has given me no order ; otherwise I am so enraged that I would cleave asunder your ten heads and take up Lankā and drop it in the sea. Your Lankā is like a fig on a gular tree, and you the unsuspecting insect that lives in it. I, like a monkey, would lose no time in eating the fruit, but the gracious Rāma has given me no order." On hearing this simile, Rāvan smiled : - " Fool, where did you learn to tell such lies ; Bāli never blustered like this ; intercourse with the hermits has made you such a boaster." " If I do not tear out your ten tongues, Twenty-arms, of a truth, I am a mere boaster." As he thought on Rāma's power, the monkey waxed wroth ; he planted his foot firm and offered the assembly this wager : - " If you can stir my foot, you wretch, Rāma will take to flight and I lose Sita." " Hearken, champions all," cried Rāvan, " seize this monkey by the leg and throw him to the ground." Indrajit and the other men of valour in their different ranks all rose with joy, but though they fell upon him with their full strength and with many a trick, his foot did not stir, and they bowed their head and sat down again. Again the enemy of the gods rose to the contest ; but the monkey's foot moved no more, Garur, than the standard of

selfishness planted in the soul of a hypocrite, which there is no shaking.

*Dohá 33.*

Millions of warriors, Meghnád's peers, arose with joy and essayed the wrestle; but the monkey's foot did not stir, and they bowed the head and sat down again. The pride of the enemy was broken when they saw that the monkey's foot was moved from the ground as little as the soul of a saint abandons the maxims of morality, though assailed by a thousand difficulties.

*Chaupái.*

When they saw the monkey's strength, they were all discomforted at heart, till he himself arose to try the test. On his grasping his foot, Báli's son cried :—"There is no safety in clinging to my feet! why, fool, do you not go and clasp Ráma's feet?" On hearing this, he turned away full sorry at heart, robbed of all his dignity, and his majesty clean gone from him, as when the moon shows faintly in the day-time. With bowed head he took his seat on his throne, like one despoiled of all his possessions. How can there be any rest for an enemy of Ráma, the soul of the world, the lord of life? O Umā, the play of Ráma's eyebrows now creates a universe and now again destroys it. He makes a blade of grass into a thunderbolt and again a thunderbolt into a blade of grass; how could his messenger fail in his challenge? Again the monkey urged upon him sound advice in every possible way; but he would not listen; his time had drawn near. When he had sufficiently trampled on the pride of the enemy and exalted his master's fame, the son of king Báli left, saying, "Why should I trouble myself any more about you now; I shall have the pleasure of killing you on the field." Rávan was despondent from the very first when he heard that the monkey had killed his son: but the demons, when they witnessed Angad's challenge, were all still more disturbed.

*Dohá 34.*

Having crushed the power of the enemy, the mighty monkey, the son of Báli, his body quivering with emotion and his eyes full of tears, clasped in delight Ráma's lotus feet. When he saw it was evening, Rávan returned sadly to the palace, where Mandodari again spoke and advised him:

*Chaupái.*

“Reflect, my husband, and abandon ill counsel ; it is not well for you to fight against Ráma. His younger brother drew a little line,<sup>1</sup> and even this you could not cross: such is your strength? My beloved, you will never conquer him in battle, whose simple messenger has done such great acts. Having lightly leaped across the sea, the monkey like a dauntless lion entered your Lanká, killed your watchmen, laid waste your garden, slew Achhha as soon as he looked at him, and then set fire to the whole of the city and reduced it to ashes. What place is now left you for pride of power? Cease, my spouse, from idle vaunts and take my words a little to heart. Do not suppose that Ráma is a mere earthly king, but recognize in him the lord of all animate and inanimate creation, of infinite power. Máricha confessed the force of his arrows; you, miserable wretch, regard not his voice. Janak's court was crowded with kings, you too were there in all your valour ; but it was he who broke the bow and wedded Síta? why did you not conquer him in battle then? The son of Indra felt a little of his might when he had his life spared but lost one of his eyes ; and you have yourself seen Surpanakha's condition : yet still your heart continues absolutely uncowed ;

*Dohá 35.*

Know, Rávan, that this is he who slew Virádha and Khara and Dúshan ; who with the greatest ease killed Ka-bandh and disposed of Báli with a single arrow ;

<sup>1</sup> This line was drawn round Síta, as a barrier against the demons. The circumstance is told in the Sanskrit Rámáyana, and Tulsí : 4 . who refers to it here, forgets that he had omitted to mention it in his own poem.



*Chāmpī.*

who bridged the ocean as a mere pastime and with all his army crossed over to Savēla. But the Glory of the Solar race is full of compassion, and out of regard to you sent first an envoy; and even he in the very midst of your court trampled on your power, like a lion let loose upon a herd of elephants. Seeing that Angad and Hanumān are his servants, such brave and lusty leaders of the fray, how can you, my spouse, persist in calling him a man; you are bewildered by the intoxication of pride and self-conceit. O my husband, when the quarrel is against Rāma, fate prevents reason from working in the soul. It is not with uplifted club that fate strikes, but by robbing a man of his religion, his strength, and his faculty of reason. Whenever, Sir, a man's fate is near at hand, he becomes infatuated, as you are now.

*Dohā 36.*

He has slain your two sons and set your city on fire; to-day, O my husband, let him have your answer. O my lord, adore the mercy of Rāma and thus win for yourself the highest renown."

*Chāmpī.*

He heard out his wife's speech though it pierced like an arrow, and then arose and went into the council-chamber, for it was now dawn. As he took his seat on his throne, he swelled with excess of pride; all his terror was forgotten. On the other side, Rāma summoned Angad, who came and bowed his head at his lotus feet, but he, with the utmost courtesy, seated him by his side and then said, with a smile, the gracious Kharāri:—"O son of Bāli, I am full of curiosity, answer truly, my son, to what I ask you. Rāvan is the chief of all the demon race, and the unbounded might of his arm is famous throughout the world—how then did you send me four of his crowns? Tell me, my son, by what device you secured them?" "Hearken, all-wise protector of the humble, they were not crowns, but the four prerogatives of a king—conciliation, concession, subjugation, and division, which, as



the Vedas say, abide in a king's soul. Having recognized the gracious feet of kingly polity and religion, they came of themselves to their sovereign.

*Dohá 37.*

Leaving the impious Rávan, the rebel against his lord, the death-doomed, his kingly prerogatives—mark me, monarch of Kosala—have come to you.” On hearing this most ingenious fancy, the gracious Ráma smiled, and the son of Báli then proceeded to give him all the news from the fort.

*Chaupái.*

When Ráma had heard his report of the enemy, he called all his ministers to him. “Take counsel as to how we should attack the four great gates of Lanká.” Then the king of the monkeys and the king of the bears and Vibhishan, with their hearts fixed on the Glory of the Solar race, took counsel and settled a plan and divided the monkey army into four companies. After exalting their lord's power, they issued their orders ; and the monkeys no sooner heard them than they rushed forward, roaring like lions. First they bowed their head with joy at Ráma's feet and then the heroes sallied forth, with peaks of mountains in their hands, roaring and leaping, bears and monkeys alike, and shouting ‘Glory to Raghubír, the sovereign of Kosala!’ Though they knew that Lanká was a most formidable stronghold, they went on undismayed, in the strength of their lord, spreading like a cloud over the whole horizon, and with trumpets at their mouth making loud music.

*Dohá 38.*

“Glory to Ráma, glory to Lakshman, glory to the monkey chief, Sugriva!” such was the lion-roar of the great and valiant monkeys and bears.

*Chaupái.*

Lanká was full of the utmost confusion ; but Rávan heard the news with his wonted arrogance. “See the impudence of these monkeys,” he said with a smile and summoned

his demon host. "These monkeys have come by the decree of fate; my demons wanted a meal"—so saying the wretch burst into a loud laugh—"and God has provided them with one, without their going abroad to seek it. Sally forth in every direction, my warriors all, and seize these bears and monkeys and devour them." O Uṃā, Rāvan's conceit was as great as that of the sandpiper, when it goes to sleep with its legs in the air.<sup>1</sup> On receiving their orders, the demons, sallied forth, armed with slings and mighty javelins, clubs, maces and trenchant axes, pikes, swords, bludgeons and masses of rock. Like foul carnivorous birds that swoop down upon a heap of rubies which they have espied, and after breaking their beaks upon them find out their mistake, so these man-eating monsters rushed forth in their folly.

*Dohā 39.*

Taking bow and arrows and weapons of every description, myriads upon myriads of the stoutest and most valiant demons climbed up to the battlements of the fort.

*Chaupāī.*

The battlements of the fort looked like the peaks of Meru amidst dense clouds. Drums and other instruments of music sounded for the fray, and the soul of the warriors was stirred by their crash. The trumpets and clarions brayed so fiercely that even a coward on hearing them would forget his fear. The throng of monkeys could not be seen for the mighty stature of the warrior bears. They rush on, making no account of the most precipitous passes, but tearing down the rocks and so clearing a way for themselves. Grinding their teeth and biting their lips in their excess of fury, myriads of warriors shout aloud, there calling upon Rāvan and here upon Rama. 'Glory and victory, the battle has begun.' If the demons cast down any mountain crag, the monkeys with a bound would seize it and hurl it back.

<sup>1</sup> And thinks that they help to support the sky.

*Chhand 1.*

The furious monkeys and bears lay hold of the mountain crags and hurl them against the fort. They join in closer struggle, seizing an antagonist by one leg and dashing him to the ground, and if he takes to flight challenging him again to the combat. With a bold dash and a vigorous spring they bound up the heights of the fort; and every palace, into which the bears and monkeys penetrated, resounds with songs in Râma's praise.

*Dohâ 40.*

Again, taking each a demon in his clutch, the monkeys ran off and then dropt to the ground with the enemy beneath and themselves on the top.

*Chaupâi.*

Strong in the power of Râma, the monkey host overcame the throng of demon warriors, and having climbed the fort, made it ring all over with shouts of glory to Raghubîr, the sun of majesty! The demons fled headlong, like thunder-clouds driven by a strong wind. There was a grievous wailing throughout the city, children crying and women in dire distress. All agreed in abusing Râvan the king, who had thus invited ruin. When he heard that his forces had been routed, the Lord of Lankâ indignantly rallied his captains: "If I hear of any one turning his back in battle, I will slay him myself with my terrible sword. After devouring all my substance and feasting as you pleased, you now on the field of battle think of nothing but your own safety." On hearing these stern words, the chiefs were all frightened and ashamed. Working themselves into a fury they sallied forth again crying: 'It is the glory of a warrior to die with his face to the foe,' and all desire to live entirely left them.

*Dohâ 41.*

Arming themselves with weapons of every description, the gallant chiefs pressed forward to the fray, challenging the enemy one after the other, and so wielding mace and javelin that they sorely discomfited the bears and monkeys.

*Chaupái.*

Overcome with terror, the monkeys began to fly, although, Umá, they had already won the victory. Said one : "Where are Angad and Hanumán ? where Nala and Nila and the stalwart Dwivid ? " Hanumán heard that his troops were in distress, but the hero was kept at the western gate. There Meghnád led the defence, nor was it possible to force the gate, so great was its strength. Then the Son of the Wind waxed exceedingly wroth of soul ; with a terrible roar, as though the end of the world had come, the hero made a bound and sprang upon the top of Lanká ; then seizing a rock he rushed upon Meghnád, shattered his chariot, hurled its driver to the ground, and struck the prince himself with his foot in the chest. Another charioteer, seeing him senseless, threw him on to his car and brought him home with speed.

*Dohá 42.*

When Angad heard that Hanumán had made his way into the fort alone, he too, the adventurous warrior, bounded forward to join in his monkey sports.

*Chaupái.*

Maddened by the battle and full of fury, the two monkeys, mindful at heart of Ráma's glory, rushed upon Rávan's palace, and shouting, 'The king of Kosala to the rescue !' overthrew the whole building, so that not a pinnacle was left standing. When the demon chief saw this, he was dismayed ; while the women all struck their breasts crying, 'Now two of these pestilent monkeys have come.' After terrifying them with their monkey tricks, and proclaiming the praises of Rámachandra, they grasped each a golden pillar in their hand and cried, 'Let us now make a beginning of destruction.' With a roar, they rushed into the midst of the enemy's army, and began laying them low with mighty strength of arm, here a kick and there a blow ; crying 'Worship Ráma or take the consequences.'

*Dohá 43.*

Overthrowing one after another they strike off their

heads and hurl them away, so that they fall at Rávan's feet smashed in pieces like so many earthen pots.

*Chaupái.*

Whenever they caught any great chief, they seized him by the leg and threw him to their lord. Vibhíshan mentioned their names and Ráma assigned them his own sphere in heaven. Thus, man-eating monsters who had devoured even the flesh of a Bráhmaṇ, obtain a translation such as even devotees desire. O Umá, Ráma is tender-hearted and full of compassion and bestowed salvation upon them for this reason, that the demons had taken his name albeit in a spirit of enmity. Tell me, Bhaváni, who else would be so merciful. Dull of heart indeed and utterly wretched are the men who, on hearing of such a lord, do not abandon their errors and worship him. Angad and Hanumán—thus cried the lord of Avadh—have forced their way into the fort and Lanká with the two monkeys makes a sight like the sea churned by two Mount Merus.

*Dohá 44.*

After crushing the host of the enemy with the might of their arm, they perceived that it was now the close of day, and forgetting all their fatigue they both came bounding into the presence of their lord.

*Chaupái.*

They bowed the head at their lord's lotus feet, and he was glad at heart to see his champions again. Graciously he looked upon them both, and at once their fatigue passed away and they were completely refreshed. On learning that Angad and Hanumán had gone, many warriors among the bears and monkeys turned from the field; while the demons, recovering their strength at nightfall, made a fresh onset, crying 'Rávan to the rescue!' At the sight of the demon army, the monkeys turned again; there was everywhere gnashing of teeth as the heroes closed in the fray. In both gallant armies, the leaders impatiently challenged the foe, and fought as those who will not hear of defeat. The valiant

demons were all black of hue ; the huge monkeys of many different colours. Both armies were equal in strength, with equally matched champions, the passion with which they fought was a sight to see ; as when in the rains, or the autumn, masses of cloud are driven against one another by the force of the wind. When the line began to break, the chiefs Akampan and Atikāya had recourse to jugglery, and all in a minute it became pitch dark, and there was a shower of blood, stones and dust.

*Dohá 45.*

Seeing the dense darkness all round, the monkey host became perplexed ; it was impossible to see one another ; there was everywhere a great shouting.

*Chaupái.*

Rāma understood the secret of it all and called to Angad and Hanumán and explained to them what was going on. The mighty monkeys had no sooner heard than they rushed forth in a fury ; but the All-merciful with a smile drew his bow and at once let fly a fiery arrow. Light shone forth, and there was no darkness anywhere ; as when at the dawn of intelligence all doubts disappear. Having recovered the light, the bears and monkeys forgot all their fatigue and alarm and pressed on exultingly. Hanumán and Angad thundered aloud on the field of battle, and at the sound of their roaring the demons fled ; but the bears and monkeys, seizing them in their flight, dashed them to the ground, performing prodigies of valour, or catching them by the leg hurled them into the sea, where alligators, serpents, and fish snapped them up and devoured them.

*Dohá 46.*

Some were killed outright, some were wounded, some fled back to the fort ; the bears and monkeys shouted for joy over the rout of the enemy's strong force.

*Chaupái.*

Seeing that it was now night, the four divisions of the

monkey host returned to the lord of Kosala. As soon as Ráma cast his gracious glance upon them, all their fatigue was at once forgotten. On the other hand, Raván summoned his ministers and told them all how his champions had been killed; "the monkeys have destroyed half my army; tell me at once what counsel should be adopted." Thereupon Mályaván a very aged demon, who had been the sagacious adviser of Raván's father and mother, delivered himself of a speech of the soundest policy: "Hearken, my son, to a few words of instruction from me. Ever since you carried off Síta and brought her here, there have been omens of ill, more than I can tell. No advantage can be gained by opposing him, whose glory is the theme both of Veda and Purána.

*Dohá 47.*

He is the incarnation of the compassionate Lord God, who slew Hiranyáksha, with his brother Hiranya-kasipu, and Madhu and the monster Kaitabha. Who can fight against him whom Siva and Bráhma adore, full of all grace and wisdom, but like the angel of death, a very fire to consume the forest of wickedness?

*Chaupái.*

Have done with quarrelling; give back Síta and worship the All-merciful with loving devotion." His words stung like arrows: "Away, wretch, with your abominable suggestions; if it were not for your age, I would have killed you; but do not appear in my sight again." He thought within himself, 'He wishes to be killed by the All-merciful,' and so rose and departed, uttering words of reproof. Then Meghnád cried in a fury: "See what a sight I will show you to-morrow; though I do not say much, I do a great deal." On hearing his son's speech Raván's confidence returned and he took him lovingly into his lap. While they were still consulting, the day broke, the monkeys again assailed the four gates and fiercely encompassed the precipitous citadel. There was a confused noise in every part of the town, as the

demons snatched up their weapons of every description and hurried forward and began hurling down masses of rock from the ramparts.

*Chhand 2.*

Thousands of them hurl down masses of rock: missiles of every kind are sent flying; the shock is as when a bolt falls from heaven and the thunderous noise like that of the clouds on the last day. The monstrous monkeys join in close combat; their bodies are hacked in pieces, but though mangled they faint not; they seize the rocks and hurl them against the fort wherever the demons are.

*Dohá 48.*

When Meghnád heard that they had again come and seized the fort, he gallantly left his stronghold and sallied forth with beat of drum to meet the enemy face to face.

*Chaupái.*

"Where are the two brother princes of Kosala, those archers so famous throughout the universe? Where are Nala and Níla, Dwivid and Sugríva, Angad and Hanumán, most powerful of all? Where is Vibhíshan, his brother's curse, that I may slay the wretch at once, this very day?" So saying, he made ready his terrible arrows, and in vehemence of passion drew the string to his ear. The multitudinous shafts that he let fly sped forth like so many winged serpents. Everywhere you might see monkeys falling to the ground; at that time there was not one that dared to face him. Everywhere bears and monkeys were taking to flight, and every wish to fight was clean forgotten. Not a bear or a monkey was to be seen on the field but those who had left their life there.

*Dohá 49.*

At each flight he sent forth ten arrows; the warriors all bit the dust: with the roar as of a lion, Meghnád shouted aloud in the strength of his might.

*Chaupái.*

When Hanumán saw the distress of the army, he rushed



forth terrible as death and quickly tearing up an enormous rock, hurled it at Meghnád with the utmost fury. Seeing it come, he mounted up into the air; chariot, driver, and horses were all lost to sight. Again and again Hanumán defied him to combat; but he came no nearer and he then understood the mystery. Meghnád had approached Ráma, and after assailing him with every kind of abuse, aimed at him weapons and missiles of every description; but the Lord with the utmost ease snapped them asunder and stopt them. On seeing this display of power the fool was sore vexed and began to put in practice all kinds of magic; as if a poor little snakeling were to mock Garur and frighten him by snapping at him.

*Dohá 50.*

The demon in the foolishness of his soul displayed his supernatural powers before him whose mighty magic subdues Siva and Brahma and all both great and small.

*Chaupái.*

Mounting up into the air, he rained down a shower of firebrands while floods of water broke out from the earth. Goblins and witches of diverse form danced with uproarious shouts of "kill him, tear him in pieces." Now a shower of excrement, pus, blood, hair and bones, and now an overwhelming downfall of stones and ashes. The dust-storm made it so dark that if you held out your own hand you could not see it. The monkeys were dismayed at the sight of these apparitions and thought 'at this rate we must all of us perish.' But Ráma smiled at the idle show; seeing, however, that all the monkeys were alarmed, he with a single arrow cleft asunder the delusion, as when the sun disperses the thick darkness. With a glance of compassion, he looked upon the bears and monkeys; at once they waxed so strong that there was no holding them back from the field of battle.

*Dohá 51.*

Having obtained Ráma's permission, Lakshman, taking with him Angad and the other monkeys, march-

ed forth in fury, with bow and arrows in hand—

*Changái.*

With blood-shot eyes<sup>1</sup> and mighty chest and arms and his body of reddish hue like Mount Hímalaya. On the other side Rávan sent out his champions, who took up their armour and their weapons<sup>2</sup> and hastened forth. With mountains and huge trees for missiles, the monkeys rushed to meet them, shouting 'victory to Ráma.' They all closed in the fray, equally matched one with another, and both equally sanguine of success. After hurling the rocks and mountains at the foe, the monkeys next fell upon them with blows of the fist and kicks and rendings of the teeth: 'seize, seize, seize, kill, kill, kill, strike off his head, rend off his arm,' such were the cries which filled the nine continents of the world, while headless bodies still full of fury kept running to and fro. From the heaven above, the gods beheld the spectacle now in dismay and now in rapture.

*Dohá 52.*

Every hollow in the ground was filled full of blood, with clouds of dust overhead, like as when the smoke of a burning corpse spreads over the ashes of a pyre :

*Changái.*

while the wounded heroes resembled so many *dhák* trees in flower. The two champions Lakshman and Meghnád grappled with one another in excess of fury. Neither could singly conquer the other ; the demon by force and by feint showing himself so wicked. At last the incarnation of Seshnág became mad with rage, and with one blow he crushed both the chariot and its driver. He so smote him in various ways that the demon was left barely alive. Then the son of Rávan thought within himself—'I am in a strait, he will take my life,' and he let fly his spear, the destroyer of heroes, which

<sup>1</sup> In Rám Jasan's edition, the one I habitually use, the reading is *chhatájanayan*, which may be translated 'with blood-shot eyes,' an epithet which appears appropriate to the context. In other editions is substituted the more common expression *jájala-nayan*, with lotus eyes.

<sup>2</sup> Here the reading that I translate is *giri-sila*, 'the rocks and mountains' mentioned above as the monkeys' missiles. Rám Jasan reads *jaya-sila*, which would mean 'triumphant.'

struck Lakshman in the breast with full force. So great was the shock that he swooned away. Then he went and drew near, no longer afraid.

*Dohá 53.*

A hundred myriad warriors like Meghnád essayed to lift him ; but how could Seshnág the supporter of the world be thus lifted ? they retired in dudgeon.

*Chaupái.*

Hearken, Bhaváni ; who can conquer him in battle, the fire of whose wrath would consume in a moment the fourteen spheres of creation, whom gods and men and all things animate and inanimate adore ? Only he can understand this mystery, on whom rests the favour of Rāma. As it was now evening, both armies left the field and began to muster their several forces. The All-merciful, the ubiquitous Supreme Spirit, the invincible lord of the universe, asked ' Where is Lakshman ? ' Hanamán then brought him forward. When the Lord saw his younger brother, he was much distressed. Jāmbaván said : " The physician Sushena is at Lanká, send some one to fetch him. " Hanumán at once assumed a diminutive form and went and brought him, house and all.

*Dohá 54.*

Sushena came and bowed his head at Rāma's lotus feet and told Hanumán to go and bring herbs from a certain mountain that he mentioned.

*Chaupái.*

With Rāma's lotus feet impressed upon his heart, the Son of the Wind started in confident assurance. On the other side, a spy gave information. So Rāvan went to the house of Kāla-nemi and told him. When he had heard the news, Kāla-nemi beat his head again and again, crying, " Who can stop his path who burnt your city before your very eyes. Have some regard for your own welfare and worship Rāma and desist, sire, from henceforth from these vain endeavours. Cherish in your heart the delight of all eyes, whose body is

dark and beautiful as the blue lotus. Have done with pride, conceit, and arrogance, and rouse yourself from this slumber in a night of delusion. Is it possible that any one should ever dream of conquering him for whom the serpent, Time, is mere food to devour ? ”

*Dohá 55.*

When the Ten-headed heard this, he was exceedingly wroth and Kálá-nemi reasoned to himself : “ It will be better for me to die at the hands of Ráma’s messenger, and not for this wretch to kill me.”

*Chaupái.*

So saying he went and by the power of magic constructed on the wayside a lake, temple and fine garden. Hanumán espied the charming spot and thought to himself, ‘ After asking the holy man’s leave, I will drink of the water and rest.’ For the demon showed himself in a false attire, and sought to delude the messenger even of the king of delusion. So the son of the wind went and bowed the head before him ; and he began to recite Ráma’s praises, saying— “ A great battle is raging between Rávan and Ráma, but Ráma will win the day ; of this there is no doubt. Though I have not moved from here, I have seen it all, my friend ; my intelligence is remarkably clear-sighted.” On his asking for water, he gave him some in a cup ; the monkey said— “ That is not enough to satisfy me.” “ Go then and bathe in the tank and quickly come back, and I will then bestow upon you a gift, by which you may attain to understanding.”

*Dohá 56.*

As he stepped into the tank, a fish seized the monkey by the foot. In his alarm he killed it. Whereupon it assumed a divine form, and mounting a chariot ascended into the heaven.

*Chaupái.*

“ By the sight of you, O monkey, I have become freed from guilt, and the curse of the great saint has been removed. This is no hermit, but a fierce demon ; doubt not the truth of

my words." So saying, the heavenly nymph went her way, and the monkey at once returned to the demon. Said the monkey—"Holy sir, first receive my offering and after that tell me the charm." He then twisted his tail round his head and threw him down. At the moment of his Death he appeared in his proper form, and with a cry of Rāma, Rāma ! " breathed his last. On hearing this Hanumān went on his way, glad of heart. He found the mountain, but could not recognize the herbs ; so without any hesitation he tore up the hill by the root and went off with it. As he rushed through the night air with the mountain in his grasp, he passed over the city of Avadh.

*Dohú 57.*

Bharat saw him, and thinking him to be some most monstrous demon, drew his bow to his ear and shot him with a headless arrow.

*Chaupái.*

Struck by the dart he fell in a swoon to the earth, crying 'O Rāma, Rāma, prince of Raghu's line ! ' On hearing this grateful sound, Bharat started up and ran, and in the utmost haste drew nigh to the monkey. Seeing him wounded, he clasped him to his bosom and tried in every way to revive him, but without success. With a disconsolate face and sore grief at heart he made this prayer while his eyes streamed with tears : "God who made me Rāma's enemy, has now caused me this additional distress. If in thought, word and deed, I have a sincere affection for Rāma's lotus feet, and if Rāma is kindly disposed to me, may your pain and fatigue, O monkey, all pass away." At the sound of these words, the monkey chief arose and sat up, crying, "glory, glory to the king of Kosala."

*Sorathà 5.*

With quivering limbs and eyes full of tears, he took and clasped the monkey to his bosom, invoking Rāma, the crown of the line of Raghu, in a transport of affection, which was more than his soul could contain.

*Chaupái.*

"Tell me friend, is all well with the Fountain of joy and with his brother and the revered Jánaki." The monkey told him in brief all that had taken place. He became sad of heart and began to lament: Alas, my fate, why was I born into the world, if in nothing I can help my lord." But seeing the unfitness of the time he mastered his feelings the gallant prince, and again addressed the monkey: "Sir, you will be delayed in your journey, and your task will come to nought, for the day is now breaking. Mount my arrow, mountain and all, and I will send you straight into the presence of the all-merciful." On hearing this, the monkey's pride was aroused: "How can his arrow fly with my weight?" But again reflecting on Ráma's power, he bowed at his feet and cried with clasped hands:

*Dohá 58.*

"O my lord, I have only to cherish the thought of your majesty in my soul in order to travel quickly." So saying, Hanumán took leave and after bowing at his feet set forth. As he went, the Son of the Wind again and again extolled to himself the mighty arm and the amiable disposition of Bharat and his boundless devotion to his lord's feet.

*Chaupái.*

Meanwhile, Ráma was watching Lakshman and using language after the fashion of a man. When half the night was spent, and still the monkey had not returned, Ráma raised his brother and clasped him to his heart. "O my brother, once you could not endure to see me in sorrow, your disposition was ever so affectionate. On my account, you left father and mother and exposed yourself to the forest, the cold, the heat and the wind. But where is now your old love, my brother, that you do not stir in response to my distress? If I had known that exile involved the loss of my brother, I would

never have obeyed my father's commands.<sup>1</sup> Sons, riches, wives, house and kinsfolk come again time after time in a life, but a real brother is not so to be had; remember this, brother, and awake to life. As a bird is utterly wretched without wings, a serpent without its head-jewel, or an elephant without its trunk, so is my life without you, my brother. If cruel fate preserves me alive, with what face can I show myself at Avadh, after sacrificing a dear brother for the sake of a woman. I would rather have endured the social disgrace; for, after all, the loss of a wife is no such great matter, and my heart is so hard and unfeeling that it can bear the sight even of this your anguish. Your mother's only son, my brother, you are the sole support of her life, but she took you by the hand and entrusted you to me, knowing what a comfort and what a friend I should find you. What answer can I go and give her? Why do you not rise and advise me, brother?" Thus grievously sorrowed the healer of sorrow and his lotus eyes streamed with tears; but Uiná, Ráma is one and unchangeable, and it was only in compassion to his worshippers that he exhibited the manners of a man.

*Sorathá 6.*

All the monkeys were in distress on hearing their lord's lamentation, till Hanumán arrived, like an heroic strain in the midst of an elegy.

*Chaupái.*

Ráma received him with exceeding joy, for the Lord is most grateful and supremely wise. Then quickly the physician concocted his remedies, and Lakshman gaily arose and sat up. The Lord affectionately clasped his brother to his

<sup>1</sup> This lament over his want of foreknowledge and other similar passages, in which Ráma is represented as subject to human infirmities, are frequently quoted in missionary polemics as fatal to the idea of his being a divine person and as clear evidences, even on the showing of the Hindu narrative itself, that he was only an ordinary human being. But it is very unwise to adopt such a line of argument, which might be retorted with equal force against the inspired records of Christianity. Form the Hindu point of view, the answer given by Tulsí Dás sufficiently covers the difficulty and corresponds precisely with the explanation of S. Jerome: "Non quod personam Domini separemus, sed quod opera ejus inter Deum hominemque divisa sint."

heart and all the bears and monkeys were rejoiced. The physician was then conveyed home again in the same manner as he had been brought away. When Rāvan heard of these proceedings, he was greatly disturbed and began beating himself on the head. In his agitation, he went to Kumbhakarn and with much trouble succeeded in waking him. When the monster was roused, he showed like Death itself in visible form. He asked, "Tell me, brother, why is your face so sad." He told him the whole history of how in his pride he had carried off Sita. "Brother, the monkeys have killed all the demons and routed my stoutest warriors, Darmukha and the man-devouring Sara-ripa; Atākaya and Akampan, those mighty champions, together with Mahodara and other valiant heroes, who have fallen on the field of battle."

*Dohā 59.*

On hearing Rāvan's report, Kumbhakarn cried out; "Wretch, you have carried off the mother of the universe and yet expect to prosper !

*Chaupāī.*

You have done ill, O demon king ; and now why have you come and awakened me ? At once, brother, abandon your pride and worship Rāma ; so shall you prosper. How, Ten-heads, can Rāma be a man, when he has such a servant as Hanumān. Alas, brother, you have acted foolishly ; why did you not come and wake me before ? You have rebelled against the god who is adored by Siva and Brāhma and every other divinity. The knowledge which the sage Nārada imparted to me, I now declare to you ; for the time has come. Embrace me, my brother, for I go to rejoice my eyes with the sight of the dark hued, the lotus-eyed, the healer of every sorrow !"

*Dohā 60.*

As he contemplated Rāma's beauty and perfection, he was for a moment unconscious, then demanded of Rāvan a million jars of wine and a whole herd of buffaloes.



*Chaupái.*

After he had eaten the buffaloes and drunk the wine, he roared aloud with a voice of thunder and sallied forth from the fort without any escort, maddened with drink, the war-loving Kumbha-karn. Vibhíshan, on seeing him, came forward and fell at his feet and said who he was. He raised his brother and took him to his heart, delighted to find him a worshipper of Ráma. "Brother, that wretch Rávan struck me with his foot for giving him the best possible advice. Resenting such treatment, I came to Ráma, and the Lord was glad at heart to see me his servant." "Mark me, brother, Rávan is under the influence of fate and will listen to no advice, however good. Thrice blessed are you, Vibhíshan, the glory of all the demon race; you have shed a lustre on all your kinsfolk by your worship of Ráma, that ocean of beauty and felicity.

*Dohá 61.*

You have guilelessly worshipped the heroic Ráma in thought, word and deed. But go, I cannot distinguish here between friend and foe." The warrior's death was doomed.

*Chaupái.*

On hearing his brother's words, Vibhíshan turned and presented himself before the Glory of the three spheres "My lord, Kumbha-karn approaches; a warrior huge of stature as a mountain." The monkeys waited to hear no more, but ran off jabbering, the stoutest of them, and plucked up trees and rocks, which they hurled against him, gnashing their teeth the while. Millions upon millions of mountain peaks did the bears and monkeys cast upon him one after another; but neither did his courage fail, nor did he stir from his position; like an elephant pelted with flower-seeds. At last the Son of the Wind struck him with his fist; he fell to the ground and beat his head in dismay. Rising again, he gave Hanunán such a blow that he spun round and fell at once to the earth. Next he overthrew upon the plain Nala and Nila and dashed down the chiefs, hurling them this side

and that. The monkey host scattered and fled in an utter panic, nor were there any to rally.

*Dohá 62.*

Having rendered insensible Angad and the other monkeys and Sugriva as well, he clapped the king of the monkeys under his arm and went off, in his illimitable might.

*Chaupái.*

O Umá, when Ráma plays the part of a man, it is like Garúr sporting in company with snakes. If he but knit his brows, he annihilates Death himself, how then can he condescend to such a combat as this? The answer is that the fame of it, when spread abroad, tends to the redemption of the world, and mortals, who make it their song, emerge safely from the ocean of existence. When his swoon had passed off, the Son of the Wind awoke and began at once to look for Sugriva. But he, on recovering from his swoon, slipped out of Kumbha-karn's clutches, who had taken him for dead. Having bitten off his nose and ears, he with a shout ascended into the air; but the giant saw him and caught him by the foot and dashed him to the ground. With wonderful agility he rose and struck him back and then betook himself—the hero—to the presence of his lord, crying, 'Glory, glory, glory to the Fountain of Mercy.' But he, when he became sensible of his mutilated nose and ears, turned in a fury and with sore distress of soul. The monkey host were horror-stricken when they saw the terrible warrior thus earless and noseless.

*Dohá 63.*

Raising a shout of 'victory to Ráma,' the monkeys rushed forward, and all at once hurled upon him a volley of rocks and trees.

*Chaupái.*

Maddened with the rage of battle, Kumbha-karn advanced, awful as Death, and seized and devoured myriads of the monkeys, like locusts swallowed up in a mountain cave; myriads of others he crushed with his body, and myriads he

ground to powder between his hands. But many of the bears and monkeys escaped, by the passage of his mouth, or nostrils, or ears. Drunk with the madness of battle, the demon was as boastful as though the whole universe had been made over to him to ravage. Every champion took to flight, and there was no turning them back ; they could neither see with their eyes nor hear any cry. When they learnt that Kumbha-karn had routed the monkey host, the demons all rallied. But Râma saw his army in distress and the forces of the enemy coming on in full array.

*Dohâ 64.*

"Hearken, Sugrîva and Vibhîshan, and you my brother, collect your troops and let me test the might of these miscreants : " thus cried the lotus-eyed.

*Chaupâi.*

With bow in hand and quiver fitted to his side, Raghnâth went forth to scatter the ranks of the enemy. The Lord gave his bow a preliminary twang ; the hosts of the foe were deafened by the din. Then he let fly a million of arrows, he, the god ever faithful to his promise ; the winged shafts sped like serpents of death. The terrible bolts flew in all directions ; the mighty demon warriors were cut to pieces. Feet, trunk, head, and arms were shorn away : many a hero was cut into a hundred pieces. The wounded reel and fall to the ground, but gallantly recover themselves and rise again to renew the fight. The arrows as they strike give a thud like thunder : many fled when they saw how terrible they were. Headless bodies rush madly on ; the cry resounds, ' Seize, seize, kill, kill.'

*Dohâ 65.*

In a moment the lord Raghubîr's arrows cut to pieces the terrible demons ; and then his shafts all came back into the quiver.

*Chaupâi.*

When Kumbha-karn saw and perceived that the demon host had been routed in a minute, the mighty warrior

waxed exceeding wroth and roared aloud with the voice of a lion. In his fury, he tore up mountains by the root and hurled them upon the throng of monkey chiefs. The lord saw the monstrous rocks coming and with his arrows shattered them into dust. Again Raghunāyak indignantly strung his bow and let fly a volley of his terrible shafts. As they entered and passed through his body, they seemed like flashes of lightning stored in a dense thunder-cloud. The streams of blood on his black frame resembled rivers of red ochre on a mountain of soot. Perceiving his distress, the bears and monkeys rushed forward ; he laughed when he saw them draw near.

*Dohā 65.*

Roaring aloud with a terrible voice, he seized myriads and myriads of the monkeys, and dashed them to the ground like a lion, invoking the name of Rāvan.

*Chaup'ī.*

The bears and monkeys all fled, like a flock of sheep at the sight of a wolf ; and in their flight, Bhavāni, they cried aloud in their distress with a piteous voice : " This demon is for the monkey race like a sore famine that threatens to devastate a whole country. O Rāma, Kharāri, rain-cloud of mercy, ever ready to relieve the distress of the suppliant, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us." When the Lord God heard their piteous cry, he took his bow and arrows and went forth. His army he checked in the rear and went forth in his own might, full of indignation. He drew his bow and fitted a hundred arrows to the string ; they flew forth and entered into his body. At their stroke he rushed forth in a fury—the mountains reeled, the earth staggered—and tore up a rock, but Rāma shot away his arm. Again he rushed on, with a rock in his left hand ; but that arm too Rāma cut off, and it fell to the ground. The monster thus robbed of his arms resembled mount Mandara without its wings. With savage eyes he glared upon the Lord, as though ready to devour the whole universe.

*Dohi 67.*

With a most terrible shriek he rushed forward with open mouth. The saints and gods above cried out in their terror, 'alas, alas, alas.'

*Chaupai.*

When the All-merciful saw the alarm of the gods, he drew his bow with its string to his ear. The flight of arrows filled the demon's mouth, yet he was so strong that he did not fall to the ground. With his mouth full of arrows he still rushed upon the foe, like a living quiver of death. Then the Lord in his wrath took his sharpest arrow and struck his head right off his body. The head fell at the feet of Rávan, who was as dismayed at the sight as a snake that has dropt its crest jewel. The ground sunk beneath the weight of the trunk, as it still ran madly on ; till the Lord cut it in two. Then it fell to the earth like a mountain from the sky, crushing beneath it monkeys, bears, and demons. His soul entered the Lord's mouth, to the astonishment of gods, saints, and all. The gods in their delight sound the kettle-drum and hymn his praise, and rain down flowers in abundance. After paying homage, all the gods went their way. At that time came also the divine sage, Nárad, and extolled above the heaven Hari's infinite perfection. The Lord's soul was pleased by his stirring heroic strain. 'Make haste to destroy these miscreants' were the saint's words as he left. Ráma remained in his glory on the field of battle.

*Chhand 3.*

All-glorious shone forth Raghupati on the field of battle, in his immeasurable might and manifold beauty, with the drops of toil on his lotus face, with his lovely eyes and his body specked with blood, while in both hands he brandished his bow and arrows, with the bears and monkeys grouped all around him. Not Seshnág with his many tongues could tell all his beauty, so says Tulsi Dás.

*Dohi 68.*

Though the demons were so vile and very mines of im-

purity, he translated them to his own sphere. O Umá, how dull of understanding are the men who do not worship the divine Râma.

*Chaupái.*

At the close of the day both armies retired ; the battle had thoroughly exhausted the stoutest warriors. But by Râma's favour the monkey host gathered fresh strength, like as a fire blazes up when fed with straw ; while the demons wasted away day and night, like the merit of a man's good deeds when he tells them himself. Râvan made great lamentation, again and again taking his brother's head in his lap. His wives also wept and beat their breast with their hands, while they told of his pre-eminent majesty and strength. At this juncture Meghnád arrived and with many words consoled his father : " Be witness to-morrow of my prowess ; what need now of boastful speeches ? I have received from my patron divinity a chariot of strength, the virtue of which I have never yet shown you, father." While they were thus talking, the day broke and swarms of monkeys assailed the four gates. On the one side were the bears and monkeys terrible as death ; on the other the demons, fiercest of warriors. Valiantly they fight, each thirsting for victory ; the battle, Garúr, baffles all description.

*Dohá 69.*

Meghnád mounted his magic car and ascended into the air with a laugh like the roar of thunder, which struck the monkey army with terror.

*Chaupái.*

Spears, lances, swords, and scymetars were plied, with weapons and missiles of every description ; axes, hatchets, clubs and stones, and then a shower of innumerable arrows. The heaven was as dark all round with arrows as when the constellation Maghá<sup>1</sup> pours down its torrents. 'Seize, seize, kill, kill,' were the cries that sounded in their ears, but none

<sup>1</sup> Maghá is reckoned as the tenth of the Nakshatras and is in the ascendant in the month of Bhâdron, at the height of the rains. Hence the saying *mâhâ ke parass aur Maghá ke barass*.

could tell who it was that struck them. Snatching up rocks and trees, the monkeys sprang into the air ; but they could not see him and returned disappointed. Ravines, gorges, roads, and mountain-caves were turned by his magic power into arrowy cages. The monkeys were confounded and knew not where to turn, and fell to the ground like the mountains fallen in bondage to Indra.<sup>1</sup> Hanumán, Angad, Nala, Nila, and every other warrior he sorely distressed ; then he assailed with his shafts Lakshman, Sugriva and Vibhishan, piercing their bodies through and through again. Lastly he joined in combat with Ráma himself and let fly his arrows, which as they struck turned to snakes. Kharári was rendered powerless by the serpents' coils, he the great free agent, the everlasting, the one unchangeable, who like a juggler performs all sorts of delusive actions, but is ever his own master, Ráma, our Lord. It was only to enhance the glory of the battle that he allowed himself to be bound by the serpents' coils ; but the gods were in a panic.

*Dohá 70.*

O Umá, is it possible for him to be brought into bondage, by whose name when repeated in prayer the saints free themselves from the bonds of existence ; who is the omnipresent centre of the universe ?

*Chaupái.*

O Bhaváni, the actions of the incarnate Ráma are beyond the range of thought, or human strength, or speech. This is the reason why the wisest ascetics discard theological speculations and simply adore. Having thus thrown the army into confusion, Meghnád at last manifested himself with words of reviling. Jámbaván shouted: 'Wretch, keep your place.' On hearing this, his fury waxed still greater. 'Fool, I only spared you on account of your age. I think scorn of your challenge.' So saying, he let fly his terrible trident ;

<sup>1</sup> Indra, the wielder of the thunderbolt, is represented as the mountains' master, or jailor. The word *bandi* here is not the participle of the verb 'to reverence,' but the noun meaning a captive or 'slave.'

Jāmbavān caught it in his hand and then rushed on and gave Meghnād such a blow on the chest that he, the scourge of heaven, fell swooning to the ground. Then in his wrath he caught him by the foot and swung him round and dashed him on the earth as a display of his strength. But he by virtue of the divine boon died not for all his killing; so he took him by the foot and tossed him into Lankā, while the gods and saints sent Garūr, who came in haste to Rāma,

*Dohā 71.*

and seized and devoured the whole swarm of false serpents. The delusion was dispelled, and all the monkey host rejoiced again. Tearing up with their claws the trees and rocks of the mountain, they rushed forward, while the demons fled in utter confusion and climbed up into the fort.

*Chaupāī.*

When Meghnād recovered from his swoon, he was greatly ashamed to look his father in the face, and arose and went in haste to a cave in the mountain, intending to perform a sacrifice that would ensure victory. But Vibhīshan gave the caution: "Hearken, O king of unbounded might and generosity, Meghnād is preparing an unholy sacrifice—wretched sorcerer and scourge of heaven as he is—and if he bring it to completion, Sire, it will not be easy to conquer him." On hearing this, Raghupati was highly pleased and said to Angad and the other monkeys: "Go, my brothers, you and Lakshman, and put a stop to his sacrifice. It is for you, Lakshman, to fight and slay him; I am distressed to see the terror of the gods. Kill him, either by open force or by stratagem; one way or another—mark me, brother—the demon must be got rid of. But you three, Jāmbavān, Sugrīva and Vibhīshan, remain with the army." When Raghubīr had finished his commands, the hero girt his quiver by his side and took his bow, and with the glory of his lord impressed upon his heart cried aloud with a mighty voice as of thunder: "If I return to-day without slaying him,



may I be no longer called Ráma's servant; though a hundred Sivas give him help, I will slay him yet, in the name of Ráma."

*Dohá 72.*

After bowing his head at Ráma's feet, the incarnation of Seshnág went forth at once and with him Angad, Níla, Mayanda, Nala, and the valiant Hanumán.

*Chaupái.*

When the monkeys arrived, they found him making an oblation of blood and buffalo's flesh. They all tried to interrupt the ceremony, but he would not stir; they then took to praising him<sup>1</sup>. When still he did not rise, they went and pulled him by the hair, upon which he kicked out so fiercely that they ran away. He pursued them with his trident as they fled, till they joined Lakshman. He came on in the wildest fury, striking out and shouting again and again with a terrible roar. Hanumán and Angad rushed fiercely forward, but he struck them on the breast with his trident and beat them to the ground. Then he shot forth his mighty spear against the Lord, but he warded it off and broke it in two. Meanwhile the Son of the Wind and the prince had risen again and smote him furiously; but his wounds had no effect upon him. The heroes fell upon him once more, but their enemy was not to be killed; again he came on with a terrible shriek. Then Lakshman made up his mind; 'I have played with this miscreant long enough,' and seeing him advance, furious as hell, he let fly his terrible shaft. When he saw the arrow coming on like a thunderbolt, the wretch at once disappeared from sight and continued fighting under various disguises, now visible and now invisible. The monkeys thought him invincible and trembled. Then the incarnation of the serpent-king became exceeding wroth, and directing his intention to the glory of the lord of Kosala, fitted an arrow to the string and with all his might let it fly. It struck him

<sup>1</sup> That is, they enlarged upon his strength and courage and wondered why he should turn from fighting to sacrifice.

full in the breast. In the moment of death he abandoned all falsehood,

*Dohá 73.*

and invoking the names of Lakshman and Râma drew his last breath. 'Blessed indeed is thy mother' cried Angad and Hanumân.<sup>1</sup>

*Chaupâi.*

Without an effort Hanumân took up his body and put it at the gate of the city and returned. When they heard of his death, the gods and Gandharvas mounted their chariots and came thronging the heaven, showering down flowers and beating drums and hymning the spotless renown of the divine Raghubîr. 'Glory to Seshnâg, glory to the world-supporter ; You, O Lord, are the Saviour of all the gods.' Having thus hymned his praises, the gods and saints withdrew, while Lakshman went and presented himself before the All-merciful. When the Ten-headed heard of his son's death, he swooned away and fell to the ground ; Mandodari made grievous lamentation, beating her breast and ever calling upon his name ; the citizens too were all sorrowful and dismayed and with one consent reviled Râvan.

*Dohâ 74.*

Then the Ten-headed set to comforting his wives in every way he could : "See and consider at heart how transitory is everything in this world."

*Chaupâi.*

Râvan gave them sound advice ; though a dullard himself, his counsel was good and wholesome. There are many men who excel in giving advice, but the people who put it in practice are not very plentiful. When the night had passed and the day broke, the bears and monkeys again beset the four gates. Râvan summoned his captains and thus addressed them : "If any one's heart fail him in facing the battle, he had better withdraw now and not incur disgrace

<sup>1</sup> For giving birth to such a gallant warrior and one who showed such faith in the hour of death.

by running away in the midst of the engagement. Relying on the strength of my own arm, I have continued the struggle, and can give an answer to any enemy who may challenge me." So saying, he made ready his chariot, swift as the wind, while every instrument of music sounded forth a strain of deadly combat. His champions marched on in their peerless night, like the march of a whirlwind of blackness. At that time occurred numberless omens of ill, but he heeded them not, in the overweening pride of the strength of his arm.

*Chhand 4.*

In his overweening pride he took no heed of omens, good or bad : weapons dropt from the hand ; warriors fell from their cars ; horses, frightened by the trumpeting of the elephants, ran out of the line ; jackals, vultures and huge packs of dogs made a frightful clamour, and owls, like messengers of death, uttered their most lugubrious notes.

*Dohá 75.*

How was it possible for him to have prosperous omens of good fortune, or even to dream of pence of mind, when he was so infatuated that he desired the ruin of the whole world and was set upon opposing Râma.

*Chaupâi.*

The demon host marched on in countless numbers ; elephants and chariots, foot and horse, line after line ; equipages of every description, wagons and cars, with banners and standards of diverse colour ; innumerable troops of infuriated elephants like autumn clouds when driven by the wind ; battalions of savage demons of different colours, inspired with all the phrenzy of martial heroes ; an army magnificent in every respect, like the mustered array of the gallant god of spring. As the host marched, the elephants of the eight quarters reeled, the ocean was stirred from its depths, the mountains shook. The dust rose in clouds that obscured the sun, the wind failed, and the earth was troubled. Drums and other instruments of music made an awful din, like the

crash of thunder-clouds on the last day. Clarions, trumpets, and hautboys sounded the martial strain that gladdens the souls of heroes. With one accord they shouted as with the voice of a lion, each extolling his own strength and manhood. Rávan cried : " Hearken, my warriors ; do you attack the common herd of bears and monkeys ; I myself will slay the two brother princes." So saying, he ordered the army to advance to the front. When the monkeys heard the news, they all rushed on, crying ' Ráma to the rescue.'

*Chhand 5.*

The gigantic and terrible bears and monkeys rushed on like death ; flying through the air like so many winged mountains of diverse colours. With talons and teeth and rocks and enormous trees for weapons they all feel no fear, singing the glory of Ráma, the lion-like vanquisher of the wild elephant Rávan.

*Dohá 76.*

With a shout of 'victory, victory,' raised from both sides, the heroes selected each his match and closed in combat, these calling on Ráma and those on Rávan.

*Chaupáí.*

When Vibhishan observed that Rávan was in a chariot and Ráma on foot, he became anxious ; his extreme affection made him doubtful of mind, and falling at his feet he cried tenderly : " My lord, you have neither a chariot nor shoes to your feet, how can you conquer so powerful a warrior ? " " Hearken, friend," replied the All-merciful, " a conqueror has a different kind of chariot. Manliness and courage are his chariot wheels ; unflinching truthfulness and morality his banners and standards ; strength, discretion, self-control and benevolence his horses, with grace, mercy and equanimity for their harness: prayer to Mahádeva his unerring charioteer; continence his shield, contentment his sword, alms-giving his axe, knowledge his mighty spear, and perfect science his stout bow. His pure and constant soul stands for a quiver, his pious practices of devotion for a sheaf of arrows, and the

revenue he pays to Bráhmans and his guru is his impenetrable coat of mail. There is no equipment for victory that can be compared to this, nor is there any enemy, my friend, who can conquer the man who takes his stand on the chariot of

*Dohá 77.*

religion. He who has such a powerful chariot as this is a warrior who can overcome even that great and terrible enemy, the world ; hearken, friend, and fear not." When he had heard his lord's exhortation, Vibhíshan clasped his feet in his joy and cried—" O Ráma, full of mercy and kindness, you have used this parable to give me a lesson." On the one side Rávan's rabble, on the other Angad and Hanumán, the demons against the bears and monkeys, had joined in battle, each swearing by his own lord.

*Chaupái.*

Bráhma and the other gods, with all the saints and sages, mounted their chariots to watch the fray, from the heaven above. I too, Umá, was with them, beholding Ráma's exploits on the field of battle. On both sides the leaders were maddened with martial phrenzy, but the monkeys were triumphant through the might of Ráma. With shouts of defiance they close in single combat, each mauling his foe and beating him to the ground. They strike, they bite, they clutch, they fell ; they tear off heads and use them for missiles ; they rip up bodies, wrench off arms, and seizing by the leg dash to the ground. The bears bury the demon warriors in the earth and pile over them heaps of sand ; the sturdy monkeys raging in the fight were like so many monstrous images of ravening death to look upon.

*Chhand 6.*

The monkeys, their bodies all streaming with gore, stood forth like multiplied images of the god of death, crushing the mightiest warriors of the demon host and roaring with a voice of thunder. They strike, they buffet, they tear with the teeth, they crush beneath the feet, uttering fierce cries, both bears

and monkeys, and employing strength and stratagem alike, by which to reduce the miscreants. They seize and tear open their cheeks, they rip up the belly and take the entrails and hang them round their own necks, as though the lord of Prahlád (Narsinh) had assumed a multiplicity of forms, and were disporting himself on the field of battle. 'Seize, strike, tear, overthrow,' were the savage cries, with which earth and heaven resounded. Glory to Ráma, who can make a straw a thunderbolt and again reduce a thunderbolt to a straw.

*Dohá 78.*

When Rávan saw his troops in confusion, he mounted his chariot, with his twenty arms and ten bows, and essayed to rally them, crying 'turn, turn.

*Chaupái.*

The Ten-headed rushed forth in wild fury, and the monkeys with a whoop advanced to meet him. Taking in their hands trees, crags and mountains, together they all hurled them upon him. The masses of stone no sooner struck on his adamantine frame than they were at once shattered in pieces, while he flinched not, but stood firm as a rock and stayed his chariot, he, Rávan, maddened with the battle and terrible in his fury. This side and that he scattered and battered the monkey chiefs in the fierceness of his wrath. Bears and monkeys all took to flight, crying, 'Help, help, Angad, Hanumán; save, save, O lord Raghubír; this monster, as sure as death, will devour us all. When he saw the monkeys in flight, he fitted an arrow to each of his ten bows.

*Chhand 7.*

He strung his bow and let fly a volley of arrows; they flew and lodged like serpents; the heaven and the earth were full of arrows; the monkeys fled in all directions. There was a terrible uproar, the monkey host and the bears were panic-stricken and cried in dismay—"O Raghubír, fountain of mercy; O Hari, friend of the forlorn, saviour of mankind."

*Dohá 79.*

Seeing the distress of his troops, Lakshman slung his quiver by his side, took his bow in his hand and sallied forth in a fury, after bowing his head at Ráma's feet.

*Chaupái.*

"Ah! vile wretch, you kill bears and monkeys; but now look at me, I am your death." "I have been searching for you, you murderer of my son, and to-day I will gladden my soul by your destruction." Thus he cried and let fly a storm of arrows; but Lakshman shivered them all into a hundred pieces. Then Rávan hurled upon him myriads of missiles, but he warded them off as though they had been tiny sesamum seeds, and in turn assailed him with his own shafts, smashing his chariot and killing his charioteer. Each of his ten heads he transfixed with a hundred arrows, which seemed like serpents boring their way into the peaks of a mountain. With a hundred arrows more he struck him full in the breast: he fell senseless to the ground. When the swoon had passed off, he rose again in his strength and let fly the bolt given him by Bráhma.

*Chhand 8.*

The mighty bolt, the gift of Bráhma, smote the incarnate Seshnág full in the breast; the hero fell fainting; the Ten-headed essayed to lift his body, but his immeasurable bulk stirred not. In his folly Rávan thought to carry him off, not knowing him to be the lord of the three spheres, who supports on one of his heads the whole created universe, as though it were a mere grain of sand.

*Dohá 80.*

When the Son of the Wind saw this, he rushed forward with a furious cry; but as the monkey came on, he struck him a violent blow with his fist.

*Chaupái.*

The monkey dropt on the knee but did not fall to the ground and, on recovering himself, arose full of exceeding

wrath, and smote him one blow: he fell like a mountain struck by a thunderbolt. When he recovered from the swoon, he marvelled greatly at the monkey's mighty strength. "Shame on my manhood, shame on myself, if you remain alive, you plague of heaven." So cried the monkey, as he carried Lakshman away. At this sight Rávan was sore amazed. Said Raghubír, on finding his brother still alive: "You are indeed the destroyer of death and the saviour of the gods." On hearing these words, the Benignant arose and sat up, and the terrible bolt vanished into the heaven. Then again they took bow and arrows and rushed forward with the utmost impetuosity to meet the enemy.

### *Chhand 9.*

Again, by their impetuous attack, they put him to confusion, smashing his chariot and slaying his charioteer. Rávan fell fainting to the ground, his heart transfixed by a hundred arrows. Another charioteer threw him on his car and carried him to Lanká, while Lakshman in all his glory prostrated himself at Ráma's feet.

### *Dohá 81.*

On the one hand Rávan, on recovering, began to make preparations for a sacrifice; fool to oppose Ráma and yet hope to prosper; obstinate and ignorant indeed !

### *Chaupái.*

On the other hand, Vibhíshan, on learning the news, went at once and told Raghubati:—"My Lord, Rávan is engaged in a sacrifice; if he completes it, the wretch will never die. Despatch your valiant monkeys, sire, in all speed, to cut short his life." As soon as it was day, the lord sent out his warriors. Hanumán, Angad, and all started forth. Bounding with glee, the monkeys climbed Lanká and boldly entered Rávan's palace. Finding him engaged in the sacrifice, they all became furious:—"You run away home without shame from the battle and on getting here practise this



hypocrisy!"<sup>1</sup> So saying, Angad gave him a kick, but the wretch took no notice, so absorbed was he in his own purpose.

*Chhand* 10.

As he took no notice, the monkeys in a fury tore him with their teeth and kicked him with their feet; his wives, too, they seized by the hair and dragged out of doors, till the poor wretches screamed again. Then at last he rose, terrible as death, and caught a monkey by the leg and hurled him away: but seeing that the monkeys had thus succeeded in interrupting the sacrifice, his heart failed him.

*Dohà* 82.

Rejoicing at having spoilt his sacrifice, the monkeys returned to Raghupati; while the demon went off in a fury, abandoning all hope of life.

*Chaupai*.

Fearful omens of ill met him as he went, for vultures flew and settled on his heads. Fated to die, he paid no heed, but gave the order to sound the onset. There seemed no end to the demon host as it marched on, with its many elephants, chariots, foot-soldiers and horsemen. The miscreants hastened to confront the Lord, like a swarm of gnats when they fly into the fire. On the other hand, the gods raised songs of praise:—"He has caused us grievous trouble; play with him no longer, O Rāma, for Sita is in sore distress." On hearing the prayer of the gods, Rāma smiled<sup>2</sup> and rose and trimmed his arrows. His hair was tightly bound in a knot on his forehead, beautiful with the flowers that had here and there been caught (as they fell upon him from heaven). With his bright eyes and his body dark of hue as a rain-cloud, rejoicing the sight of every created sphere, he girded on his quiver with its belt about his loins and took in his hand his mighty bow, the bow of Vishnu.

<sup>1</sup> *Vak-dhyān*, literally, 'the contemplation of a crane,' i.e., the affectation of being absorbed in divine contemplation, while really thinking only of worldly interests; like the crane, which seems lost in abstraction, but is only waiting for a fish to pounce upon.

<sup>2</sup> Knowing that the gods were chiefly anxious on their own account, though they professed to be only thinking about Sita.

*Chhand 11.*

With his bow Saranga in his hand and his beautiful quiver full of arrows slung by his side, with his muscular arms and fine broad chest adorned with the print of the Bráhmaṇ's foot, when the Lord—says Tulsí Dás—began to handle his bow and arrows, the elephants that support the world, the tortoise, the serpent and the earth itself with its mountains and seas, all reeled.

*Dohá 83.*

The gods rejoiced at the sight of his splendour and rained down flowers in abundance, singing 'Glory, glory, glory to the All-merciful, the storehouse of beauty, strength and perfection.'

*Chaupái.*

Meanwhile the demon hosts came rolling on in infinite number. The monkey warriors at the sight advanced to meet them, like the thunder clouds gathered at the last day. Spears, lances and swords flashed again like gleams of lightning from every quarter of the heaven. The awful din of elephants, chariots and horses was like the thundering of a frightful tempest. The monkeys' huge tails as they stretched across the sky were like the uprising of a magnificent rainbow. The dust was borne aloft like a cloud, and the arrows fell like a copious shower. The mountains hurled from either side were like the crash of repeated thunderbolts. When Ráma in his wrath poured forth his arrows, the demon crew were sore smitten. At the smart of his shafts the warriors screamed with pain, and everywhere reeled and fell to the ground. The rocks streamed as it were with cascades in a river of blood, the terror of cowards.

*Chhand 12.*

A most loathsome river of blood, striking cowards with terror, rolled on between the two armies for its banks, with chariots for sand and wheels for eddies—a frightful flood—with elephants, foot-soldiers, and horses for its aquatic birds, and vehicles of every kind, more than one could count, for

its reeds and grasses; with arrows, spears and lances for its snakes, bows for its waves, and shields for its shoals of tortoises.

*Dohá 84.*

The fallen heroes are the trees on its bank, the marrow of their bones its scum. Cowards tremble at the sight, but the gallant are dauntless of soul.

*Chaupái.*

Those who bathe in it are imps, demons and goblins, monstrous ghouls and horrible vampires. Crows and vultures fly off with human arms, which they tear from one another and seize and devour. Says one 'At such a time of plenty, you wretch, is your hunger still unsatisfied? 1 Wounded warriors, fallen on the edge of the field, utter groans like the dying left half in and half out of the water. 2 Vultures sit on the bank and tear the entrails of the dead, like fishermen intent on their rods. Many bodies float down with birds upon them, as if they were boating in a river. Witches draw water in skulls; other female demons and goblins dance in the air, clashing the skulls of warriors for cymbals, while the infernal goddesses sing song after song. Herds of jackals snarl and growl and scamper about devouring till they are gorged. Thousands of headless bodies roam the plain, while the heads fallen to the ground still shout 'victory, victory.'

*Chhund 13.*

The heads cry 'victory, victory,' while the headless trunks rush wildly about. Swords and skulls are inextricably involved, hero against hero, fighting and overthrowing. The monkeys crushed the demon crew and triumphed through the power of Ráma. Smitten by Ráma's arrows the leaders are conspicuous on the field of battle.

1 That you must come and steal from me instead of foraging for yourself.

2 By *arádha-jai*, 'half in the water,' is meant a dying man who has been taken by his friends and laid on the very edge of the river, so that he may breathe his last in the sacred stream.

*Dohá 85.*

Rávan thought within himself—"The demons are routed ; I am alone, the bears and monkeys are many ; I must put forth all my magic power."

*Chaupái.*

When the gods saw that the Lord was on foot, they were exceedingly disturbed in mind, and Indra at once despatched his own chariot. Mátaí brought it gladly, a splendid chariot, divine, incomparable ; the king of Kosala rejoiced as he mounted it. Its four beautiful and high-mettled steeds, deathless and ever young, flew swift as thought. When they saw Raghunáth mounted on a car, the monkeys rushed forward with renewed vigour. Their onset was irresistible. Then Rávan exerted his magic power. Raghubir knew it to be a mere delusion, but Lakshman and the monkeys took it for real. They saw among the demon host many Rámas and as many Lakshmans.

*Chhand 14.*

Seeing these multiplied Rámas and Lakshmans, the monkeys and bears were greatly dismayed ; wherever they looked, they saw him standing, as in a picture, and Lakshman with him. The Lord of Kosala smiled to see the perplexity of his troops : Hari made ready his bow and in a moment scattered the delusion ; the monkey host rejoiced again.

*Dohá 86.*

Then Ráma looked round about him and cried with a mighty voice :—" Watch now the combat between us two, for my captains are all a-wearied."

*Chaupái.*

So saying, Raghunáth urged forward his chariot, after bowing his head at the Bráhmans' lotus feet. Then was the king of Lanká full of fury and rushed to meet him, challenging him with a voice of thunder :—" As for the warriors you have defeated in battle, mark me, hermit, I am not like them. The glory of Rávan's name is known throughout the world, and how he cast into prison the regents of the spheres. You

forsooth have slain Khara and Dúshan and Virádha and killed poor Báli, lying in ambush for him like a huntsman. You have routed the leaders of the demon host, and put to death Kumbha-karn and Meghnád. But to-day I will make an end of all this fighting ; unless, indeed, you save yourself by flight from the field. To-day, wretch, I will give you in charge to Death ; you have now to deal with the mighty Rávan." On hearing this abusive speech, the All-merciful, knowing him to be death-doomed, smiled and answered :—  
 "True, true, I have heard all about your greatness ; but no more boasting words, let me see your strength.

*Chhand 15.*

Do not destroy your reputation by boasting, but pardon me if I give you a lesson. In this world there are three kinds of men, resembling respectively the dhák, the mango, and the bread-fruit tree. The one has flowers, the second flowers and fruit, and the third fruit only. The one talks ; the second talks and does ; the third does, but says not a word."

*Dohá 87.*

On hearing Ráma's speech, he laughed and said :—  
 "Now you are for teaching me wisdom. You did not fear to challenge me ; but at last you begin to hold your life dear."

*Chaupái.*

Having uttered this taunt, Rávan in a fury began to let fly his arrows like so many thunderbolts. The shafts sped forth, of many shapes, and on all sides around the heaven and earth were filled with the cloud of them. Raghubír discharged an arrow of fire, and in a moment the demon's bolts were all consumed. He ground his teeth and hurled forth his mighty spear ; the Lord turned it with an arrow and sent it back. Then he cast against him thousands of discs and tridents ; but the Lord without an effort snapped and turned them aside. Rávan's artillery was as unavailing as are always the schemes of the wicked. Then with a hundred arrows at

once he struck the charioteer, who fell to the ground, crying 'victory to Ráma.' So the Lord had compassion upon him and raised him up again : but a terrible fury then possessed him :

*Chhand 16.*

Full of fury and raging in the battle, Raghupati's very arrows were ready to jump out of his quiver. At the sound of the awful twang of his bow all creation was seized with terror. Mandodari's heart quaked : the sea, the great tortoise, the earth and its supporter trembled ; the elephants of the eight quarters squealed and grasped the world tight in their jaws, while the gods laughed to see the sport.

*Dohá 88.*

He drew the bowstring to his ear and let fly his terrible darts ; they cleft the sky, quivering like so many serpents.

*Chaupáí.*

The arrows sped forth like winged serpents and at once laid low the charioteer and his horses, breaking the car and snapping the flagstaff. Though inwardly his courage failed him, he roared aloud and quickly mounted another car, and grinding his teeth let fly weapons and missiles of every description. But all his efforts were as fruitless as the thoughts of a man who delights only in mischief. Then Rávan hurled forth ten spears, which struck the four horses and brought them to the ground. Ráma was furious : he raised the horses and then drew his bow and let fly his arrows. The edge of Raghubír's shafts swept off Rávan's heads as though they had been lotuses. He smote each of his ten heads with ten arrows : the blood gushed forth in torrents. Streaming with gore, he rushed on in his strength ; but the Lord again fitted arrows to his bow and let fly thirty shafts ; his heads and arms all fell to the ground. Again Ráma smote away his arms and heads ; for they had grown afresh after being cut off. Time after time the Lord struck off his arms and heads, but they were no sooner smitten off than they were again renewed. Again and again the Lord shred

off his heads and arms. The king of Kosala mightily diverted himself. The whole heaven was full of heads and arms, like an infinite number of Ketus and Râhus ;<sup>1</sup>

*Chhand 17.*

As though a multitude of Râhus and Ketus streaming with gore were rushing through the air ; for Raghubîr's arrows had such force, that after hitting their mark they could not fall to the ground. Each arrow transfixing a set of heads seemed, as it flew through the sky, like a ray of the angry sun strung all over with moon troublers.<sup>2</sup>

*Dohî 89.*

As quickly as the Lord struck off his heads, they were renewed again without end ; like the passions of a man devoted to the world, which increase ever more and more.

*Chaupâi.*

When Râvan saw this multiplication of his heads, he thought no more of death and waxed still more furious. He thundered aloud in his insane pride, and rushed forward with his ten bows all strung at once, raging wildly on the field of battle, and overwhelmed Râma's chariot with such a shower of arrows that for a moment it was quite lost to sight, as when the sun is obscured by a mist. The gods cried 'alack, alack' ; but the Lord wrathfully grasped his bow and parrying the arrows smote off his enemy's heads, which flew in all directions, covering heaven and earth. Soreved as they were, they flew through the sky, uttering hideous cries of "victory, victory ! where is Lakshman, where Sugrîva and Angad ; where Râma the prince of Kosala ?

<sup>1</sup> The demon Râhu, having disguised himself as one of the gods, succeeded in securing a draught of the nectar which they had churned out of the ocean. The sun and moon, who had detected the impostor, gave information to Vishnu, who thereupon cut off the monster's head and two of his four arms. As he could not rob him of the immortality that the nectar had conferred, the severed head and tail were metamorphosed into heavenly bodies, under the names of Râhu and Ketu, or the ascending and descending node ; of which the former still wreaks vengeance on the sun and moon by now and again swallowing them.

<sup>2</sup> *Vidhvan-tuda*,—literally 'the moon-troubler,' is another name for Râhu.

*Chhand 18.*

Where now is Ráma?" cried the heads as they sped through the air. The monkeys saw and turned to flight: but the Jewel of the race of Raghu, with a smile, made ready his bow and with his arrows shot the heads through and through; as though the goddess Káli, with a rosary of skulls in her hand and accompanied by all her attendants, had bathed in the river Blood and come to worship at the shrine of Battle.

*Dohi 90.*

Again Rávan in his fury hurled forth his mightiest spear: like the bolt of death it flew straight for Vibhíshan.

*Chaupái.*

When he saw the awful spear coming, he cried 'my trust is in him who ever relieves the distress of the destitute,' and Ráma at once put Vibhíshan behind him and exposed himself to the full force of the missile. When it struck, the Lord swooned for a while, a mimicry which filled the gods with dismay. When Vibhíshan saw his lord fainting, he seized his club in his hand and rushed on in a fury:—"Ah, ill-starred wretch, fool, dull of understanding, enemy alike of gods, men, saints and Nágas; inasmuch as you devoutly offered your head to Siva, you have received a thousand for one in return. This is the only reason why as yet you have escaped; but now death is dancing on your pate. Fool, to oppose Ráma and yet hope to triumph." So saying he struck him on the chest with his club.

*Chhand 19.*

At the terrible stroke of the mighty club on his chest he fell to the ground; but, his ten heads all streaming with blood, he again picked himself up and came on full of fury. The two closed with all their might in savage wrestle; each mauling the other: but Vibhíshan was inspired with the strength of Ráma, and fell upon him as though he were of no account whatever.



*Dohá 91.*

O Umá, Vibhíshan would not have dared of himself to look Rávan in the face; but now in the might of Ráma he closed with him like very death.

*Chaupái.*

But Hanumán saw that Vibhíshan was sorely exhausted and rushed forward with a rock in his hand, with which he crushed chariot, horses and driver, and gave the demon himself a kick in the ribs. He stood erect but trembled all over, and Vibhíshan escaped into the presence of the Saviour of the world. Then Rávan fell upon the monkey, who spread his tail and flew into the air. He laid hold of the tail and so was borne aloft with the monkey, the mighty Hanumán, who again turned and closed with him. The well-matched pair continued fighting overhead, each furiously bruising the other, and putting forth all his strength and skill; as though mounts Anjan and Sumeru had come into collision in the heaven. The demon was so astute that there was no throwing him, till the Lord came to the support of the Son of the Wind.

*Chhand 20.*

Supported by Raghubír, the valiant monkey struck Rávan a violent blow. He fell to the ground, but rose again to fight, so that the gods shouted 'victory' to both. Seeing Hanumán in such a strait, the monkeys and bears advanced in furious passion; but Rávan, battle-mad, crushed all their stoutest champions with the might of his terrible arm.

*Dohá 92.*

Rallied by Raghubír, the bold monkeys came on again. Seeing them to be so strong, he had recourse to magic.

*Chaupái.*

In a moment he became invisible and then again showed himself in a multitude of forms. Every bear and monkey in Ráma's army saw a separate Rávan confronting him. At the sight of such an infinity of Rávans, the bears and monkeys fled in all directions. Not one of them had the courage

to stay, but all fled crying 'Help, Lakshman; help, Raghubár'. Myriads of Rávas pursued them on every side, thundering aloud with hoarse and terrible cries. The gods were all panic-stricken and betook themselves to flight saying:— "Now, brother, abandon all hope of victory. A single Rávan subdued the heavenly host, and now there are many of them—make for the caves in the mountain." Only Bráhma and Saṁdhu and the wisest of the saints stood fast, who had some understanding of their lord's might.

*Chhand 21.*

They who understood his power remained fearless; but the monkeys took the apparitions for real enemies and fled, monkeys and bears alike, crying in their terror 'Help, god of mercy.' Only Hanumán, Angad, Níla and Nala, the leaders of the host, fought bravely on against the delusive growth of giants and crushed thousands upon thousands of Rávas.

*Dohá 93.*

The king of Kosala smiled to see the panic of the gods and monkeys, and stringing his bow dispersed with a single arrow the whole host of Rávas.

*Chandú.*

In a moment the Lord dispersed the whole phantom scene, as when the darkness is scattered at the rising of the sun. Seeing only one Rávan, the gods turned again with joy and showered down many flowers upon the Lord. Rávan then raised his arms aloft and rallied the monkeys, who turned again, each shouting to his neighbour. Inspired by the might of their lord, the bears and monkeys went forth, and with renewed vigour re-entered the arena. When Rávan saw the gods exulting, he muttered:—"They think I am now reduced to one; fools, you have ever been my prey." So saying, he made a savage spring into the air, and as the gods fled screaming, he cried—"Wretches, whither can you go from my presence?" Seeing their dismay, Angad rushed

forward and with a bound seized him by the foot and threw him to the ground.

*Chhand 22.*

Having seized and hurled him to the ground, the son of Báli gave him a kick and then rejoined his lord. The Ten-headed, on recovering himself, rose again and shouted terribly with a voice of thunder. Proudly he strung his bow, and fitting ten arrows to the string, he let fly many volleys, wounding all his enemies: at the sight of their confusion he gloried in his might.

*Dohá 94.*

Then Raghupati cut off Rávan's heads and arms, his arrows also and his bow; but they all sprouted again, like sins committed at a holy place.

*Chaupái.*

Seeing the multiplication of their enemy's heads and arms, the bears and monkeys were mightily indignant and rushed on in a fury, crying—"Will the wretch never die, with his heads and arms all cut off?" The son of Báli, with Hanumán, Nala and Níla, the monkey king Sugriva and the valiant Dwivid, hurled upon him trees and mountains; but he caught each mountain and tree and threw them back upon the monkeys. One tore the enemy's body with his claws, another would run past and kick him. But Nala and Níla clambered up on to his hands and set to tearing his face with their talons. When he saw the blood, he was sore troubled in soul and put up his arms to catch them; but they were not to be caught and sprang about over his hands, like two bees over a bed of lotuses. At last with a savage bound he clutched them both and dashed them to the ground, twisting and breaking their arms. Then in his fury he took his ten bows in his hands and with his arrows smote and wounded the monkeys, so that Hanumán and all were rendered senseless. The approach of night had invigorated him. Seeing all the monkey chiefs in a swoon, the valiant Jambaván rushed forward, and with him the bears, armed

with mountains and trees, which they began hurling upon him. The mighty Rávan was enraged, and many of the heroes he seized by the leg and dashed to the ground. Their king was wroth to see such havoc among his troops and gave him a savage kick on the breast.

*Chhand 23.*

The blow smote him so heavily on the breast that he fell fainting from his chariot to the ground, grasping a bear in each of his twenty hands, like bees hiding by night in the folds of the lotus. Seeing him senseless, the king of the bears again struck him with his foot and then rejoined the Lord. As night had now come, the charioteer lifted Rávan on to the car and made off as best he could.

*Dohá 95.*

On recovering from their swoon, the bears and monkeys all appeared before Ráma; while all the demons crowded round Rávan in the utmost consternation.

*Chaupái.*

During the night Trijatá went to Síta and told her the whole story. When Síta heard of the multiplication of the enemy's heads and arms, she was sorely dismayed and thus addressed Trijatá, with downcast face and much anxiety of soul:—"Why do you not tell me, mother, what is to be done, and how this plague of the universe can be put to death? He will not die even though Raghupati's arrows have shorn off his heads; of a truth, God is making everything turn out perversely. It must be my ill-luck which gives him life; for I too survive, though separated from Ráma's lotus feet. The same fate that created the false phantom of the golden deer is still cruel to me. The god that enables me to support such insupportable anguish; which made me speak crossly to Lakshman; which keeps me alive under such pain, pierced through and through as I am with the poisoned arrows of Ráma's loss, arrows with which Love has smitten me: it is this god, I swear, that keeps him alive." With many such words did Jánaki make piteous lamentation, as she re-

called to mind the All-merciful. Trijatá replied:—"Hearken, royal maid, the enemy of the gods will die if an arrow strike him in the breast. But the Lord will not smite him there, because the image of Sita is imprinted on his heart.

*Chhand 24.*

Jánaki dwells in his heart and in Jánaki's heart is my home ; in my heart are all the spheres of creation ; if an arrow lodge there all will be undone." On hearing this explanation, she was somewhat comforted ; but seeing her still uneasy in mind, Trijatá continued :—"Now this is the way the monster will be killed ; hearken, fair lady, and cease to be so greatly disquieted.

*Dohi 96.*

In the pain of having his heads cut off your image will be forgotten and the sagacious Ráma will then smite him in the heart."

*Chaupái.*

With such words, having done all she could to comfort her, Trijatá returned home again. But Sita, reflecting on Ráma's amiability, was a prey to all the anguish of bereavement and broke out into reproaches of the night and the moon :—"The night will never be spent, though it has seemed already an age long." In her heart of hearts she made sore lamentation, sorrowing for Ráma's loss. When the pangs of bereavement were at their very height, her left eye and arm throbbed. Considering this to be a good omen, she took courage :—"I shall now see again the gracious Raghabír." Meanwhile Rávan had woke at midnight and began abusing his charioteer :—"Fool, to bring me away from the field of battle ; a curse on you for a vile dullard." He laid hold of his feet and deprecated his wrath ; and he, as soon as it was dawn, mounted his chariot and sallied forth again. When they heard of Rávan's approach, the monkey army was greatly excited, and tearing up mountains and trees on every side the terrible warriors rushed to the onset, gnashing their teeth.

*Chhand 25.*

The huge monkeys and terrible bears rushed on, with mountains in their hands, which they hurled forth with the utmost fury ; the demons turned and fled. When they had thus scattered the ranks, the valiant monkeys next closed around Rávan, buffeting him on every side and tearing him with their claws, so that his whole body was mangled.

*Dohá 97.*

Seeing the monkeys so powerful, Rávan took thought, and in a moment became invisible and created a magic illusion.

*Chhand Timara.*

By the magic that he wrought terrible beings were manifested ; imps, demons and goblins with bows and arrows in their hands, witches clutching swords and in one hand a human skull, from which they quaff draughts of blood, dancing and singing many a song. Their horrible cries of 'seize and kill' echo all around, while dogs with open mouth<sup>1</sup> run to and fro. Then began the monkeys to flee ; but wherever they turn in flight, they see a blazing fire. Monkeys and bears were both in dismay. Then there fell upon them a shower of sand. They were routed on all sides and the Ten-headed roared again. Lakshman, the monkey-king and all the chiefs were at their wits' end. The bravest of them wrung their hands, crying 'alas, Ráma, alas, Raghunáth.' After crushing all their might in this fashion, he next practised another kind of magic. A host of Hanumáns were manifested, who rushed forward with rocks in their hands and encircled Ráma in a dense mass on every side. With gnashing teeth and up-turned tail, they shouted 'kill, hold fast, never let him go'; their tails making a complete circle all around with the king of Kosala in the midst.

1 For *mukh báya*, 'with open mouth,' some books read *makh báya*, which would mean 'having scattered the sacrifice.' As no sacrifice has been mentioned, the former seems preferable ; though the latter may also be understood as a general image of horror.

*Chhand 27-28.*

In their midst the dark-hued king of Kosala shone forth as resplendent in beauty as a lofty *tamál* tree encircled by a hedge of gleaming rainbows. As they gazed upon the Lord, the heart of the gods was moved with mingled joy and grief, while they raised the cry of 'victory, victory.' In a moment and with a single arrow Raghubár indignantly dispelled the delusion. As the phantoms vanished, the monkeys and bears rejoiced and all turned again, with trees and rocks in their hands. Ráma shot forth a flight of arrows and Rávan's heads and arms again fell to the ground. Though a hundred Sesh-nágs, Sáradas and Vedic bards were to spend many ages in singing the various achievements of Ráma in his battle with Rávan, they would never come to the end of them.

*Dohá 98.*

Tulsi Dás, poor clown, who would tell even the least part of his glory, is like a gnat who thinks himself strong enough to fly up into heaven. Though his heads and arms were cut off again and again, the mighty king of Lanká was not killed. Sages, saints and gods were confounded by the agonizing sight, the pastime of their lord.

*Chaupti.*

No sooner were his heads cut off than a fresh crop grew, like covetousness increased by gain.<sup>1</sup> For all his toil the monster died not and Ráma then turned and looked at Vibhíshan. O Umá, the lord, whom fate and death obey, thus tested the devotion of one of his creatures. "Hearken, omniscient sovereign of all things animate and inanimate, defender of the suppliant, delight of gods and saints, it is only, sire, by virtue of the nectar that abides in the depth of his navel that Rávan lives." On hearing Vibhíshan's speech the All-merciful was pleased and took his terrible arrows in his hand. Many omens of ill then began to present themselves : asses, jackals and packs of dogs set up a howling; birds screamed

<sup>1</sup> In a covetous man no sooner is one desire cut off or satisfied than other desires spring up to take its place.

over the distress of the world and comets appeared in every quarter of the Heaven ; fierce flames broke out on every side, and though there was no new moon, the sun was eclipsed. Mandodari's heart beat wildly and statues flowed with tears from their eyes.

*Chhand 29.*

Statues wept, thunder crashed in the air, a mighty wind blew, the earth quaked, the clouds dropt blood, hair and dust: who could recount all the portents ? At the sight of such unspeakable confusion the gods of heaven in dismay uttered prayers for victory. Perceiving their distress, the merciful Raghupati set arrows to his bow ;

*Dohá 99.*

and drawing the string to his ear he let fly at once thirty-one shafts. The bolts of Raghu-náyak flew forth like the serpents of death.

*Chaupái.*

One arrow dried up the depth of his navel, the others struck off his heads and arms, and with such violence that they carried heads and arms away with them. The headless and armless trunk still danced upon the plain. The earth sunk beneath the weight of the body as it rushed wildly on, till the Lord with his arrows smote it in twain. At the moment of death he thundered aloud with a fierce and terrible yell: ' Where is Ráma, that I may challenge and slay him ? ' The earth reeled as Rávan fell ; the sea, the rivers, the elephants of the eight quarters and the mountains were shaken. The two halves lay full length upon the ground, thronged by a crowd of bears and monkeys. But the arrows deposited the heads and arms before Mandodari and then returned to the lord of the universe and dropped again into the quiver. Seeing this, the gods sounded their kettle-drums. His soul entered the Lord's mouth ; Siva and Bráhma rejoiced to see the sight. The whole universe resounded with cries of " victory, victory : glory to Raghubár, the mighty of arm ; glory



to the All-merciful : glory to Mukunda ; " while throngs of gods and saints rained down flowers.

*Chhand* 30—31.

" Glory to Mukunda, the fountain of mercy, the subduer of rebellion, our refuge, our health-giving lord ; the scatterer of the ranks of the impious, the great First Cause, the compassionate, the ever Supreme." All the gods in their joy showered down flowers and the kettle-drums sounded aloud, while on the field of battle Râma's every limb displayed the beauty of a myriad Loves. The crown on his coil of hair all besprinkled with blossoms emitted rays of splendour like flashes of lightning gleaming amidst the star-lit peaks of a dark mountain. With bow and arrows brandished in his arms, his body, spangled with specks of blood, seemed like a swarm of spotted amadavads joyously perched on a tamâl tree.

*Dohâ* 100.

With a shower of gracious glances the Lord dispelled the fears of all the gods ; and bears and monkeys shouted in their joy ' glory to Mukunda, the abode of bliss.'

*Chaupâi*.

When Mandodari saw her lord's heads, she fainted in her grief and fell to the ground. Her bevy of weeping maidens sprang up in haste and supported her and brought her to Râvan's body. When she saw her lord's condition she set up a shriek, her hair flew loose, and there was no strength left in her body. Wildly beating her bosom and weeping, she recounted all his glory :—" At your might, my lord, the earth ever trembled ; fire, moon, and sun were bereft of splendour. The great serpent and tortoise could not bear the weight of your body, which now lies on the ground, a mere heap of ashes. Varuna, Kuvor, Indra, and the Wind-god had never the courage to face you in battle. By the might of your arm, O my lord, you conquered death and fate ; but to-day you have fallen like the poorest creature. Your magnificence was renowned throughout the world ; while the

strength of your son and your kinsmen surpassed description. But you withstood Rāma and this is now your condition; not one of your stock is left even to make lamentation. The whole sphere of creation was in your power, my lord, and the frightened regents of the eight quarters ever bowed their heads before you; but now jackals devour your heads and arms; and rightly so, seeing that you opposed Rāma. Death-doomed, my lord, you heeded not my words, and took the sovereign of all things animate and inanimate for a mere man.

*Chhand 32.*

"You took for a man, Hari, the self-existent, that fire to consume the forest of devildom; and you worshipped not, O my spouse, the All-merciful, to whom Siva and Brāhma and all the gods do reverence. From your birth you have delighted to injure others, and this your body has been a very sink of sin, and yet Rāma has now raised you to his own abode: I bow before the blameless God.

*Dohā 101.*

"Ah my lord, there is none other so gracious as Raghunāth, the great God, who has given you a rank, to which the company of saints can with difficulty attain."

*Chaupāī.*

When they heard Mandodari's speech, gods, saints and sages were all enraptured. Brāhma, Siva, Nārad, Sanat-kumāra and all the great seers who have preached the way of salvation, gazed upon Raghupati with eyes full of tears and were overwhelmed with devotion. Seeing all the women making lamentation, Vibhīshan went to the spot, his heart heavy with grief, and was sorely pained to see his brother's condition. Then the Lord gave an order to Lakshman, who did all that he could to console him. At last Vibhīshan betook himself to the Lord, who looked upon him with an eye of compassion and said 'Make an end of sorrow and perform the funeral rites.' In obedience to his command he celebrated the obsequies, wisely bearing in mind the circumstances of time and place.

*Dohá 102.*

Mandodari and the others presented the deal with the prescribed handfuls of sesamum seed and the queen then returned to the palace, recounting to herself all Raghupati's excellences.

*Chaupái.*

Again Vibhíshan came and bowed his head. Then the All-merciful called his younger brother and said, "Do you and the monkey prince and Angad and Nala and Nila, with Jambavín and the sagacious Son of the Wind, go all together in company with Vibhíshan and make the arrangements for his coronation;" thus cried Raghunáth; "I by reason of my father's commands may not enter the city, but I send the monkey and my younger brother to take my place." The monkey started at once, on receiving his lord's order, and went and made ready for the installation. With due reverence they seated him on the throne, and after marking his forehead with the royal sign, they sang a hymn of praise and with clasped hands all bowed the head before him. Then with Vibhíshan they returned to the Lord, and Raghubír addressed the monkeys with such gracious words as made them all glad.

*Chhand 33.*

He made them glad with words that were sweet as nectar:—"It is by your might that the enemy has been defeated and that Vibhíshan has acquired the kingdom; your glory will live for ever throughout the universe. Whoever with sincere devotion shall sing your glorious deeds in connection with me shall cross without an effort the boundless ocean of existence."

*Dohá 103.*

The monkey host would never have been tired of listening to their lord's words; again and again they all bowed the head and clasped his lotus feet.

*Chaupái.*

The Lord next addressed Hanumán. "Go to Lanká," said the god, "and tell Jánaki the news and bring me back

word of her welfare." When Hanumán entered the city, the demons and demonesses no sooner heard of it than they ran to meet him and showed him every possible honour and pointed out Síta to him. From afar off the monkey prostrated himself. She recognized Ráma's messenger. "Tell me, friend, of my gracious lord, and of his brother; is he well, and all the monkey host?" "All is well, madam, with the king of Kosala; he has conquered Rávan in battle; Vibhíshan has been placed in secure possession of the throne." On hearing the monkey's reply, joy was diffused over her soul.

*Chhánd 34.*

Síta's soul was overjoyed, her body thrilled and her eyes streamed with tears, as again and again she cried:—"What can I give you, monkey? there is nothing in the three spheres of creation to be compared to your tidings." "Hearken, madam; to-day of a truth I have already obtained the undisputed sovereignty of the world, when I see and adore Ráma with his brother triumphing over the ranks of the enemy."

*Dohá 104.*

"Hearken, my son Hanumán; every virtue finds a home in your heart: may you live and prosper for ever in the service of Kosala's king.

*Chaupái.*

But now, friend, devise some plan by which I may see with my own eyes his dark but comely form." Hanumán then returned to Ráma and told him of Síta's welfare. When the Glory of the solar race heard her message, he said to prince Vibhíshan:—"Go you with Hanumán and respectfully escort Síta here." They all went at once to the place where Síta was. The demon ladies humbly do her service and, being sharply ordered by Vibhíshan, attend her to the bath with all formality and adorn her with ornaments of every description. Then they make ready and bring up a handsome palanquin, which she mounted with joy, thinking ever of Ráma with the deepest affection. On all four sides were

guards, with staves in their hands, who marched with the greatest gladness of soul. The bears and monkeys all came to look, but the guards in a fury rushed to keep them back. Said Raghubir—"Attend to what I say ; bring Sita on foot, friend ; let the monkeys see her as they would their own mother." Thus said the great Raghnáth and smiled. The bears and monkeys were delighted to hear his commands, and from heaven the gods rained down a profusion of flowers. To begin with, he placed Sita in the fire, for he wished the internal witness to be revealed.<sup>1</sup>

*Dohá 105.*

For this reason the All-merciful spoke with seeming harshness. All the demonesses, when they heard it, began to make lamentation.

*Chaupáí.*

But Sita bowed to her lord's command—pure as she was in thought, word and deed—and said "Lakshman, be you the celebrant of this rite; show me the fire and be quick." When Lakshman heard Sita's words, so full of detachment, discretion and piety, his eyes filled with tears and he clasped his hands in prayer but could not speak a word to his lord. Seeing that Ráma was displeased, he ran and kindled a fire with a quantity of wood that he brought. Sita beheld the fierceness of the flame, but was glad of heart without a particle of fear. "If neither in thought, word or deed I have ever abandoned Ráma or cherished any other, may the fire, which tests all men's actions, become as cooling as sandal-wood."

*Chhand 35.*

The flame was cool as sandal-wood, as Sita entered it, meditating on her lord :—"Glory to the king of Kosala, for

<sup>1</sup> The meaning of the words *Antara Síkhi*, the internal witness, or witness of the soul, would not be very obvious without a reference to the Sanskrit text, in which Sita makes her prayer to the Fire-god, addressing him thus : "Thou, O Fire, knowest the secrets of the hearts (*sarirantara gocharah*) of all living creatures ; be thou my witness (*síkshti*) ; assume a visible form and save me, O best of gods."

whose feet, ever worshipped by Siva, I cherish the purest devotion." Her shadow and the stain of social disgrace were alone consumed in the blazing fire. Such an action on the part of the Lord had never been seen before : gods, saints and sages all stood at gaze. The Fire assumed a bodily form and took her by the hand and led and presented her to Râma, the very Lakshmi celebrated alike in the Vedas and the world, who erst arose as Indirâ from the sea of milk. Resplendent with exquisite beauty she shines forth as the left side of Râma's body, like the blossom of a golden lily beside a fresh blue lotus.

*Dohâ 106.*

The gods in their delight rain down flowers and make music in the air, while the Kinnaras sing and the nymphs of heaven dance, all mounted on their chariots. The beauty of Janak's daughter reunited to her lord was beyond all measure and bound; the bears and monkeys, in rapture at the sight, shouted 'glory to Râma the beneficent.'

*Châpiti.*

Then came Mâtali, having obtained Râma's permission, and bowed his head at his feet. The gods, too, selfish as ever, came and made this seemingly pious prayer:—"Friend of the destitute, gracious Raghurâi, a god yourself, you have shown mercy to the gods. This sensual wretch, who delighted to harass the whole world, has perished by his own wickedness in his sinful course. You are the supreme spirit, one and everlasting, over unchangeable and unaffected by circumstances, without parts or qualities, uncreated, sinless, all perfect, invincible, unerring, full of power and compassion: incarnate as the fish, the tortoise, the boar, the lion-man, and the dwarf; as Parasu-râm also and now as Râma; whenever, O lord, the gods have been in trouble, you have taken birth in one form or another to put an end to it: but this impure wretch, the persistent plague of heaven, given up to sensuality, greed, pride and passion, this monster of monsters, has been promoted to your sphere and thereat we

marvel greatly. We gods are high masters, but in our selfishness we have forgotten the worship of our lord, and thus we are ever involved in the flood of worldly passions; but now, O lord, have mercy upon us, for we come to you for refuge."

*Dohi 107.*

With clasped hands the gods and saints stood all round about him, thus making supplication; and—his whole body quivering with excess of devotion—Bráhma at last broke out into this hymn of praise.

*Chaupái.*

"Glory to the immortal Ráma, the blissful Hari, the prince of Raghu's line, with his bow and arrows; the lionlike lord to rend in pieces the elephant of earthly existence; the ocean of perfection, the all-wise, the all-pervading; in whose body is concentrated the incomparable beauty of a myriad Loves; whose virtues are sung by bards, saints and sages. Hero of spotless renown, who in thy wrath didst seize Rávan, as Garúr might seize some monstrous serpent; delight of mankind; destroyer of grief and fear; ever unmoved by passion; lord of supreme intelligence; beneficent incarnation of illimitable perfection; loosener of earth's burdens; very wisdom; everlasting, all-pervading, ever one, without beginning; I rapturously adore thee, O Ráma, fountain of mercy. Glory of the line of Raghu, slaying Dúshan and making a king of the ever faithful Vibhúshan: storehouse of virtue and wisdom; incomprehensible and from everlasting; I constantly adore thee, O Ráma, the passionless, the supreme. Mighty of arm, strong in renown, exterminator of the hordes of the sinful; pre-eminent in auspiciousness; friend and protector even of the undeserving suppliant; I worship the perfection of beauty, the spouse of Lakshmi. Deliverer from the burden of mortality, extern to cause and effect, soul-created destroyer of hideous sin; wielder of the arrows and bow and lovely quiver; lotus-eyed paragon of kings; temple of bliss, Lakshmi's beautiful consort; subduer of pride, lust, lying and selfish-

ness ; irreproachable, imperishable, transcendent ; all forms alike and yet no determinate form ; like the light of the sun—thus the Vedas have declared,<sup>1</sup> it is no mere quibble of speech—which is separate from it and yet not separate. How fortunate, my lord, are all these monkeys who reverently gaze upon thy face. A curse, Hari, on the life we gods enjoy ; without devotion to you we have all gone astray in the world. Now, as thou art compassionate to the suppliant, have compassion upon me ; a lion to destroy the elephant-like inconstancy of my purpose ; may I practise the reverse of my former way and live happy, esteeming that a happiness which was before a pain. Mercy, destroyer of the wicked, beautiful jewel, whose lotus feet are cherished by Sambhu and Umá. O king of kings, grant me this boon, the blessing of a constant devotion to thy lotus feet."

*Dohá 108.*

As Bráhma made this prayer, his whole body quivered with excess of devotion, and his eyes beholding the ocean of beauty refused to be satisfied.

*Chaupái.*

Then too came Dasarath and, when he beheld his son, his eyes were flooded with tears. The Lord and his brother made obeisance before him and their father gave them his blessing. "It is all due, sire, to your religious merit that the invincible demon king has been conquered." On hearing his son's words, his affection increased still more ; his eyes streamed and every hair on his body stood erect. Seeing his father thus overcome by love, Raghupati, after first taking thought, bestowed upon him absolute wisdom. He did not receive the boon of deliverance from existence, Umá, for this reason, that Dasarath has grasped the mystery of faith. Worshippers of the incarnate are not rewarded with annihila-

<sup>1</sup> *Nadanti* may be taken as the third person plural of the present tense of the verb *vad*, 'to declare,' like *vadanti* from *vad* and Rám Jasan, from the way that he has divided the words in the text, evidently so regarded it. But perhaps it is better to divide thus, *na dánti-katha*, instead of *nadanti katha*; 'danti-katha' being a common colloquial expression for a verbal quibble, or an argument unsupported by authority.



tion, but Ráma gives them devotion to himself. Having again and again prostrated himself before the Lord, Dasarath proceeded with joy to his abode in heaven.

*Dohá 109.*

The Lord, the king of Kosala, rejoiced together with his brother and Jánaki. At the charming sight the king of the gods in his delight chanted this hymn of praise.

*Chhand Tomar<sup>1</sup> 37.*

“Glory to Ráma, the home of beauty, the merciful, the refuge of the suppliant; equipt with quiver and bow and arrows, triumphing in his mighty strength of arm. Glory to the foe of Dúshan, the foe of Khara, the destroyer of the demon host; when my lord slew this last monster all the gods were happy again. Glory to the remover of earth’s burdens, whose greatness is indeed vast and unbounded. Glory to Rávan’s merciful foe, the discomforter of the demons. Outrageous was the pride of the king of Lanká, who had reduced to subjection gods and gandharvas; who relentlessly pursued saints and sages, men, birds and serpents; a malignant and implacable monster; but who now—the wretch—has obtained his reward. Harken now, protector of the suppliant, with the large lotus eyes; my pride was inordinate, there was no one to equal me. Now after seeing thy lotus feet, the arrogance that caused me so much misery has passed away. Let others adore the unembodied Supreme, the primary existence, whom the Vedas hymn; but my desire is the king of Kosala, the divine Ráma, visible and material. Together with Síta and Lakshman, make my heart thy abode. O spouse of Lakshmi, recognize me as thy servant, and grant me faith.

*Chhand 38.*

Grant me faith, O spouse of Lakshmi, soother of terror, consoler of the suppliant. Thee I adore, O blissful Ráma, prince of the house of Raghu, beautiful as a myriad Loves. Delight of the hosts of heaven, queller of strife; in form as

<sup>1</sup> In the Tomar metre each line of the quatrain should consist of an anapest followed by two amphibrachs; but many licenses are allowed.

a man of incomparable strength ; object of the adoration of Bráhma, Sankara and all the gods ; I worship thee, O Ráma, the gracious, the benign.

*Dohá 110.*

Now in thy mercy, O most merciful, look upon me and direct me what to do." On hearing this tender appeal the Protector of the poor made answer :—

*Chaupái.*

"Hearken, king of the gods ; my bears and monkeys, who lie on the ground slain by the demons, have lost their life on my account : restore them all to life, wise king of heaven." Hearken, Garúr, this request of the Lord's is a mystery that only the greatest sages can apprehend. The Lord could himself destroy and re-create the three spheres of creation ; only he wished to do Indra honour. With a shower of ambrosia he restored the bears and monkeys to life. They arose with joy and all betook them to the Lord. The shower of ambrosia fell on both armies ; but the bears and monkeys came to life, not the demons. The image of Ráma was imprest upon the demons' soul ; thus they were loosed from the fetters of existence and became absorbed in the divinity. The bears and monkeys were partial incarnations of the gods and were really all alive ; but it was the will of Raghupati. Who is there so kind to the destitute as Ráma, who granted final deliverance even to the host of demons, while that filthy and sensual monster Rávan obtained translation to the same sphere as the holiest of saints.

*Dohá 111.*

After showering down flowers, the gods mounted their splendid chariots and withdrew. Then seeing his opportunity the sagacious Sambhu drew near to Ráma. Most lovingly, with clasped hands, his lotus eyes full of tears and his body quivering all over, Tripurári uttered this prayer with choking voice :—

*Chhand 39*

"Save me, O prince of the house of Raghu, equipt with

thy strong bow and graceful arrows in thy hand; dispeller of the murky clouds of delusion; fire to consume the forest of doubt; delight of the gods; unembodied yet embodied; glorious shrine of perfection; sun of vehement splendour to disperse the darkness of error; a very lion to attack the elephantine monsters, lust, anger and pride; take up thy abode for ever, as in some forest, in the heart of thy servant. Stern frost for the lotus growth of sensual desires; gracious beyond all conception; a mount Meru to churn up the ocean of life; dweller of the highest sphere; avert from me the stormy waves of the world or transport me across them. O king Râma, dark-hued and lotus eyed, protector of the poor, soother of the sorrows of the distressed, dwell for ever in my heart with Lakshman and Jânaki, delight of the saints, glory of the terrestrial sphere, uprooter of every terror, Tulsi Das's own lord.

*Dohâ* 112.

When your coronation, O my lord, takes place at Kosala, I will come to see the glorious ceremony, O greatly compassionate."

*Chaupâi*.

When Sambhu had finished his prayer and gone away, then Vibhîshan approached the Lord. Bowing his head at his feet he cried in pleading tones :—"Hearken to my prayer, O lord, with bow in hand. You have slain Râvan with all his kindred and all his army and made your unsullied glory known throughout the three spheres. On me, your vile servant, without either sense or breeding, you have in every way shown compassion; now, sire, honour your servant's house and bathe and refresh yourself after the toil of the battle. Inspect my treasure, my palace, and my wealth, and by this condescension make all the monkeys happy. Consider, my lord, everything that I have as your own, and moreover take me with you to Avadh." When the All-merciful heard this affecting speech, both his great eyes filled with tears.

*Dohá 113.*

"Hearken, brother ; all you say is true ; your house and treasure are as my own ; but thinking of Bharat's condition every minute seems to me an age. In penitential attire, with emaciated body, he is ever repeating my name in prayer. I entreat you, friend, to make an effort so that I may soon be able to see him again. If at the end of my time I go and find him no longer alive"—at the remembrance of his brother's affection, the Lord's body quivered all over—"but may you reign for ages, your soul ever mindful of me, and at the last enter into my sphere, where all the good go."

*Chaupái.*

When Vibhíshan heard Ráma's words, he was overjoyed and clasped the feet of the All-merciful. All the bears and monkeys with equal joy clasped the Lord's feet and recited his glorious merits. Then Vibhíshan proceeded to the palace and loaded the chariot with jewels and attire. When he had brought the car Pushpaka and set it before the Lord, the All-merciful smiled and said :—"Hearken, friend Vibhíshan; step into the car, and when you have risen high into the air, throw down the dresses and jewels." Accordingly Vibhíshan mounted aloft into the heaven and scrambled the raiment and jewels among them all. The monkeys picked up anything they fancied, cramming the precious things into their mouth : while Ráma and his wife and brother laughed ; so full of playfulness is the All-merciful.

*Dohá 114.*

He, to whom the saints cannot attain by contemplation, whom the Veda itself fails to fathom, even he in his infinite compassion made merry with the monkeys. O Umá, abstraction, prayer, charity, penance, the different forms of fasting, sacrifice and vows,—all move Ráma's compassion less than simple love.

*Chaupái.*

After securing the dresses and ornaments, the bears and

monkeys clothed themselves with them and appeared before Rāma. The king of Kosala laughed again and again to see the monkeys in their motley attire. As he looked upon them all, he was moved with pity, and said in gracious phrase: "It is by your assistance that I have killed Rāvan and thus secured the throne for Vibhīshan. Now return all of you to your several homes; remember me and fear no one." On hearing these words the monkeys were overcome with affection, and all with clasped hands thus reverently addressed him:— "What you say, my lord, is all to your honour; but we are confused on hearing such words. Knowing the low estate of us monkeys, you gave us a leader; you, O Raghunāth, are the sovereign of the universe. When we hear our lord's words we die of shame: is it possible for a gnat to assist the mighty Garúr?" The monkeys were so charmed as they gazed on Rāma's face that in the depth of their devotion they had no desire for their own home.

*Dohá 115.*

When the Lord had dismissed them, the bears and monkeys all went their way, cherishing Rāma's image in their heart, exulting with joy and making frequent prayer. The monkey king, Nīla, the king of the bears, Angad, Nala, Hanumān, Vibhīshan also and all the other valiant monkey chiefs were so overcome by their feelings that they could not speak a word, while their eyes, streaming with tears, were fixed upon Rāma's person so intently that they had no time to wink.

*Chaupái.*

When Rāma perceived the strength of their affection, he took them all up into his chariot and, after mentally bowing his head at the Bráhmans' feet, he directed the car towards the north. A tumultuous noise accompanied the car on its way, all shouting 'glory to Raghubir!' The throne on which the Lord and his consort were seated was very lofty and magnificent; there Rāma and his bride shone resplendent, like a dark cloud on the peak of Sumeru with attendant lightning. The beau-

teous car sped swiftly on its way, while the gods in their joy rained down showers of flowers. A delightful breeze breathed soft, cool and fragrant; the water of the sea and the Ganges was without a speck; omens of good fortune occurred on every side: the heart was glad and all the expanse<sup>1</sup> of ether clear. Said Raghubár :—"See, Síta, the field of battle; here Lakshman slew Megh-nád; here the huge demons that strew the plain were slaughtered by Angad and Hanuman; here fell the two brothers Kumbha-karn and Rávan, that plague of gods and saints.

*Dohá 116.*

Here the bridge was built and the symbol of the blessed Mahádeva adored:" the All-merciful and Síta here both made obeisance to Sambhu. Every place in the forest wherever the gracious god had taken up his abode or rested, he pointed out to Jánaki and told her the names of them all.

*Chaupái.*

Forthwith the chariot arrived at the charming Dandaka forest, and Ráma visited the hermitage both of Agastya and all the other great saints. After receiving the blessing of all the holy men, the Lord of the world came to Clitra-kút. After gratifying the hermits there, the chariot again sped swiftly on. Ráma next pointed out to Síta the noble Jamuná, that washes away all the impurities of this sinful age. After this he espied the holy Ganges and said, "Síta, do it homage. See also the queen of all holy places, Prayág, the sight of which puts away all the sins committed in a thousand births. See again the most holy Tribeni, the antidote of sorrow, the ladder of heaven. See also the sacred city of Avadh, which heals all the three kinds of pain and every disease in life."

*Dohá 117.*

The gracious god and Síta both did reverence to Avadh. With streaming eyes and quivering limbs Ráma's joy was unbounded. Then went the Lord and with much delight

<sup>1</sup> *Asa* here is not the common word *ása*, hope (from *d-asas*), but is derived from the root *as* and has the meaning of 'space, region, expanse.'

bathed at Tribeni and bestowed gifts of all kinds on the Bráhmaṇs and on the monkeys also.

*Chaupái.*

The Lord then spoke and enjoined Hanumán :—"Take the form of a young Bráhmaṇ and go into the city. Tell Bharat of my welfare, and come back here yourself with the news." The Son of the Wind was off at once. Then the Lord visited Bharadvāja. The saint received him with all possible honour and after hymning his praises, gave him his blessing. The Lord prostrated himself at his feet, with his hands clasped in prayer, and then mounted his chariot and went on again. When the Nishád heard that the Lord had come, he cried 'a boat, a boat,' and summoned his people. The chariot crossed the sacred stream and then stopt on the bank, obedient to the Lord's command. Then Síta worshipped the divine Ganges and again and again threw herself at its feet. In gladness of soul the Ganges gave her this blessing :—"Fair lady, may your happiness be without a break." On hearing the news, Guha ran in a transport of love and drew near, bewildered with excess of joy. At the sight of Síta and the Lord, he fell flat upon the ground quite out of his senses. When Ráma perceived the vehemence of his love, he was glad and raised him up and took him to his bosom.

*Chhand 40.*

The all-merciful and all-wise Ráma, the spouse of Lakshmi, took and clasped him to his heart and seated him close by his side and asked of his welfare. He was all humility :—"Now is all well with me, for I have seen thy lotus feet, the adoration of Bráhma and Sankara : O Ráma, abode of bliss, fulfiller of desire, thee, thee only do I worship." Though he was only a poor low Nishád, Hari clasped him to his bosom, as though he were Bharat himself. Dull of soul, says Tulsí Dás, is he, who is so infatuated as to forget such a lord: Gods, saints and sages sing with delight these achievements of Rávan's foe, for they have a sanctifying effect, ever

inspire devotion to Rāma's feet, destroy lust and other evil passions and inculcate true wisdom.

*Dohā* 118.

The wise, who listen to the achievements of Rāma and his victory in the battle, God rewards for ever with victory, wisdom and renown. This sinful age is the very home of impurity ; think well on it and understand that if you abandon the blessed name of Rāma, there is no other saviour.

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*[Thus endeth the book entitled LANKĀ, the bestower of pure wisdom ; being the sixth descent into the holy lake of Rāma's deeds, that cleanses from every defilement of the world.]*



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**BOOK VII.**

THE SEQUEL.

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# THE RĀMĀYANA

OF  
TULSI DĀS.

BOOK VII.

## THE SEQUEL.

*Sanskrit Invocation.*

I ADORE without ceasing the glorious lord of Sīta, the noblest of the sons of Raghu, even Rāma as he appeared when mounted on the car Pushpaka ; bright of hue as the neck of a peacock ; marked with the print of the Brāhmaṇ's lotus foot, which declared him the greatest of the gods ; all beautiful ; yellow attired ; lotus-eyed ; ever gracious ; with bow and arrows in hand ; attended by a host of monkeys and served by his brother.

Beautiful are the lotus feet of the lord of Kosala, worshipped by Brāhma and Siva, caressed by the tender hands of Jānaki, ever clustered about by the beelike souls of the devout.

I worship Sankara, the annihilator of Love ; beautiful with the brightness of the jasmine, the moon and the conch-shell : the lord of Ambikā : the granter of desired success, the compassionate lotus-eyed.

*Dohā 1.*

There remained only one day of the appointed term ; the people of the city, men and women alike, sorely distressed in mind and wasted in body by sorrow for Rāma's absence, were everywhere despondent. Auspicious omens of every kind occurred ; at once every heart was glad and the city itself brightened up all round, as if to announce the lord's coming. Kausalyā and the other royal dames were all as happy as if that minute expecting to be told ' the Lord is here, and with him Sīta and Lakshman.' Bharat's right eye and arm throbbed again and again. Recognizing this as a

good sign, he was glad at heart and yet began to ponder deeply.

*Chaupái.*

"The one day that now only remains of the fixed time is my last chance ; as I think thereon, my soul is full of anxiety. What is the reason that my lord has not returned ? God saw my evil nature when he passed me over. Ah ! how blessed and truly fortunate is Lakshman in his devotion to Ráma's lotus feet. The lord knew me to be false and perverse, and therefore he did not take me with him. If the lord were to consider my actions, there would be no redemption for me in a hundred million of ages. But the Lord never regards offences of his servants, being a very brother to the destitute and most tender-hearted. I am firmly persuaded of soul that Ráma will come ; the omen's are so favourable. But if my life holds out after the term once expires, I shall be a more despicable wretch than any in the world."

*Dohá 2.*

While Bharat's soul was thus sinking in the sea of Ráma's bereavement, the Son of the Wind, disguised in form as a Bráhman, came like a boat to his rescue. Seeing him seated on a mat of sacred grass, with matted hair for a crown, his body all wasted away, his lips muttering the names ' Ráma, Ráma, Raghupati,' and his eyes streaming with tears :

*Chaupái.*

At this sight Hanumán was overjoyed, every hair on his body stood erect and his eyes rained torrents ; he felt at heart an indescribable satisfaction and addressed him in words that were as ambrosia to his ear : " He, for whose loss you sorrow night and day, the catalogue of whose virtues you are incessantly reciting, the glory of the line of Raghu, the benefactor of the pious, the deliverer of gods and saints, has arrived safely. After conquering the foe in the battle, with the gods to hymn his praises, the Lord is now on his way with Síta and his brother." On hearing these words he forgot all his pain, like a man dying of thirst who finds a stream

of nectar. "Who are you, Sir, and whence have you come, who have told me such glad tidings?" "I am, the son of the Wind, a monkey, Hanumàn by name, O fountain of mercy, a servant of the beneficent Raghupati." On hearing this, Bharat rose and respectfully advanced to meet him. The affection with which he embraced him was too great for heart to contain; his eyes streamed with tears and his body quivered all over. "O monkey, at the sight of you all my sorrows are gone, to-day I have embraced a friend of Ràma's." Again and again he asked of his welfare: "Hearken, brother; what is there I can give you? after taking thought, I find nothing in the whole world to match this news. Otherwise, I should be your debtor. Now tell me of my lord's adventures." Then Hanumàn bowed his head at his feet and told him all Raghupati's great doings. "Tell me, monkey, did the gracious god ever remember me as one of his servants?"

*Chhand 1.*

Did the glory of the race of Raghu ever make mention of me his servant?" On hearing Bharat's modest speech, the monkey was in a rapture and fell at his feet. How can he be otherwise than humble and holy and an ocean of virtue, whose praises Ràma, the lord of all animate and inanimate creation, himself recites with his own mouth?

*Dohá 3.*

"My lord, you are as dear to Ràma as his own life; that is the truth, Sir." Again and again he embraced Bharat, and his joy was more than his heart could contain.

*Sorathá 1.*

After bowing his head at Bharat's feet, the monkey returned in haste to Ràma and told him that all was well. Then the Lord mounted his chariot and joyfully set forth.

*Chaupái.*

Bharat too returned in joy to Ayodhyá and told his *guru* all the news, then published the fact in the palace, that Ràma was approaching the city and was safe and sound. At these

tidings all the dowager queens started up in haste ; but Bharat spoke and assured them of their lord's welfare. When the citizens heard the news, men and women all ran out in their joy : the ladies formed in procession with stately gait, singing and bearing golden salvers laden with curds, *dub* grass, the sacred yellow pigment, fruits and flowers and fresh sprigs of the tulsi plant, all things of good omen. Each ran out just as she happened to be, without stopping to bring either children or old folk. Every one was asking his neighbour, ' Friend, have you seen the gracious Râma ? ' Directly it knew the Lord was coming, the whole city of Avadh became a quarry of delights. The water of the Sarju flowed clear as clear could be ; the air was deliciously soft, cool and fragrant.

*Dohâ 4.*

Bharat went forth to meet the All-merciful, full of joy and affection, accompanied by his *guru*, the citizens, his younger brother and a throng of Brâhmans. Many of the women mounted the upper stories of the houses to look for the chariot in the sky and, when they espied it, raised their sweet voices in auspicious songs of joy. As the waves of ocean rise and swell at the sight of the full moon, so poured forth the women of the city with a tumultuous noise at the sight of Râma.

*Chaupâi.*

On the other hand, the Sun of the lotuses of the solar race was pointing out the beauties of the city to the monkeys ; " Hearken, Sugriva, Angad and Vibhishan : this city is so holy and the country is so charming, that although all men speak of Vaikunth, which is indeed famous in the Vedas and Purânas and celebrated throughout the world, still it is not so dear to me as the city of Avadh : only here and there one can be found to comprehend this saying. Here is the delightful city, my birth-place, and to the north the sacred Sarju, where every man that bathes obtains without further trouble a home near me. The dwellers here are very dear

to me ; the city makes them my fellow-citizens both here and hereafter and is altogether blessed." The monkeys rejoiced to hear the Lord's words : what a glory for Avadh to be praised by Ráma !

*Dohá 5.*

When the all-merciful Lord God saw all the people coming out to meet him, he urged on his chariot close up to the city and there alighted on the ground. Having dismounted, he directed Pushpaka to return to Kuver.<sup>1</sup> On receiving Ráma's order it went its way, full of mingled joy and sorrow at parting.

*Chaupái.*

With Bharat came the whole population, all emaciated in body by their mourning for Ráma. When the Lord saw Vámadeva and Vasishtha, greatest of sages, he dropt his bow and arrows on the ground and ran to clasp his *guru's* lotus feet, both he and his younger brother, with every hair on their body erect. The great sage embraced them and asked of their welfare. "By your favour all is well with us." Then the champion of the faith, the king of the Raghu race, made obeisance to all the Bráhmans. Next Bharat embraced the Lord's lotus feet, ever worshipt by Sankara, Bráhma and all the gods and sages. He fell to the ground and refused to rise, till the All-merciful by force took and pressed him to his bosom, every hair standing erect on his dark-hued body, and his lotus eyes all streaming with tears.

*Chhand 2.*

His lotus eyes streamed with tears and his beauteous body quivered with emotion, as he lovingly clasped his brother to his heart, even he, the Lord the sovereign of the three spheres. There is no similitude by which I can express the beauty of the meeting between the Lord and his brother ; it was as though Love and Desire in bodily form had met together in a rapturous embrace. When

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<sup>1</sup> The car Pushpaka had originally belonged to Kuver and had been stolen from him by Láván.

the All-merciful asked of his welfare, it was with difficulty that Bharat found words to reply. Hearken, Umá; such joy can only be felt, it is beyond speech or intelligence. "Now is all well with me, O Lord of Kosala; seeing your servant's distress, you have revealed yourself to him and have taken me by the hand, O All-merciful, when I was sinking in the deep waters of bereavement."

*Dohá 6.*

As when a thief going gaily along the road, with stolen property still about him, is suddenly seized at the waistbelt by the man he has robbed, so felt SAGRÍVA and VIBHÍSHAN at the sight of the meeting between RÁMA and BHARAT.<sup>1</sup> Then the Lord smilingly embraced SATRUGHNA and took him to his bosom, while BHARAT embraced LAKSHMAN, his heart overflowing with love.

*Chaupáí.*

After that SATRUGHNA and LAKSHMAN embraced, remembering no more the intolerable sorrow of separation. Finally BHARAT bowed his head at SITA'S feet, both he and his younger brother, with an intensity of delight. The citizens were so glad at the sight of the Lord, that all the sorrow caused by his absence was at once forgotten. Seeing all the people so agitated by affection, the gracious KHARÁRI practised an illusion and appearing at one and the same time in multiplied form, was thus in his benignity enabled to salute every one with due ceremony. The look of compassion, with which RAGHUBÍR regarded them, made every man and woman supremely happy. In a single moment the God embraced them all; this, Umá, is a mystery that none can comprehend. When RÁMA, the perfection of amiability and every virtue, had on this manner made them all happy, he went on his way. KAUSALYÁ and the other royal dames ran out to meet

<sup>1</sup> In the midst of their joy, the sight of such fraternal affection reminded them painfully of the very different treatment they had experienced from their own brothers, BÁLÍ and RÁVAN. Or perhaps more simply, they were forced to recognize BHARAT'S superior claim, and knew that they would have to give up RÁMA to him.



him, like a cow that has lately calved at the sight of its little one.

*Chhand 3.*

Like a cow that has been driven by force to graze in the woods, leaving its little one at home, when it draws near to the village at the close of the day, hurries on lowing and with dripping teats, so did all the matrons haste to embrace the Lord with the utmost affection, lavishing upon him every term of endearment. The cruel pangs of parting had past away and were replaced by unutterable happiness and delight.

*Dohá 7.*

Sumitrá embraced her son, remembering his devotion to Ráma's feet; Kaikeyi too embraced Ráma, but with a heart sadly ill at ease. Lakshman embraced the royal dames one and all and with joy received their blessing; but though he embraced Kaikeyi again and again, her anguish of soul still continued.

*Chaupái.*

Síta saluted each of her mothers-in-law and rejoiced greatly to kiss their feet. They asked of her welfare and invoked upon her the blessing: "May your happy wedded life last for ever." All gazed on Raghupati's lotus face and out of regard for the auspiciousness of the day checked the tears that rose in their eyes. They waved above his head their golden salvers and sacrificial lamps and again and again contemplated his divine person. They scatter all round about him every kind of offering, their heart full of supreme felicity. Time after time Kausalyá fixed her gaze on Ráma, so pitiful and so valiant, and kept pondering within herself: "How can he have killed the king of Lauká? my two boys are so daintily delicate, is it possible they can have slain the demon's doughtiest champions?"

*Dohá 8.*

As she looked upon the Lord and upon Lakshman and Síta, her maternal heart was overwhelmed with felicity and her every limb quivered with emotion.

*Chaupái.*

Vibhishan, Sugriva, Nala and Níla, Jámbavan and the generous Angad, with Hanumán and all the other monkey chiefs assumed beautiful human forms. With most reverent devotion, every one told the tale of Bharat's loving disposition, his penance and vow. When they saw the citizens' mode of life, they extolled them also for their attachment to their Lord's feet. Then Ráma summoned all his comrades and bade them kiss the feet of the saint. "The *guru* Vasishtha is highly to be revered by all my race; it is by his favour that we slew the demons in the battle. But hearken, holy Sir, all these my comrades were the raft that bore me safely out of the waves of the battle. For my sake they lost their lives and they are more dear to me even than Bharat." On hearing the Lord's words, all were greatly overcome. Every moment gave birth to some new rapture.

*Dohá 9.*

Then they bowed the head at Kausalyá's feet, who rejoiced to give them her blessing, saying "You are as dear to me as Ráma." The heaven was obscured with the showers of flowers as the Root of joy took his way to the palace, while all the fairest ladies in the city mounted the tops of the houses to see him.

*Chaupái.*

They made ready all kinds of golden bowls, which they took and set every one at her own door. They busied themselves with wreaths of flowers, flags and banners, all to make a glad show. The roads were all watered with perfumes, and innumerable mystic squares were drawn and filled in with the finest pearls. Every kind of festive preparation was taken in hand; the city was *en fête* and all sorts of music were heard. In different places women scattered their offerings on his path, invoking blessings upon him with their hearts full of joy. Girls wave over his head their golden salvers and sacrificial lamps, singing sweetly the while, sal-

vers for him the salve of every ill, the Sun of the lotus growth of Raghu's line. The beauty, the wealth, the magnificence of the city would be a theme for the Vedas, or Sesh-nág, or Sáradá ; but the spectacle was too much even for them ; how then can any man, Umá, be able to describe its glory ?

*Dohá 10.*

Ráma's absence, like the heat of the sun, had withered the lily-like fair in the Avadh lake; at sunset they blossomed again, at the sight of the moon-god Ráma. Every conceivable auspicious omen occurred and music resounded in the sky, as the Lord God moved to the palace, a father restored to his people.

*Chaupái.*

The lord knew Kaikeyi was ashamed and went to her house first, Bhaváni. After comforting her and putting her thoroughly at ease, Hari went on to his own apartments. The All-merciful entered the palace, and every man and woman in the city was happy once more. The *guru* Vasishtha then called the Bráhmans. "The day and the hour are now most auspicious; give the glad order, all ye Bráhmans, that Rámachandra to-day take his seat upon the throne." On hearing Vasishtha's gracious address, the Bráhmans were all highly pleased, and the multitude of them made seemly response, "Ráma's inauguration is the desire of the whole world. Now, best of saints, make no delay, but sign the king with the sign of sovereignty."

*Dohá 11.*

The saint thereupon ordered Sumantra, who no sooner heard than he went with joy and quickly got ready a multitude of chariots, elephants and horses. Then he despatched messengers in every direction to borrow stores of all good things, and lastly came himself with joy and bowed his head at Vasishtha's feet.

*Chaupái.*

When the city of Avadh had been decorated, the gods

rained down a continuous shower of flowers. Rāma called and directed his servants, "Go first and assist my comrades at their bath." On receiving this order, his people ran in every direction and quickly bathed Sugrīva and the rest. Next the all-merciful Rāma summoned Bharat and with his own hands untied his knotted coil of hair; the Lord then proceeded to bathe all his three brothers, even he the gracious Raghu-rai, the cherisher of all pious souls. The blessedness of Bharat, the meekness of the Lord, not a hundred myriads of Sesh-nāgs would be able to declare. Finally Rāma unloosed his own matted hair and, after receiving the *guru's* permission, himself bathed. After his bath the Lord put on his ornaments; the beauty of his every limb outshining a myriad Loves.

*Dohā 12.*

Forthwith Jānaki was attended in the bath with all reverence by her mothers-in-law, who attired her in heavenly apparel with rich jewels for every part of her body. As she shone forth on Rāma's left side, the Goddess Lakshmi herself, full of beauty and goodness, the royal dames were all over-joyed at the sight and thought their life had been well worth living. Hearken, Garur; upon this occasion Brāhma, Siva and all the gods and saints mounted their chariots and came to have a sight of the Blessed one.

*Chaupāi.*

The soul of the sage was enraptured as he gazed upon the Lord. He sent at once for a gorgeous throne. Then Rāma took his seat, after bowing his head to the Brāhmans, his glory effulgent as the sun, defying description. As they looked upon Rāma and Sita, the whole saintly throng was overjoyed. Then the Brāhmans repeated their Vedic incantations; while in the heaven above the gods and saints shouted 'Victory.' The sage Vāsishtha first himself made the *tilak* and then ordered the other Brāhmans to do the same. His mother rejoiced as she looked upon her son and again and

again waved the sacrificial lamp above his head. All kinds of presents were made to the Bráhmans and not a beggar remained with a want unsatisfied. At the sight of the lord of the three spheres seated on his throne, the gods beat their kettle-drums.

*Chhand 4.*

Drums sounded in the sky, the hosts of Gaudharvas and Kinnars sang and all nymphs of heaven danced before the enraptured assembly of gods and saints. Bharat and his other brothers, with Vibhishan and Angad and Hanumán and the rest, were there to be seen, some with umbrellas and chaurise and fans, and some with bows, swords, shields and spears. With Sita by his side, the glory of the Solar race outshone the beauty of unnumbered Loves ; the soul of the gods was fascinated by his exquisite cloud-dark form in its yellow apparel, his diadem and bracelets and all the other ornaments that bedecked his limbs, his lotus eyes and stalwart chest and arms, a blessed vision indeed for man to behold.

*Dohá 13.*

The magnificence of the sight and the delight of the assembly are past all telling, Garur ; Sarasvati, Sesh-nág and the Veda may tell it in part, but only Mahádeva has learnt all the sweetness of it. After they had all severally hymned his praises, the gods departed each to his own sphere. Then came the Vedas, in the disguise of bards, into the presence of the divine Ráma. The omniscient and compassionate Lord received them with all honour, nor did any one penetrate the mystery as they thus recited his panegyric:

*Chhand 5.*

“ Hail, visible manifestation of the invisible, incomparable in thy beauty, jewel of kings ; who by the might of thy arm hast slain Rávan and the other terrible demons, monsters of iniquity ; who, incarnate as a man, hast loosed the burdens of the world and put an end to its grievous affliction ; hail, protector of the suppliant, lord of compassion, thee we worship, and with thee thy spouse. O Hari, gods and demons,

Nāgas<sup>1</sup>, men, and all creation, animate and inanimate, have been overcome by thy marvellous delusive power, wearily wandering night and day in the paths of life, full of the mysteries of fate and necessity. If there be any, O lord, whom thou regardest with compassion, they at once are freed from all their troubles; so prompt to cut short the weariness of existence; have mercy upon us, O Rāma, we implore thee. They, O Hari, who intoxicated with the pride of learning, despise that faith in thee which overcomes the world, may attain to a rank which even the gods might fail to secure, and yet I have seen them fall from it again. They who confidently abandon every other hope and continue thy disciples, by repeating thy name cross the ocean of life without any difficulty; this is the lord whom we invoke. O Mukunda, Rāma, spouse of Lakshmi, we ever adore thy lotus feet, object of the worship of Siva and Brāhma; by touching the dust of which the sage's wife obtained salvation; from beneath the nails of which flows the Ganges, revered by the saints, sanctifier of the three spheres; feet that bear the marks of the flag, the thunderbolt, the elephant-goad and the lotus, sorely pierced by the thorns during thy wanderings in the forest. We adore the uncreated tree, whose root is the primordial germ; whose bark is fourfold as the Vedas and Purānas declare; whose boughs are six in number and branchlets twenty-five; with innumerable leaves and abundant flowers; whose fruits are of two kinds, bitter and sweet; with a single creeper ever clinging to it; full of buds

1 "Many tribes assumed in modern and ancient times the name of snakes (Nāgas) whether in order to assert their autochthonic right to the country in which they lived, or because, as Diodorus supposes, the snake had been used as their banner, their rallying sign or crest. At the same time Diodorus points out, people may either have chosen the snake for their banner, because it was their deity, or it may have become their deity because it was their banner. At all events, nothing would be more natural than that people who, for some reason or other, called themselves snakes should in time adopt a snake for their ancestor, and finally for their god. In India the snakes assume, at an early time, a very prominent part in epic and popular traditions. They soon became what fairies or bogies are in our nursery tales, and they thus appear in company with Gandharvas, Apsaras, Kinnaras &c., in some of the most ancient architectural ornamentations of India."—*Max Müller's Hibbert Lectures*.

and blossoms and fruit, the everlasting tree of creation.<sup>1</sup> Let them preach in their wisdom, who contemplate thee as the Supreme Spirit, the Uncreate, the inseparable from the universe, recognizable only by inference and beyond the understanding; but we, O lord, will ever hymn the glories of thy incarnation. O merciful lord god, mine of every perfection, this is the boon we ask, that in thought, word and deed, and without any variableness we may maintain a devotion for thy feet."

*Dohi 14.*

When, in the sight of all, the Vedas had uttered this glorious prayer, they became invisible and returned to their home with Bráhma. Hearken, Garur; then came Sambhu to Raghubír and with a choking voice and every hair on his body erect he thus made supplication:

*Totaka.*<sup>2</sup>

"Hail to thee, Ráma, the spouse of Lakshmi, the pacifier; have mercy on thy servant, harassed with the terrors and troubles of existence. Glorious lord, sovereign of Avadh, sovereign of heaven, Lakshmi's sovereign, have mercy on the suppliant, who has fled to thee for refuge. Destroyer of the ten-headed and twenty-armed, remover of earth's sore burden, consumer of the moth-like demon host in the fierce flame of thy fiery arrows; most beauteous ornament of the terrestrial sphere; noblest of all that handle bow, arrows and quiver; radiant as the sun to disperse the thick darkness of the night of pride, ignorance and ego-ism; thou hast vanquished the God of Love,<sup>3</sup> who like a huntsman had smitten

1 The four coats of bark are the four Vedas; the six boughs are thought to be the six stages of existence, viz conception, birth, childhood, manhood, old age and death; or else the six natural impulses, viz., hunger, thirst, excretion of both kinds, sleep, and sexual intercourse. The twenty-five branchlets are Prakriti, Buddhi, Ahankára, the five Tan-mát-ras, the five Mahá-bhútas, the ten Indriyas, Manas and Purusha (see Note to Book VI, Dohá 16). The two fruits are pleasure and pain, and the creeper Mayá.

2 In the Totaka, or Totaka metre, each line in the quatrain consists of four anapaests. Thus:—

Jáyá Ráma Ramá-ráménam sámánam.

Bhává-tápá-bháyákula páhi janam.

3 *Manujítá*, 'man-eaters,' or 'demons,' is the word in the text; but, as it seems impossible to fit it into the rest of the passage, I propose to read instead *manujít*, the mind-born, i.e., Káma-deva, the god of love.

all men to the heart with the arrows of evil desire as though they were herd of deer; now, O lord Hari, have mercy on us destitute wretches, who have gone astray in the wilderness of sensuality. The many diseases and bereavements, with which the people are stricken, are the fruit of this disregard for thy holy feet. The bottomless ocean of existence overwhelms all who cherish no love for thy lotus feet. Poor indeed and vile and wretched for ever are they who have no affection for thy lotus feet. They who take delight in making mention of thy name, have the saints as their constant friends for ever, are eternally exempt from passion, greed and arrogance, and regard prosperity and adversity as both alike. Thus it is that thy servants are so happy; the saint abandons for ever all confidence in mortification and making simply a vow of perpetual love serves thy lotus feet with a pure heart. O Raghu-bir, mighty and invincible hero, indwelling as a bee in the lotus-like soul of the saints, thy name, O Hari, I repeat in prayer and adore, destroyer of vanity and pride, which are the diseases of life. Humbly I adore without ceasing the spouse of Lakshmi, the supreme abode of goodness, generosity and compassion. O son of Raghu, extirpate every animosity; O king of earth, regard thy humble servant.

*Dohá 15.*

Again and again I beg of thee a boon—be gracious and grant it O Sriranga<sup>1</sup>—an unwavering faith in thy lotus feet and constant communion with saints.” After thus hymning Ráma’s praises, Śiva returned with joy to Kailás. The Lord then assigned the monkeys most delightful residences.

*Chaupái.*

Hearken, Garur; this sacred legend annihilates all the distresses and sins of the world. Any one who hears this narrative of the royal installation obtains self-control and

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<sup>1</sup> Sriranga, Holy Ranga, is one of Vishnu’s epithets, and gives its name to the city of Seringapatam (Srīrangapattana), where is a great temple dedicated to the divinity under this title.



discretion. They who lovingly sing it, or hear it sung, obtain every kind of happiness and prosperity; after enjoying in this world a bliss, to which the gods can scarce attain, they are admitted after death into Râma's own presence. The finally emancipated, the detached from the world and the worldly, who hear it, obtain respectively faith, absorption into the divinity and ever-increasing prosperity. O Garur, this history of Râma that I have repeated is the delight of a good understanding; a remedy for anxiety and sorrow; a confirmation of detachment, discretion and faith; a splendid raft on which to cross the river of delusion. In the city of Kosala was ever some new delight; the people were all happy, from the highest to the lowest. All felt an ever-growing affection for Râma's lotus feet, the adored of Brâhma, Siva and the saints. The poor had clothes given them in abundance and the Brâhmans were presented with offerings of every description.

*Dohâ 16.*

The monkeys were drowned in a joy like that of heaven; all were devoted to the Lord's feet; day and night passed unnoticed till now six months had been spent.

*Châmpâi.*

They had forgotten their homes so absolutely as never even to dream of them, like as the idea of injuring another never enters the soul of a saint. At last Raghupati summoned all his comrades before him. They came and made reverent obeisance. He seated them by his side with the greatest kindness and thus addressed them in gracious terms, which might well gladden their pious souls: "You have done me excellent service; but how can I praise you to your face? I hold you all most dear for having left the comforts of your home solely on my account. My younger brother, my crown; my fortune, my wife, my life, my home and loving kinsmen are none of them so dear in my sight as you are. I tell you no falsehood; these are my real sentiments. It is the ordinary

rule for a man to cherish his own adherents, but I have a special affection for my servants.

*Dohá 17.*

Now, my comrades, return to your homes; there worship me with steadfast faith and maintain your fervent devotion, knowing me to be the eternal and omnipresent benefactor of the universe."

*Chaupái.*

When they heard the Lord's words, all were so overcome that they forgot who they were, or where they were, or where they had come from. With clasped hands and fixed gaze they stood before him, unable to speak from excess of devotion. The Lord perceived the intensity of their love and said all he could to teach them resignation. In his presence they could not answer a word, but still turned their eyes to his lotus feet. Then the Lord called for jewels and robes of honour, of many colours, incomparably beautiful, and first Bharat with his own hands made ready a dress, with which he invested Sugriva. By the Lord's command Lakshman next invested the king of Lanká, to Râma's great contentment. But Angad remained seated and did not stir. Seeing his love, the Lord did not speak to him ;

*Dohá 18.*

but proceeded with the investiture of Jâmbavân and Nîla and the rest, who with Râma's image impressed upon their heart after bowing their head at his feet withdrew. Then Angad arose and made obeisance and with weeping eyes and clasped hands uttered his humble petition, impregnate as it were with the very essence of devotion.

*Chaupái.*

"Hearken, all-wise, all-merciful and all-blessed, commiserator of the destitute, succour of the distressed ; Bâli, my lord, in his last moments placed me in your charge. To be the helper of the helpless is the character you support ; benefactor of the faithful, do not abandon me. You, Sire, are my spiritual guide, my father and my mother; where can

I go, if I leave your lotus feet? Consider yourself and tell me, O king of men; apart from my lord, what is my home to me? Extend to me your protection, a mere child as I am without knowledge, wisdom, or strength, and regard me as one of the humblest of your servants. Let me perform the most menial office in your palace, if only I may see your lotus feet and thus traverse the ocean of existence." So saying, he fell at the Lord's feet, "O Sire, do not again tell me to go home."

*Dohá 19.*

On hearing Angad's piteous prayer, the all-merciful lord Ráma raised him from the ground and clasped him to his bosom, his lotus eyes streaming with tears. He clothed the son of Báli in his own robe and jewels and the chain from his own neck, and then the Lord dismissed him with many words of exhortation.

*Chaupái.*

Bharat with his brother Satrugghna and Lakshman proceeded to escort him, being greatly moved by his devotion. But Angad's heart was so overflowing with love that he turned again and again for one more look at Ráma. Time after time he prostrated himself upon the ground, crying, 'Thus would I stay, if Ráma would only let me.' Treasuring up in his mind Ráma's look and voice and gait, his smile too and his embrace, with a last glance at his face and many words of fervent prayer, he went forth, cherishing his lotus feet in his heart. After escorting all the monkeys with the utmost respect, Bharat and his brother returned. Then Hanumán clasped Sugriva by the feet and earnestly besought him: "Let me spend ten days more in Ráma's service and then I will return to your feet, my master." "O Son of the Wind, great is your piety; go, serve the All-merciful." So saying, the other monkeys went their way, but Angad cried: "Hearken, Hanumán:

*Dohá 20.*

With clasped hands I beg of you to present my service

to the Lord and frequently remind him of me." So saying, the son of Bâli started on his way, while Hanumân returned and told the Lord of his devotion : the great god was overjoyed. Now hard as adamant, now soft as the petal of a flower, such, Garur, is Râma's heart; who can comprehend it?

*Chaupâi.*

Next the All-merciful summoned the Nishâd and graciously presented him with jewels and raiment. "Return to your home, but ever remember me, and in heart, word and deed observe all the ordinances of religion. You, my companion, are as much my brother as Bharat; you must always be backwards and forwards here." On hearing these words he was greatly delighted and fell at his feet, his eyes full of tears. With the image of his lotus feet impressed upon his heart, he returned home and declared the Lord's generosity to all his kinsfolk. The citizens, on beholding Râma's actions, shouted again their *vivas* to his blessed name. Under Râma's sway the three spheres were full of joy, all sorrow was at an end, no one had a grudge against another, every variance was extinguished under Râma's auspices.

*Dohâ 21.*

Devoted to religion, the people walked in the path of the Vedas, each according to his own caste and stage of life, <sup>1</sup> and enjoyed perfect happiness, unvexed by fear, or sorrow, or disease.

*Chaupâi.*

In the whole of Râma's dominions there was no one who suffered from trouble of any kind, whether of the body or from the visitation of heaven or the attacks of enemies. Every one was in charity with his neighbour and contented with the state of life to which he had been born, conformably to the teaching of Scripture and sound morality. The four

<sup>1</sup> The *âśramas*, or 'stages of life,' are not to be confounded by the English reader with what would be ordinarily designated 'states of life.' They are four in number : 1st, that of the Brâhmacârî, or student; 2nd, that of the Grîha-stha, householder; 3rd, that of the Vâṇa-prastha, or anchorite; and 4th, that of the Bhikshu, or mendicant.

pillars of religion<sup>1</sup> were established throughout the world; on one even dreamt of sin. Men and women alike were devoted to Rāma's worship and enjoyed all the blessedness of highest heaven. There was no premature death and no sickness even, but every one was comely and sound of body. No one was in poverty, in sorrow, or distress; no one ignorant or unlucky. All were unaffectedly good and pious, clever and intelligent. Every one appreciated the merits of his neighbour and was himself learned and wise; every one was grateful for kindnesses and guilelessly prudent.

*Dohá 22.*

Hearken, Garur; during Rāma's reign there was not a creature in the world, animate or inanimate, that suffered from any of the ills that ordinarily result from time or past conduct or personal temperament and character.

*Chaupái.*

The world encircled by its seven seas had only one king, Rāma, the lord of Kosala. This was no great matter for him, every hair on whose body is one of the countless spheres of creation. To a man who rightly understands the greatness of the Lord, this description will seem highly disparaging. But those who understand his divine majesty, Garúr, are the very persons who take a delight in these actions of his. They are the special rewards of such knowledge; so declare the greatest of sages and ascetics.<sup>2</sup>

Not even Sesh-nág or Sāradá could describe the happiness and prosperity of Rāma's reign. Every one was generous and kindly disposed to his neighbour and submissive to the Brāhmans. Every husband was faithful to his single wife and every wife was devoted to her husband.

*Dohá 23.*

A rod was never seen, save in the hand of a Religious; the words 'to beat' had no meaning except to mark the time

<sup>1</sup> The four pillars of religion are truth, purity, mercy, and charity.

<sup>2</sup> For *barad astita*, given in Rām Jasan's edition, the preferable reading seems to be *bar dam-sita*.

for a dancer on the stage; and the only victory known was self-conquest, throughout all Rámachandra's realm.

*Chaupái.*

The trees of the forest were ever full of flowers and fruit; the elephant and the lion dwelt peaceably together. Birds and deer forgot their instinctive animosities and lived in the greatest harmony with one another. The cooing of the birds and the many herds of deer fearlessly roaming the woods made a charming scene. The air was cool, fragrant and exquisitely soft; bees laden with honey made a pleasant humming. Every creeper and tree yielded its sweetness on being asked and the cows in sheer lightness of heart dropt their milk on the road. The earth was ever clothed with crops and every feature of the Golden Age was repeated in the Age of Silver. Mines of jewels of every description were disclosed in the mountains and the world acknowledged its king to be in truth the Universal Spirit. Every river flowed with an abundance of water, cool, pure and pleasant to the taste. The sea remained within its bounds, casting forth pearls on its shore for men to gather. The ponds were all thick with lotuses and every quarter and section of the world was supremely happy.

*Dohá 24.*

The earth was suffused with the radiance of the moon, the heat of the sun was greater than circumstances required, and the clouds dropt rain whenever asked, in the days when Ráma was king.

*Chaupái.*

The Lord celebrated millions of horse-sacrifices and conferred innumerable gifts upon the Bráhmaus, approving himself the defender of scriptural usage, the champion of religion, perfect in every virtue and the sworn foe of all sensuality. Sita was ever obedient to her lord, incomparable in her beauty, her virtue and her meekness, sensible of the majesty of the All-merciful and devotedly attached to his lotus feet. Though there were many man-servants and maid-

servants in the palace, all well-skilled in their work, she discharged every domestic duty with her own hands, waiting on Rāma's orders. Any service that might give pleasure to the All-merciful she herself studied to perform. Without the slightest pride or conceit she attended on Kausalyā and the other queen dowagers in the palace. O Umā, Lakshmi, the object of the adoration of Brāhṇa and all the divinities, the mother of the universe, the ever blameless,

*Dohā 25.*

The slightest glance of favour from whose eye is coveted by the gods, practised this devotion to Rāma's lotus feet, for such was her nature.

*Chaupāī.*

Though she waited diligently on all the brothers, her devotion to Rāma was most conspicuous. She never ceased to watch his lotus face on the chance that he might be pleased to speak to her. Rāma on his part was most affectionate to his brothers and instructed them on all points of morality. The citizens lived happy, each enjoying a felicity to which the gods might scarce attain. Day and night they made their prayer to God for a fervent devotion to Rāma's holy feet. Two comely sons were born to Sīta, Lava and Kusa ; so the Vedas and Purāṇas have declared ; both glorious in battle, modest and accomplished and so beautiful that they seemed the very image of Hari. The other brothers also had each two sons, pre-eminent in beauty, virtue and all good qualities.

*Dohā 26.*

The Supreme Spirit that transcends all intelligence, speech and perception ; that is from everlasting ; unaffected by material phenomena, or the workings of mind or the properties of things, even he it was who thus exhibited the actions of exalted humanity.

*Chaupāī.*

In the early morning after bathing in the Sarja he sat in his court, in the midst of Brāhṇans and sages, while

Vasishtha recited the Vedas and Purānas; Rāma listening attentively, though he knew them all of himself. He took his meals with his brothers: the royal matrons looking on with the utmost satisfaction. Then Bharat and Satrugna, the two brothers, would take Hanumān to some grove, where they would sit down and ask him all about Rāma's doings, and he would reply out of the depth of his wisdom. It was such a delight to them to hear the glorious narrative that they would beg him to repeat it again and again. In every single house the sacred legend was told of Rāma's marvelously holy deeds. Men and women alike joined in hymning his praises, and day and night passed unheeded.

*Dohá 27.*

Not a thousand Sesh-nāgs could tell all the happiness and prosperity of the city of Avadh, when Rāma reigned as king.

*Chauvāl.*

Nārād and Sanat-Kunāra and all the great sages came every day to Ayodhyā to have a sight of the king of Kosala. The appearance of the city made them forget all their asceticism. The balconies encrusted with gold and jewels, the splendid pavements laid in diverse colours, the magnificent forts on every side of the city with their brightly painted battlements, as though the nine planets had been mustered in array to beleaguer Indra's capital, Amaravati; the floors so beautifully inlaid with coloured crystal that the soul of any saint would be distracted at the sight; the glistening palaces reaching to the sky with pinnacles that put to shame the brightness of sun and moon; the lattices gleaming with jewels and the jewelled lamps that shone in every room.

*Chhand 6.*

Beneath the light of jewelled lamps the houses were resplendent with their thresholds of coral and pillars of precious stone and golden walls, such as the Creator himself might have fashioned, all inlaid with emeralds and gems. The stately palace-courts were lovely with inworked crystal,



and every gate was fitted with folding doors of gold embossed with diamonds.

*Dohá 28.*

In every house was a beautiful and well-furnished picture gallery, where Ráma's achievements were so set forth that the soul of a saint would be ravished at the sight.

*Chaupái.*

Every one had a flower garden trimmed with the greatest care, adorned with every kind of choice creeper, and blossoming with perpetual spring. There was ever a pleasant sound of the buzzing of bees, and the air was delightfully cool, soft and fragrant. Birds of all kinds, the children's pets, sweet of note and graceful in flight, peacocks, swans, herons and pigeons, made a charming show on the tops of the houses, cooing and dancing in high glee at the sight of their own shadow. Other children were teaching parrots and *mainas* to speak and repeat the names of Ráma, Raghupati, Saviour. The palace gates were most magnificent, and the roads, squares and bazárs all elegantly laid out.

*Chhand 7.*

The elegance of the bazárs was beyond all description, and things could be had without price. How is it possible to sing the riches of the city where the spouse of Lakshmi reigned as king? The cloth-merchants, moneychangers and grain-dealers sat at their shops like so many Kuvers. Every one was happy, every one well-conducted and comely, men and women, young and old, all alike.

*Dohá 29.*

To the north flowed the deep and pellucid stream of the Sarju, with a line of handsome gháts and no muddy bank anywhere.

*Chaupái.*

At some distance was a fine spacious ghát, where all the horses and elephants went to drink. There were also elaborate gháts for the citizens' drinking water, where no one was allowed to bathe. The most beautiful of all was the

king's ghát, which was frequented by men of all four castes. All along the banks were temples to the gods surrounded by pleasant groves. Here and there on the river bank hermits, sages and anchorites dwelt and meditated ; and many bushes of the fragrant tulsí were there, planted by different holy men. The beauty of the city surpassed all description ; its outskirts also were most picturesque. Every sin was effaced by a sight of it, with its woods and groves, its lakes and ponds.

*Chhand 8.*

Its matchless lakes and ponds and large and beautiful wells were so charming, with their elegant flights of steps and limpid water, that gods and saints were fascinated by the sight. The many-coloured lotuses, the cooing of the numerous birds and the buzzing of the bees made the spot a delightful one, where the parrots by the clamour seemed to be inviting travellers to halt.

*Dohá 30.*

How is it possible to describe the city, of which Lakshmi's lord was king ? Anímá and the other fairies had diffused through the whole of Aradh every happiness and prosperity.

*Chaupái.*

Everywhere men were singing Ráma's praises and as they sat thus exhorted one another : " Worship Ráma, the defender, of the suppliant ; the home of beauty and goodness, of comeliness and virtue ; the lotus-eyed and dark-complexioned ; who protects his servants as the eyelid does the eye equipt with lovely bow and arrows and quiver ; the champion of the battle ; a very sun to rejoice the lotus-like company of the saints ; a Garur to consume the terrible serpent Death ; whose loving kindness is over all who unselfishly worship Ráma ; a huntsman to scatter the deer-like herd of ignorance and greed ; a lion to quell the wild elephant, Love ; the giver of happiness to his people ; a sun to scatter the thick darkness of doubt and sorrow ; a fire to consume the dense forest of demons ; who can refuse to worship Raghubír

and Síta, seeing that he is the breaker of earth's burdens ; the frost that kills the insect swarm of manifold desires ; the ever uniform ; the uncreated and imperishable ; the delight of the saints ; the breaker of earth's burdens ; Tulsi Dás's own gracious Lord ? ”

*Dohá 31.*

In such wise the city sang Ráma's praises, while on his part the All-merciful was ever to them most gracious.

*Chaupái.*

From the time, Garur, of the uprising of the glorious sun of Ráma's power the three spheres were all suffused with light : many were happy, but many also were sad. First to enumerate the sorrowful : to begin with, the night of Ignorance was at an end ; owl-like Sin slunk away out out of sight ; Last and Anger, like gamblers, were ashamed to show themselves ; Formalism,<sup>1</sup> Phenomenal Existence, Time and Nature, were as ill at ease as the *chakor* ; Envy, Pride, Infatuation and Conceit were like thieves, with nowhere a chance to display their skill. But the ponds of Piety blossomed with the lotuses of Knowledge and Understanding ; while Happiness, Contentment, Self-control and Discretion were like so many *chakras* and *chakrís* when their sorrow is over.

*Dohá 32.*

When this glorious sun illumines any man's heart, the last-named qualities grow and increase, the first mentioned die away.

*Chaupái.*

One day Ráma with his brothers and his special favourite Hanumán went to visit a beautiful grove, where

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<sup>1</sup> By *Karma*, which I here translate 'Formalism,' is meant ceremonial as opposed to contemplative religion : the ordinary routine of fasts, sacrifices, ablutions and other outward observances as distinct from the interior and purely spiritual exercises of the soul, which it is the main object of this poem to recommend. It may also be taken in a wider sense as Necessity, the inexorable sequence of cause and effect, by which the whole world is governed. The ultimate result is the same ; for the practice of external religious observances for the sake of the minor prizes attached to them—minor, that is, as compared with the reward promised to interior faith—is only one illustration of the belief in the general law, though the most important to Tulsi Dás, writing as a theologian.

every tree was bright with flowers and fresh leaves. Sanat-Kumára and the others noted their opportunity and came also ; a glorious band of pre-eminent virtue and goodness, ever absorbed in the rapture of transcendental felicity, and still youthful to look at despite their immemorial years. One in appearance and without any distinctive mark, as it might be the four Vedas in bodily form, the saints had but this one hope, desire and ambition, to hear the recital of Râma's actions. The stoic, Bhavâni, at the same place as the learned sage Agastyâ, who repeated to them the whole of Râma's history, the source of true wisdom, as friction is of fire.

*Dohâ 33.*

When Râma saw the sages approaching, he rejoiced and prostrated himself before them; then after giving them welcome, the lord of the yellow robe made them sit down.

*Châp ii.*

His three brothers made their obeisance also and were greatly delighted, as also Hanumân. The saints, as they gazed on Râma's incomparable beauty, were beside themselves with rapture. With clasped hands they bowed the head before him and could not close their eyes for a moment, so intensely were they fixed on the shrine of beauty, the conqueror of the world, with his lotus eyes and dark-hued frame. When Raghubîr perceived their condition, his eyes streamed with tears and his body quivered with emotion. He took them by the hand and made them sit down and addressed them in these most gracious words: "Hearken, reverend Sirs; to-day I am indeed blessed; at the sight of you sin is annihilated. The fellowship of the saints is the greatest of blessings; it at once effects a severance from the world.

*Dohâ 34.*

To consort with the saints leads to final beatitude, but with the sensual to endless transmigrations: so say the saints themselves, the greatest of the poets, the Vedas, the Purânas and all the Scriptures."

*Chaupái.*

The four sages were rejoiced to hear the lord's words and with quivering body they raised this hymn of praise : "Glory to the Lord God, the everlasting, the unchangeable, the sinless, the multiform, the One, the All-merciful. Glory to the unembodied; glory, glory to the universal embodiment, the palace of bliss, the beautiful in his comeliness. Glory to the spouse of Lakshmi; glory to the supporter of the earth, peerless in his splendour; the uncreated, of whom there is no beginning; the fountain of wisdom; the immeasurable;<sup>1</sup> the bestower of honour; whose holy fame is the theme of the Vedas and Puránas; the all-wise, the all-generous; the destroyer of ignorance; the many-named, the nameless; the emotionless; the universe itself, the universal spirit; the indweller of every heart. Abide with us and protect us for ever, O Ráma; dwell in our heart, tearing asunder the bonds of the world and its miserable contentions and destroying our sensuality and conceit.

*Dohá 35.*

O holy Ráma, all-blessed and all-merciful, fulfiller of every desire of the soul, bestow on us the boon of constant love and devotion.

*Chaupái.*

Grant us, O Raghupati, that purifying faith which annihilates every distress and worldly conceit. Be propitious and grant us this boon, O our Lord, a very cow of heaven, or tree of paradise to satisfy the desires of the suppliant. O Raghu-náyak, the Agastya of the ocean of mundane existence, the bestower of blessings which only your servants find it easy to acquire; destroyer of the destroying tortures of love; friend of the friendless: diffuser of equanimity; preventer of hope and fear, of envy and all evil passions; bestower of

<sup>1</sup> *Amín* is capable of two meanings: either 'immeasurable,' from the root *má*, 'to measure;' or 'without pride,' from the root *man*, 'to think.' Either will suit the context equally well, and the jingle between it and the following word *mína-prad* is probably what chiefly suggested it to the poet.

meekness, discretion and detachment; jewel of earthly kings; glory of the world; grant us devotion to thee, the only raft on which to cross the floods of existence; immortal swan in the Mánas lake of saintly souls; whose lotus feet are adored by Bráhma and Siva; standard of the line of Raghu; bridge for the recovery of the Scriptures; annihilator of time, destiny, nature and phenomenal existence; ark of salvation; healer of every sorrow; glory of the three spheres; Tulsí Das's own lord."

*Dohá 36.*

Having again and again hymned his praises and lovingly bowed the head, Sanat-Kumára and his companions returned to Bráhma's sphere, after obtaining the boon they had so vehemently coveted.

*Chaupái.*

When Sanat-Kumára and his companions had gone their way to Bráhma's sphere, the three brothers bowed their head at Ráma's feet, but being too diffident themselves to put the question to the Lord, they looked to Hanumán, wishing to hear from the Lord's own mouth an explanation which would terminate all their doubts. The reader of the heart understood this perfectly and said, "What is it you wish to know, Hanumán?" Then replied Hanumán with clasped hands: "Hearken, all-merciful Lord God; Bharat, Sire, wishes to ask something, but is too diffident to speak out." "Monkey, you know my feelings; there are no secrets between me and Bharat." On hearing the Lord's words Bharat clasped his feet: "Hearken, my lord, reliever of all the anxieties of the suppliant;

*Dohá 37.*

I have no doubts whatever, Sire; not a shadow of disquietude or distrust; and this all of your mercy, O all-merciful and all-blessed.

*Chaupái.*

But if I may presume on your loving-kindness—for I am your servant and you the benefactor of your faithful people—

the Vedas and Purānas, O Raghurāi, have sung in various ways the greatness of the saints ; you too have exalted them by your own holy mouth, declaring that the Lord has a special affection for them. I would fain hear, Sir, their distinctive marks, O gracious discerners of character and understanding. Instruct me, protector of the suppliant, in the notes that distinguish the good from the wicked." "Hearken brother ; the notes of the good as told in the Vedas and Purānas are innumerable. The conduct of the good to the wicked is like that of the sandal-tree to the axe, for—see, brother—the fragrant wood imparts its perfume to the very iron that fells it.

*Dohā 38.*

For this reason sandal-wood is the desire of the world and has the honour of being put on the head of gods ; while the axe, for its punishment, has its edge heated in the fire and is well hammered.

*Chaupai.*

Without attachment to sensual objects ; store-houses of virtue and generosity ; sorrowing in the sorrow of others and finding joy in their joy ; equable, devoid of animosity ; sober, passionless ; conquerors of greed and impatience, joy and fear ; tender of heart, compassionate to the poor ; with a guileless devotion to me in thought, word and deed ; giving honour to all, but claiming none for themselves ; such, Bharat, are dear to me as my own life ; unselfish, devoted to my name ; happy abodes of tranquillity, continence and humility ; models of contentment, simplicity, benevolence, piety and devotion to the Brāhmanas. Verily, brothers, any heart in which these qualities abide is ever the heart of a saint. They are never disturbed in their quietude, their self-control, their religious observances or their moral principles ; they never utter a harsh word ;

*Dohā 39.*

they regard praise and blame as both alike, in their exclusive devotion to my lotus feet ; such are the treasurers of

meekness, discretion and detachment; jewel of earthly kings; glory of the world; grant us devotion to thee, the only raft on which to cross the floods of existence; immortal swan in the Mánas lake of saintly souls; whose lotus feet are adored by Bráhma and Siva; standard of the line of Raghu; bridge for the recovery of the Scriptures; annihilator of time, destiny, nature and phenomenal existence; ark of salvation; healer of every sorrow; glory of the three spheres; Tulsi Das's own lord."

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*Dohā 38.*

For this reason sandal-wood is the desire of the world and has the honour of being put on the head of gods ; while the axe, for its punishment, has its edge heated in the fire and is well hammered.

*Champi.*

Without attachment to sensual objects ; store-houses of virtue and generosity ; sorrowing in the sorrow of others and finding joy in their joy ; equable, devoid of animosity ; sober, passionless : conquerors of greed and impatience, joy and fear ; tender of heart, compassionate to the poor ; with a guileless devotion to me in thought, word and deed ; giving honour to all, but claiming none for themselves ; such, Bharat, are dear to me as my own life ; unselfish, devoted to my name ; happy abodes of tranquillity, continence and humility ; models of contentment, simplicity, benevolence, piety and devotion to the Brāhmins. Verily, brothers, any heart in which these qualities abide is ever the heart of a saint. They are never disturbed in their quietude, their self-control, their religious observances or their moral principles ; they never utter a harsh word ;

*Dohā 39.*

they regard praise and blame as both alike, in their exclusive devotion to my lotus feet ; such are the treasurers of

virtue, the compendiums of bliss, who are the good, and whom I love as my own soul.

*Chaupái.*

Hear now the characteristics of the bad, with whom one should carefully avoid any dealings. Their company always leads to trouble, as when an ill-conditioned cow gets a gentle companion beaten like itself. The heart of the wicked is a consuming fire, which is ever rekindled at the sight of another's prosperity : but whenever they hear a neighbour abused, they are as glad as if they had picked up a treasure on the road. Devoted to sensuality, choleric, arrogant and greedy ; censorious, treacherous, perverse and impure ; cherishing causeless animosities against every one : disliking anything that others like ; false in taking, false in giving, false in great matters and false in small ; speaking plausible words, but ruthless of heart, like the peacock that devours the biggest snake.

*Dohá 40.*

Injurious to their neighbour, covetous of his wife and wealth and gloating over his misfortunes ; men thus vile and abominable are ruthless incarnate fiends.

*Chaupái.*

Coveting dress, coveting bed ; addicted to lust and gluttony ; with no fear of the realm of Yama before their eyes ; catching their breath, as though they had got the ague when they hear of any one's advancement ; but as glad, as though they had been made kings of the world, when they see their neighbour in distress ; devoted to their own selfish interests, quarrelsome to their kinsfolk, dissolute, avaricious and choleric ; disobedient to father and mother, to guru and Bráhmaṇ : dragging down others into the same ruin with themselves ; infatuated workers of other's ill ; taking no pleasure in the company of the good or in discourse about Hari : oceans of immorality, dull of understanding, lascivious, revilers of the Vedas, masterful with other men's goods.

special torment of the Brāhmans and the gods, with deceit and treachery in their heart, though outwardly fair seeming.

*Dohā 41.*

No such vile wretches of men existed in the first and second age, and only a few in the third, but in the fourth there are swarms of them.

*Chaupāī.*

O my brother, there is no religion like charity and no meanness like malevolence. What I now declare to you is the sum of the Vedas and Purāṇas and the verdict of the philosophers. Men who in the body cause suffering to others undergo an enormous series of transmigrations. Men are so infatuated that in their devotion to their own selfish interests they commit many sins and ruin their prospects for the next world. I reveal myself to them, brother, as their destiny and assign them the reward of their deeds, whether good or evil. The truly wise consider the matter thus and worship me, regarding the world only as a burden ; they discard action with its results, good or bad, and devoutly adore me, the king of gods and men and saints. Thus have I declared the characteristics of the good and the bad ; they who remember them will not be submerged in the flood of existence.

*Dohā 42.*

Hearken, brother; the multitudinous forms of merit and demerit are all the products of Mayā ; the greatest merit is to notice neither : to notice them is an imperfection of knowledge."

*Chaupāī.*

On hearing this utterance of the divine mouth, the brothers rejoiced and their heart overflowed with love. Again and again they paid him profound homage, while a boundless delight filled the soul of Hanumān also. Rāma then withdrew to the private palace; but every day there was some new incident of the same character. The sage Nārada

came time after time and hymned Rāma's holy acts, every day finding something new to record. He then went to Brāhma's realm and there recited the whole story. The Creator on hearing it was so highly pleased that he urged him to repeat it again and again. Sanat-Kumāra and the others marvelled at Nārada; and the saints, though absorbed in the contemplation of the Supreme Spirit, forgot their abstraction on hearing his hymn of praise. The highest powers listened reverently.

*Dohā 43.*

Though exempted from mundane existence and intent on the contemplation of the Supreme, they interrupted their meditations in order to hear his lay. Truly theirs must be a heart of stone who take no delight in Rāma's history.

*Chaupāī.*

One day by Rāma's invitation all the gurus and Brāhmins and people of the city came together, and when the priests and nobles had taken their seat in the assembly, the Comforter of the pious made them this speech: "Hearken to my words, all ye people of the city: I speak without any selfish motive at heart, neither wronging another nor aggrandizing myself; listen and act as may seem good to you. He is my servant and he my best-beloved, who accepts my commands. If I say anything that is wrong, brother, do not be afraid to correct me. All the Scriptures declare that it is great good fortune and a great difficulty surmounted to be born with the body of a man, which is a store-house of opportunities, a gate of deliverance; and those who have received it and still attain not to heaven.

*Dohā 44.*

They, I say, reap torment in the next world and beat their head in despair, wrongly attributing the blame to time, fate and God.

*Chaupāī.*

But materialism, brother, is not the proper object of the

human body ; it is happiness for a very brief period, but ends in misery. The possessor of a human body who gives himself up to materialism is like a fool who chooses poison in preference to ambrosia. He is one of whom none can speak well ; he throws away the philosopher's stone to pick up a pepper-corn. Such a creature drifts for ever among the four modes of birth and the eighty-four lakhs of living species, perpetually changing at the will of *Mayá* and encompassed by Time, Fate, Nature and Phenomena. At some time or another God of his mercy, and without any reason for the favour, gives him a human body, a raft on which he may cross the ocean of existence, with my grace as a fair wind to speed him on his course ; with pious teachers at the helm he easily procures all the equipment of a stout ship, which would else be beyond him.

*Dohá 45.*

If thus equipt he fails to cross the sea, he is an ungrateful wretch, bent on his own destruction.

*Chaupái.*

Whoso desires happiness in this world and the next will hearken to my words and imprint them deeply in his heart. It is an easy and a pleasant road, brother, that of my service, as the Vedas and Puránas declare. Knowledge is difficult and beset with impediments ; its appliances are cumbrous and it has no grasp on the soul. Though a man endure endless tortures, without faith he is no friend of mine. Faith is all-powerful and a mine of every blessing ; but men cannot attain to it except by the fellowship of the saints. The saints are not won except by meritorious deeds ; their fellowship is the end of mundane existence. Now there is no other meritorious deed in the whole world but this one, to worship Bráhmans in thought, word and deed. Seers and gods are all in his favour who eschews guile and devotes himself to the Bráhmans.

*Dohá 46.*

One other mysterious dogma I with clasped hands im-

press upon you all ; without prayer to Siva no one can attain to the faith that I require.

*Chaupái.*

Tell me what are the difficulties in the way of faith ; neither abstract meditation is necessary, nor sacrifice, prayer, penance nor fasting ; only simplicity of character, a mind void of frowardness and absolute content whatever may befall. If one who is called a worshipper of mine trust in man, tell me where is his trust in me ? But why protract my discourse to such a length ? these are the practices, brother, by which I am won : avoidance of enmity and rancour, of hope and fear ; a constant atmosphere of perfect repose ; passionless, homeless ; without pride and without sin ; placid, provident and wise ; ever devoted to the fellowship of the saints ; lightly esteeming every object of sense and even heaven and final deliverance from the body ; persistent in faith, innocent of wickedness, a stranger to impious scepticism.

*Dohá 47.*

Devoted to my name, which is the sum of all my perfections ; devoid of selfishness, conceit and vain imagination ; such a man's happiness, be assured, is the very sum of transcendental felicity."

*Chaupái.*

On hearing the gracious Ráma's ambrosial speech, they all embraced his feet : " Fountain of mercy, you are our father, our mother, our spiritual guide and our brethren, and are dearer than our life. You, O Ráma, have blessed us in body, substance and house, and have removed all the sorrows of your suppliants. No one but you could teach us this lesson ; for even father and mother are self-interested. The only two disinterested friends in the world are you yourself and your servants, O conqueror of the demons. Every friend in the world has his own object in view : no one, Sire, ever dreams of the highest object." When Raghunáth heard

them all speak in such terms of devotion, he was rejoiced at heart; and they on receiving his permission returned to their several homes, making the Lord the glorious theme of all their talk.

*Dohi 48.*

- O Umā, every man and woman among the inhabitants of Avadh was the picture of satisfaction; the supreme felicity of heaven suffused the whole city when Rāma was king.

*Chaupai.*

One day saint Vasishtha came to visit the blessed and glorious Rāma. The prince of the house of Raghu received him with the most profound respect and washed his feet and drank of the water. "Hearken, Rāma," cried the sage, clasping his hands, "Ocean of mercy, I have a request to make. After seeing your deeds, a boundless bewilderment possesses my soul. Your immeasurable greatness is beyond the comprehension of the Vedas, how then can I tell it? The business of a family-priest is very contemptible; the Vedas and Purānas and all the Scriptures make small account of it. At first I refused it, but the Creator said to me, 'You will be a gainer hereafter, my son. Brāhma, the Supreme Spirit, will be born in human form as a king, the glory of the race of Raghu.'

*Dohi 49.*

Then I thought to myself, I shall thus attain to him who is the object of all contemplation, penance, charity and sacrifice; what better course can I pursue?

*Chaupai.*

Prayer, penance, pious observances, and doing one's duty in life are different good actions based on the Scriptures. But knowledge, mercy, self-control, bathing at holy places and all the religious practices inculcated by revelation, as also the study of the Vedas and sacred traditions and numerous Purānas are only means to a glorious end, viz., a constant devotion to your lotus feet. Can dirt be removed by cleansing with dirt? is *ghi* to be obtained by churning



water? Except, O Raghu-rái, by the water of faith and love, the interior stain can never be effaced. He is all-wise, he the philosopher, the scholar, the thoroughly accomplished, the irrefutable doctor, the truly judicious and the possessor of every auspicious attribute, who is devoted to your lotus feet.

*Dohá 50.*

My lord, I would ask one boon ; grant it, O Ráma, in your clemency : in all my future births may my love for my lord's lotus feet never diminish."

*Chaupti.*

So saying, Saint Vasishtha returned home and the All-merciful was greatly pleased at heart. Then, being ever gracious to his servants, he took with him Hanumán and Bharat and his other brothers and in his benignity went outside the city, where he ordered up the elephants, chariots and horses. After inspecting them, he was pleased to praise them all and then distributed them, giving each person the one that he wished. The Lord, the remover of all weariness, was himself weary and repaired to a cool mango grove, where Bharat spread his own raiment on the ground, and there the Lord took his seat, with all his brothers in attendance, while the Son of the Wind fanned him. At this his body quivered with emotion and his eyes filled with tears. There is no one so blessed as Hanumán, nor any so devoted to Ráma's feet, whose love and devotion, O Umá, have again and again been told by the Lord with his own mouth.

*Dohá 51,*

At that time came the Saint Nárada, with his lute in his hand, and began to hymn Ráma's glorious renown, that pregnant theme.

*Chaupti.*

"Look upon me, O lotus-eyed, merciful of aspect, liberator from delusion ; dark of hue as the blue lotus ; conqueror of love ; bee of the perfumed lotus of the soul ; Hari, breaker of the might of the demon host ; delight of the saints and



the pious; exterminator of sin; beneficent to Bráhmans as a rain-cloud to the new crops; help of the helpless; befriender of the humble; by the might of whose arm earth's grievous burden has been broken; ingenious destroyer of Khara and Dúshan and Virádh; Rávan's antagonist; incarnation of beauty; noblest of kings. Glory to the moon of the lotus house of Dasarath, whose glory is renowned in the Puránas, the Vedas and all the Scriptures, and sung by gods and patriarchs and all the company of the saints. O merciful lord, destroyer of falsehood and pride, infinitely glorious, glory of Kosala, whose name corrects all the impurities of this sinful age and puts an end to the delusions of self, have mercy upon your humble adorer, even me Tulsi Dás."

*Dohá 52.*

When the venerable Nárad had completed his loving recital of Ráma's praises, he clasped the Ocean of beauty to his heart and withdrew to the realm of Bráhma.

*Chaupii.*

Hearken, Umá, to this glorious legend, the whole of which I have now told to the best of my ability. But Ráma's acts are hundreds of millions in number and beyond all reckoning; not even the Vedas or Sárada could recount them all. Ráma is infinite and his virtues are infinite; infinite are his incarnations, his actions and his names. You may count the drops in a shower of rain or the dust on the earth, but Ráma's doings defy enumeration. This holy story ensures translation to Hari's own sphere; whoever hears it acquires an imperishable devotion. The whole of the delectable history, which Bhusundi repeated to the king of the birds, has now, Umá, been told you. I have mentioned only a fraction of Ráma's virtues; tell me, Bhaváni, what I am to tell you next." Umá rejoiced to have heard the glorious narrative and in modest and gentle accents thus replied: "Blessed; yea thrice blessed am I, Purári, to have heard the virtues of Ráma, that put an end to all the terrors of life.

*Dohá 53.*

By your clemency, O most clement, I have attained my desire and am no longer in doubt: I know the glory of Râma, that he is the Lord, the sum of all knowledge and joy. Your mouth, Sire, flows like the moon with the nectar of Râma's praises; my soul drinks them in through the pitchers of my ears, but refuses to be satisfied, O resolute of purpose.

*Chaupâi.*

They who can be satiated with hearing Râma's deeds do not relish their peculiar savour. The great sages, who have been liberated from mundane existence, listen for ever to Râma's virtues. Whoever desires to traverse the ocean of life finds in Râma's history a sure ship. Even the worldly accept the praises of Hari as pleasant to the ear and grateful to the soul; for is there any one in the world with ears to hear who takes no pleasure in Râma's history: they must be dull of soul indeed and self-destroyers, to whom Râma's history gives no pleasure. While you have been reciting your Râma lay, I have listened, my lord, with boundless delight. But this delectable story that you have repeated was declared by Kâka-bhusundi to Garur.

*Dohâ 54.*

Now I marvel greatly how any one in the form of a crow could be a votary of Râma's, and possess such self-control and knowledge and wisdom and such staunch devotion to his feet.

*Chaupâi.*

Hearken, Purâri; among a thousand men there may be one who is steadfast in the practices of his religion; among a million religious people there may be one who loathes sensuality and delights in asceticism; among a million ascetics—so the Scriptures declare—there may be one who attains to perfect knowledge; among a million of the truly wise, one may be liberated from mundane existence; among a thousand of these it is difficult to find the perfect bliss of

philosophic absorption into the Supreme Spirit. But beyond the religious, the ascetic, the wise, the exempt from transmigration and the absorbed in the divinity, beyond all these persons, O king of the gods, there is one yet more

*Dohá 55.*

difficult to find, a devoted believer in Râma, superior to all vanity and illusion of the senses. Tell me, lord of the universe, how a crow could attain to such faith. Tell me, Sire, if he were devoted to Râma, enamoured of wisdom, full of all good qualities and resolute of purpose, what was the reason that he had the body of a crow?

*Chaupâi.*

Be pleased to inform me where the crow learnt this holy and delectable history of the lord's doings. Tell me also, O conqueror of Love, the strange mystery of how you heard it. Garur again is very wise and accomplished and one of Hari's most intimate disciples, what was his reason for leaving a company of saints and going to a crow to hear this story? Describe to me the nature of the interview between these two servants of Hari, the crow and the serpent-eater." On hearing Gauri's artless and charming speech Siva was glad and made reverent reply : " A blessing, Sati on your sanctifying scheme ! great indeed is your devotion to Râma's feet. Hearken then to the all-holy story, the hearing of which puts an end to every sorrow and delusion ; for from it there springs up an implicit faith in Râma's feet and without any difficulty man crosses the abyss of existence.

*Dohâ 56.*

This was the very question which the king of the birds, went and put to the crow, as I will reverently explain to you in full : hearken, Uma, with all attention.

*Chaupâi.*

Beautiful and bright-eyed deliverer from the world, listen to the account of how I heard the story. You first took birth in the house of Daksha and the name you then bore was Sati. At Daksha's sacrifice you were slighted and

in the violence of your indignation yielded up your life. My servants then broke up the sacrifice ; but all this is a story that you know already. Afterwards I was sorely troubled at heart, sorrowing for the loss of you, my beloved, and wandered among the beautiful woods and hills and rivers and lakes, admiring the scene, but a sworn ascetic. Far away to the north among the heights of Sumeru is a huge and magnificent purple peak with four glittering pinnacles of gold, so lovely that my soul was enraptured. On each stood one enormous tree, a banyan, a pipal, a pákar and a mango, and on the top of the mountain was a glorious lake, with jewelled steps which it was a delight to behold :

*Dohá 57.*

Its water cool, pure and sweet ; its lotuses abundant and of many colours ; while flocks of swans murmured their melodious notes and the bees made a delicious buzzing.

*Chandái.*

On this fair height dwelt a crow, outliving even the end of the world. All the virtues and vices that are produced of Mayá, together with Delusion, Love and the other errors of judgment, which permeate the whole world, never came near this mountain. Hearken, Umá, with tender affection, while I tell how the crow passed his life here in the worship of Hari. Under the *pipal* tree he practised meditation ; under the *pákar*, prayer and sacrifice ; in the shade of the mango he mentally performed the temple ritual, having no other occupation whatever save the worship of Hari ; and under the banyan he recited the story of Ráma's adventures, which countless birds flocked to hear. With loving reverence he sung the varying cycle of Ráma's deeds, in the hearing of all the pure-souled swans that ever dwell in that lake. When I arrived there and saw the sight, an intense joy sprang up in my heart.

*Dohá 58.*

Assuming for a time the form of a swan, I took up my

abode there and after reverently listening to Ráma's praises again returned to Kailás.

*Chaupái.*

I have thus told you, Girijá, the full account of the circumstances under which I visited the crow. Hearken now to the explanation of the reason for Garur's going to see him. When Raghunáth exhibited the battle phantasm, though I understood his action, I was ashamed that he should allow himself to be bound by Meghnád. Nárada the sage then despatched Garur, who cut his bonds and came back, the serpent-eater, but a grievous dejection possessed his soul, as he thought over the Lord's bonds and pondered the matter to himself: "The omnipresent and passionless Supreme Spirit, the lord of speech, who is absolute master over the vanities of illusion, has I hear taken birth in the world; but I see no signs of his majesty.

*Dohá 95.*

Can this be Ráma, by the repetition of whose name men escape from the bonds of existence, if a wretched demon can bind him in snakey coils?"

*Chaupái.*

Though he did all he could to re-assure himself, his understanding was not enlightened; error overshadowed his soul. Distracted by doubt and full of mental questionings, he became as subject to delusion as you yourself were. In his perplexity he went to the Rishi of the gods and told him the difficulty that he had in his mind. On hearing his tale, Nárada was moved with a great compassion: "Hearken, O bird; Ráma's delusive power is very strong. When he robs the wise of their sense, he makes their infatuation superlative. The same spectre that has often disturbed me has now, O king of the birds, affected you. The mighty error that has taken root in your soul will not be readily removed by any words of mine. You must go to Bráhma, and do whatever he enjoins you."

*Dohá 60.*

So saying the teacher of the gods went his way chanting Ráma's praises, again and again in his infinite wisdom insisting on the might of Ráma's delusive power.

*Chaupái.*

The king of the birds then went to the Creator and told him his difficulty. On hearing his story, Bráhma bowed the head to Ráma and, as he thought on his majesty, his heart was filled with love, and he thus mused within himself: "Poets and the wisest of philosophers are subjects to delusion. The might of Hari's deceptive power is unbounded; many a time has it made me its puppet, though all things animate and inanimate are of my creation, no wonder then that it has beguiled the king of the birds." Then said Bráhma in gracious accents: "Siva understands Ráma's power. Go to him, O son of Vinata, and ask no questions of any other. There you will find the solution of your doubts." On hearing Bráhma's advice, the bird went his way.

*Dohá 61.*

Then came the king of the birds in the utmost distress to me. At that time, Umā, I was on my way to the palace of Kuver, and had left you at Kailás.

*Chaupái.*

He reverently bowed his head at my feet and then told me his difficulty. On hearing his humble petition, I lovingly responded, Bhaváni: "You have met me, Garur, on the road; how can I instruct you? Your doubts will not be settled till you have been for a long time in the company of the saints. There you must listen to the delightful story of Ráma, as sung in diverse manners by the seers, in which the beginning, middle, and end is the adorable lord, the great God Ráma. I will send you, brother to a place where the story of Ráma is told without ceasing; go there and listen. As you hear it, all your doubts will vanish; you will have a vehement affection for Ráma's feet.

*Dohá 62.*

Except in the company of saints there is no talk about Ráma; without that there is no overcoming delusion; till delusion is dispersed, there is no firm affection for Ráma's feet.

*Chaupái.*

Without affection there is no finding Ráma, though you have recourse to meditation, prayer, sacrifice, and asceticism. In the region of the north is a beautiful purple mountain, where lives the amiable Káka-bhusundi, supremely skilled in the method of Ráma's worship, wise and full of all good qualities and very aged. He unceasingly recites Ráma's history and all the noblest of the birds reverently listen. Go there and hear all Ráma's excellences; your distress born of delusion will then be removed." After I had given him full instructions, he bowed his head at my feet and set out with joy. I did not myself instruct him, Umá, for I understood the mystery of Ráma's grace. Perhaps he had shown pride on some occasion and the All-merciful wished that he should cure himself of this defect. There was also another reason why I did not detain him; being a bird he understood bird language. The Lord's delusive power, Bhaváni, is great; who is so wise as not to be fascinated by it?

*Dohá 63.*

Even the vehicle of the lord of the three spheres, the very crown of philosophers and saints, was overcome by its deceptive influence; wretched man may well have his doubts. It fascinates Siva and Bráhma; why speak of other poor creatures? The saints know this at heart, when they worship the great God, Mayá's master.

*Chaupái.*

Garur went to Bhusundi's abode, that sturdy-hearted and indefatigable votary of Hari's. At the sight of the rock his heart rejoiced; the trouble caused him by Mayá's wiles all passed away. After bathing in the lake and drinking of the water, he went under the banyan tree with exulting soul. There assembled flocks upon flocks of birds to hear of Ráma's



glorious doings. He was just on the point of beginning to recite, when the king of the birds arrived. All were glad to see him approach, the crow no less than the rest of the assembly. They received him with the utmost politeness and asked of his welfare and conducted him to a seat. Then the crow, after doing him loving homage, addressed him in these winning words:

*Dohá 64.*

"Now am I content, O king of the birds, in that I have seen you; whatever you may order me, I am ready to do: what is the object of your visit, my lord?" "You have ever been the image of content," replied Garur in gracious phrase, "seeing that Siva with his own mouth is ever reverently singing your praises.

*Chaupái.*

Hearken, father; the object for which I came was attained as soon as I saw you. Directly I beheld your most holy hermitage, my delusion was at an end with all my distracting doubts. Now, father, repeat to me with all solemnity the most sanctifying story of Râma, which is ever delightful and a remedy for every ill: this, my lord, is what I urgently beg of you." On hearing Garur's prayer, so humble, sincere and affectionate, so graceful and pious, a supreme joy was diffused over his soul and he began the recital of Raghupati's glory. First, Bhavâni, he expounded with fervent devotion the motive of Râma's acts. Then he told of Nârad's extraordinary delusion and of Râvan's incarnation. After this he sang the story of the Lord's birth and then carefully recounted his doings as a child.

*Dohâ 65.*

After telling all the details of his childish performances with the utmost rapture of soul, he next told of the Rishi's coming and of Raghu-bîr's marriage.

*Chaupái.*

Then came the narrative of Râma's coronation, of the king's vow and abdication of royal state, the sorrow of the



citizens at parting, the colloquy between Ráma and Lakshman, the journey to the forest, the devotion of the boatman, the passage of the Ganges and the stay at Prayág. He described also the Lord's meeting with Válmiki and how the god dwelt at Chitra-kút, the coming of the Minister, the death of the king in the city, the arrival of Bharat and the greatness of his affection, how after performing the king's obsequies both Bharat himself and the citizens had gone to join the Lord blessed for ever, and how after he had said all he could to console them Bharat took his sandal back with him to Avadh. Next he related Bharat's mode of life, the action of the son of Indra and the Lord's interview with Atri.

*Dohá 66.*

Then he told of Virádh's death, of how Sarabhangá dropped his body, of Sutikshná's devotion and the Lord's pious intercourse with Agastya.

*Chaupái.*

He told him also of the purification of the Dandaka forest, of the friendliness of the vulture, of the Lord's stay in the woods of Panchavati, and how he put an end to the fears of all the saints. Then came the incomparable exhortation to Lakshman and the story of Surpa-nakhá's mutilation. After this he narrated to him the death of Khara and Dáshan, and how Rávan penetrated the mystery and all the particulars of his talk with Máricha. Then he described the rape of the fictitious Síta and gave an idea of Ráma's bereavement. After this he told how the Lord performed the vulture's funeral rites and slew Kábandh and gave salvation to Sabari. He told also of Raghu-bír's mourning and how he went to the shore of the lake.

*Dohá 67.*

Of his interview with Nárada, his meeting with Hanumán, his alliance with Sugriva and his taking Báli's life ; of his making the monkey king and taking up his abode on the rock

during the rains. He described also the rains and the autumn and Ráma's indignation and the monkey's alarm.

*Chaupái.*

How the monkey king sent out monkeys, who ran in every direction to search for Síta ; how they entered the cave and found Sampátí ; how Hanumán, when he had heard all the circumstances, jumped over the mighty ocean ; how he made his way into Lauká and bade Síta be of good cheer ; how he laid waste the garden, and lectured Rávan and set fire to the city and leaped over the sea again. How the monkeys all rejoined Ráma and told him of Síta's welfare ; how Raghu-bír with his army went and encamped on the sea-shore ; how Vibhíshan came to meet him, and how the sea was put in check ;

*Dohá 68.*

How the bridge was built and the monkey host crossed over to the opposite side, and how the valiant son of Báli went as an envoy. He described the various battles between the demons and the monkeys, the might and valour of Kumbha-karn and Meghnád and their destruction ;

*Chaupái.*

The different deaths of all the demons, the fight between Ráma and Rávan, the death of Rávan, the mourning of Mandodari, the enthronement of Vibhíshan and the satisfaction of the gods ; the meeting also of Ráma and Síta and how the gods with clasped hands hymned their praises ; how the all-merciful Lord with the monkeys mounted the car Pushpaka and set out for Avadh ; and how Ráma arrived at his own city ; all these glorious doings were sung by the crew. Then he told of Ráma's coronation and described the city and all its kingly polity. The entire history did Bhusundi tell, as I have told it to you, Bhaváni. When the king of the birds had heard it all, his soul was in raptures and he cried :

*Sorathá 2.*

"My doubts are gone, now that I have heard Ráma's

full history. By your favour, O best of crows, I feel a devotion to Râma's feet. A mighty bewilderment possessed me when I saw the Lord bound in the battle: if Râma be the sum of all knowledge and bliss, what can embarrass him?

*Chaupâi.*

Seeing all his ways so entirely consistent with humanity, a very grievous doubt arose in my soul. But now I understand that my error was a favour which the All-merciful was pleased to bestow upon me. To appreciate the blessing of a shady tree, one must first have suffered from the sun. If this delusion had not befallen me, how should I have met you, father, and how should I have heard the delightful story of Râma which you have told me so fully in all its details? This is the doctrine of the Purânas and all the Scriptures, the unhesitating assertion of all the seers and sages, that the company of good and holy men can only be attained by one on whom Râma has looked with an eye of favour. By Râma's favour I have had sight of you, and by your grace all my doubts are gone."

*Dohâ 69.*

On hearing Garur's modest and affectionate speech, the crow was greatly rejoiced at heart; every hair on his body stood erect and his eyes streamed with tears. O Uma, when a good man finds an intelligent and well-disposed listener, who is pious and fond of religious reading and a worshipper of Hari, he reveals to him hidden mysteries.

*Chaupâi.*

Then answered Kâka-bhusundi, who had no slight affection for the king of the birds: "My lord, you are in every way entitled to my respect, as a vessel of Hari's grace. You had no doubts, infatuation, or delusion; it was only a pretext, Sire, for doing me a kindness. By sending you, Garur, as a victim of delusion, Raghu-pati has conferred an honour upon me. Yet there is nothing wonderful, Sir, in that delusion of yours of which you tell me; for Nârada, Siva

Bráhma, Sanat-Kumára and his brethren, with all the great saints who discourse of the soul, is there one of them whom delusion has not blinded, or whom Love has not made a puppet of, whom Desire has not maddened, or whose heart choler has not inflamed?

*Dohá 70.*

Is there any philosopher, ascetic, or hero in the world, or any learned and accomplished bard, whom Greed has not beguiled; whom the pride of wealth has not rendered wanton; whom power has not made deaf; or whom the glance of beauty has not smitten as an arrow?

*Chaupái.*

Is there any whom success has not paralyzed; who has effectually discarded vanity and pride; whom the fever of youth has not overcome; whose glory has not been ruined by self-conceit; whom envy has not besmirched; whom the blast of sorrow has not shaken; whom the serpent of care has not bitten; or whom delusion has not affected? Is there any so well seasoned of frame that he has not been attacked by desire, as a plank by the weevil? The desire of family, of wealth and of renown is a threefold temptation; whose soul has it not sullied? These all are Mayá's suite; who can describe in full her illimitable might? Since Siva and Bráhma stand in awe of her, why speak of other creatures?

*Dohá 71.*

Mayá's formidale army is spread over the whole world; Love and the other Passions are her generals; Fraud, Deceit and Heresy her champions. Being the servant of Raghu-bir, though known to be a delusion, she can only be dispersed by his favour; this, my lord, I assert with the utmost confidence.

*Chaupái.*

This Mayá, that sets the whole world a-dancing and whose actions no one can understand, is herself set dancing with all her troupe, like an actress on the stage, O king of the birds, by the play of the Lord's eye-brows. For Ráma is

the totality of existence, knowledge and bliss,<sup>1</sup> the uncreated the all-wise the home of beauty and strength ; the permeator and the permeated;<sup>2</sup> the indivisible, the eternal; the insoluble, the unerring ; the primal energy, the Godhead ; of whom no qualities can be predicated and no deceit ; beyond the range of speech or perception ; all-seeing,<sup>3</sup> irreproachable, unconquered ; without personal interests, without form, without illusion : deathless, passionless, blessed for ever ; transcending nature : the Lord that indwelleth in every heart ; the Supreme Spirit, effortless, passionless, imperishable ; in him delusion finds no sphere ; does darkness ever attack the sun ?

*Dohá 72.*

For the sake of his faithful people, the very God, our lord Ráma, has become incarnate as a king and for our supreme sanctification has lived as it were the life of any ordinary man. As an actor in the course of his performance assumes a variety of dresses and exhibits different characters, but himself remains the same ;

*Chaupái.*

Such, Garur, is Ráma's divertissement, a bewilderment to the demons, but a delight to the faithful. Sensual libertines in their dulness of soul impute the delusion to the Lord, like as when, Sir, a man whose eyesight is in fault

1 For *Ghan Ráma* some books read *Ghan-Syáma*, which, however, would seem to be only an evasion of the difficulty. *Ghan* by itself, meaning literally 'solid, material, substantial,' might be intended to denote the visible world of phenomena, which is the converse of the ideal world indicated by the term *sachchidánand*. But it is simpler to take *sachchidánand-ghan* as one compound and translate as in the text.

2 The words in the text are *vyápaká*, *vyápya*, which are technical terms in the *Nyáya* philosophy, meaning 'the pervader,' or 'invariably pervading attribute' and 'invariably pervaded.' They are employed in making a universal affirmation, or in affirming universal distribution; as, for example, 'Wherever there is smoke, there is fire;' 'Wherever there is humanity, there is mortality.' In such cases an Indian logician always expresses himself by saying that there is an invariably pervading concomitance of fire with smoke and of mortality with humanity ; thus fire and mortality would be called the pervaders, *vyápakas*; smoke and humanity the pervaded, *vyápya*. See *Monier Williams' Indian Wisdom*. As employed by Tulsi Dás, the words might be adequately rendered by 'cause and effect,' 'subject and predicate,' or by any other similar phrase which would be equally inclusive.

3 For *sab-darsí* all-seeing,' another reading is *sam-darsí*, 'seeing alike,' i.e., 'impartial.'

says that the moon is of a yellow colour; or when mistaken as to the points of the compass, affirms that the sun has risen in the west; or as one on boardship, who deludes himself with the idea that he is standing still and that the land is moving. When children in play turn round and round, the house, or whatever else it may be, does not turn round, it is only their idle fashion of talking. In this way only, O Garur, can error be ascribed to Hari; never even in a dream is he really subject to delusion. The wretched dullards, who succumb to Mâyá, have a thick veil over their soul, and these are the obstinate fools who raise doubts and lay their own ignorance on Râma.

*Dohâ 73.*

How can these clowns understand Raghu-pati, addicted as they are to lust, choler, pride and greed, absorbed in domestic affairs, pictures of misery, at the bottom of a well of darkness? The unembodied phase of the Godhead is easy to understand, but who can comprehend its incarnation? the soul of a saint is bewildered on hearing of all his actions, both natural and supernatural.

*Chaupâi.*

Hearken, Garur, I will tell you to the best of my ability an agreeable story, in illustration of Râma's power; declaring to you in full all the particulars of a delusion which befell myself. You, Sire, are a vessel of Râma's grace and cherish a special affection for Hari's actions, and are moreover my greatest benefactor; I will therefore conceal nothing from you in this exposition of a great and excellent mystery. Hearken; Râma's natural disposition is such that he never tolerates pride in his servants. Pride has its root in worldliness and is the cause of many pains and every kind of vexation. Therefore the All-merciful does away with it, in the greatness of his affection for his servants: in the same way, Sire, as when a child has a boil on its body, its mother with seeming cruelty cuts it open.

*Dohá 74.*

At first the poor child cries with the pain, but the mother pays no attention to it, her object being to cure the disease. In like manner Raghupati cures his servants of pride, doing it all for their good. Ah, Tulsi Dás, who would not forswear error and worship such a lord as this ?

*Chaupái.*

I will now tell you the story, Garur, of Ráma's grace and my own stupidity; listen attentively. Whenever Ráma assumes human form and goes through his series of mimic actions in the behoof of his votaries, I always betake myself to Avadh and delight to watch his boyish doings. I go and attend the rejoicings at his birth and am glad to stay for five years. The child Ráma is my patron divinity, beautiful in form as a myriad Loves. Ever gazing on the face of my own lord, O Garur, I give my eyes a treat indeed, and being in the trivial shape of a crow I keep close to Hari and observe all his child-like sports.

*Dohá 75.*

Whenever he rambles in play, I flutter about close at hand, and for my food I pick up the crumbs in the courtyard that fall from his table. One day Raghu-bíř played a very quaint frolic." At the remembrance of his lord's playfulness, every hair on his body stood erect with rapture.

*Chaupái.*

Bhusundi continued: "Hearken, king of the birds, to my story of Ráma's actions, which are ever the delight of his servants. The king's palace was exquisitely beautiful; of gold studded with precious stones of every kind. The pleasantness of the court-yard, where the four brothers were always playing, surpasses description. Here Ráma roamed about, to the delight of his mother, diverting himself with childish amusements; his tender frame dark of hue as a sapphire, with the beauty of unnumbered Loves in every limb; his soft rosy feet like lotus buds, with lustrous nails that



outshone the brightness of the moon, decorated with the four-fold stamp of the thunderbolt, the lotus, the elephant-goad and the flag, and circled with pretty bangles that made sweet music. Melodious, too, the pretty belt about his waist fashioned of gold and bossed with jewels.

*Dohá 76.*

With a belly creased in the three lines of beauty, a navel shapely and deep, and a broad chest gleaming with all the ornaments that besit a child's attire ;

*Chaupái.*

With roseate hands and lovely nails ; with long and richly raceleted arms and the shoulders of a young lion ; with dimpled neck and rounded chin and face the perfection of beauty ; with lisping speech and ruddy lips and two dear little pearly teeth above and below ; with chubby cheeks and a darling nose and a smile as winsome as that of the moon ; with lotus eyes that loose earth's ties and forehead gleaming with the mark of yellow pigment ; with arched eye-brows and pretty ears ; with curly hair black and beautiful ; with a thin yellow jacket to set off his body, he fascinated me with his merry glance, as he sported in all his loveliness in the king's courts, dancing at the sight of his own shadow, and having all sorts of antics with me, which I blush to tell. When he laughingly ran to catch me, I flew away ; then he showed me a piece of cake.

*Dohá 77.*

I came near and the Lord laughed. I flew away again and he fell a-crying. I approached to lay hold of his feet, and he ran off, again and again turning round to look at me. Seeing him play like an ordinary child, I was overcome by bewilderment. Can these be the actions of the Lord who is the totality of intelligence and bliss ?

*Chaupái.*

This was what came into my mind, Garur, for Ráma had sent forth his delusive power to entangle me. But this delusion was in no way harmful to me. I was not so affected



by it as other creatures. A special cause, my lord, was here at work, which I wish you, Garur, to observe attentively. Rāma alone is absolute intelligence; every creature, animate, or inanimate, is subject to Mayá. If all had the same perfect intelligence, tell me what would be the difference between God and his creature? The creature in his pride is subjected to Mayá. Mayá with all its phenomena is subject to God. The creature is dependent on others, the Deity is self-dependent; the creature is manifold, Rāma is one. Though the distinctions made by Mayá are false, without Hari's help they cannot be dispersed, whatever you may do.

*Dohá 78.*

The wisest of men, who hopes for salvation without prayer to Rāma, is like a beast without tail and horns. Though sixteen full moons were to rise and all the starry host and the forests on every mountain were set on fire, night would not yield except to the sun.

*Chaupái.*

In like manner, Garur, without prayer to Hari, the troubles incident to existence cannot be dispersed. Ignorance has no power over a servant of Hari's; knowledge emanating from the Lord pervades his whole being. Therefore, O best of birds, there is no destruction for a believer: his faith as of a servant in his master is ever growing. Rāma smiled to see me reel in error, and hear what a strange course he adopted. The secret of this diversion neither his brother nor his father or mother ever knew. As he crawled on his hands and knees in a hurry to catch me—with his body so dark of hue and his rosy hands and feet—I took to flight, Garur, and he stretched out his arms to lay hold of me. High as I flew into the air, I still saw his arms as close to me as ever.

*Dohá 79.*

I mounted even to Bráhma's sphere, but when I looked back in my flight, two fingers' breadth, Sir, was all the dis-

tance between me and Ráma's arms. I cleft the seven folds of the universe and mounted to the utmost height that I could reach, but still I saw the Lord's arms ; then was I dumbfounded.

*Chaupái.*

In my terror I closed my eyes, and when I opened them again I found myself at Ayodhyá. Ráma looked at me with a smile, and as he laughed I jumped down his throat. In his belly (hearken, king of the birds) I saw multitudinous universes, with many strange worlds, each more wonderful than the other ; with myriads of Bráhmas and Sivas ; stars and suns and moons innumerable ; innumerable Lokpáls and images of Death and Times ; innumerable mountains and vast plains of earth ; seas, lakes, rivers and forests without end, and all the complex machinery of creation ; with gods, sages, saints, serpents and kinnars and the four classes of living things, both moving and motionless.

*Dohá 80.*

Such as eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor has entered into man's mind to conceive, were all the marvels that I saw ; how is it possible to describe them ? In each universe I stayed a hundred years and in this manner made the round of all the multitudinous globes.<sup>1</sup>

*Chaupái.*

Each world had its own separate Creator, its own Vishnu, Siva, and Manu and its own Regents of the spheres ; with men, Gandharvas, imps and evil spirits, kinnars and demons, cattle, birds and serpents, all the tribes of gods and giants, and every living creature, but differing in form ; with lands, rivers, seas, lakes, and mountains, and the whole mechanism of creation also quite distinct. Each mundane egg had its own peculiar aspect and in all its manifold de-

<sup>1</sup> *Anda-katáka*, which I translate 'globes,' is simply a synonym for *Brahmandá*, which occurs in the previous lines. It would be more precisely rendered, 'half-globe.' *Katáka* here, standing for the common Hindi *kárika*, a large shallow iron vessel used for boiling sugar, &c.

tails was wonderful to behold. In each world was a separate city of Avadh with its own Sarju, its own men and women, with Dasarath and Kausalyá and the other queens, and Bharat and his brothers, each in their proper form. Each sphere had its own incarnate Ráma with all his child-like sports for me to see.

*Dohá 81.*

O Garur, I saw every part of the pageant separately repeated, but in my round of the innumerable worlds I saw no other Lord Ráma. The same child-like ways, the same beauty, the same gracious Raghu-bír were what I saw in each successive world that I visited, driven on by the blast of delusion.

*Chaupái.*

Imagine a hundred cycles to have been spent in my wanderings through the different spheres. At last after all my travels I came to my own hermitage and there I stayed some little time. When I heard of my lord's birth at Avadh, I started up in an overwhelming ecstasy of devotion and went and witnessed the rejoicings at his nativity as I have already described to you. In Ráma's belly I saw many worlds, but what I saw is past all telling. Then again I saw the all-wise Ráma, the lord of Mayá, the merciful God, and much I questioned within myself, for my understanding was obscured by the mists of delusion. In two hours I saw everything; I was a-weary and my soul was bewildered entirely.

*Dohá 82.*

Seeing my distress, the all-merciful Raghu-bír laughed, and as he laughed I issued from his mouth; hearken, O firm of faith. Ráma again began his childish pranks with me. I reasoned with myself in every way I could; but my mind had no peace.

*Chaupái.*

Seeing this miracle and weighing its transcendency I lost my senses. I fell to the ground and no word came to

my mouth, but 'Save me, save me, O saviour of all distressed believers.' When the Lord saw my agony of devotion, he at once checked the influence of his delusive power. The Lord placed his lotus hands upon my head and—ever merciful to the poor—healed me of all my pain. Rāma, the gracious benefactor of his servants, thus dispelled my infatuation. As I reflected on his mighty power, there first arose in my heart a great transport of delight ; and seeing his loving-kindness to his worshippers my bosom heaved with an unutterable love. With streaming eyes and quivering frame and hands clasped in prayer, I again and again made humble petition.

*Dohā 85.*

Hearing my loving words and seeing me to be his own devoted servant, he made me this gracious, profound and tender speech ; "Kāka-bhusundi, ask of me a boon, for know that I am highly pleased with you ; be it the supernatural powers of the saints, or fabulous wealth, or deliverance from further transmigration, the sum of all bliss ;

*Chaupái.*

or knowledge and wisdom, self-restraint and philosophy, qualities which as all the world knows scarce the gods can attain unto. To-day I will grant you anything ; doubt not, but ask whatever your soul desires." On hearing the Lord's words I was greatly moved and began to reason thus within myself ; "The Lord, it is true, has promised to give me every blessing, but has not said he would give me faith. Without faith what are any virtues or blessings ? like any quantity of condiments without salt. Of what avail is any good without prayer ?" Having thus considered, O Garur, I made reply : "If it be your good pleasure, my lord, to grant me a boon and if you wish to do me a favour and kindness, I will ask the boon, Sire, which my soul desires : you are generous and know the secrets of the heart.

*Dohā 84.*

A steadfast and sincere faith, such as the Vedas and Purá-

nas describe, such as the greatest ascetics and saints search after, but few only find and that by the Lord's grace : O my lord Ráma, tree of Paradise to the pious, friend of the suppliant, all-merciful, all-blessed, of your clemency grant me this faith."

*Chaupái.*

"So be it," said the prince of the house of Raghu and then continued in these most gracious words : "Hearken, O crow ; you are very sagacious, and therefore no wonder that you ask this boon. You crave faith, the source of every blessing ; there is none in the world so highly favoured as you ; for the saints cannot grasp it after all their labours, though they consume their whole body in the fire of prayer and meditation. I am pleased to see your sagacity ; your prayer for faith is most agreeable to me. Hearken, now, O bird, to the favours I bestow upon you ; every good quality shall dwell in your bosom ; faith, knowledge, divine wisdom, self-governance, the practice of mystic abstraction and all the secrets of esoteric love. You shall understand the myteries of every science and with my favour shall need no other help.

*Dohá 85.*

None of the errors that arise from *Mayá* shall henceforth affect you ; you know me to be the Supreme Spirit, without birth or beginning, the immaterial root of all matter. Remember, O crow, that every believer is dear to me ; hear-ken to my words, and in thought, word and deed maintain an unalterable devotion to my feet.

*Chaupái.*

Attend now to this most holy exposition of mine, which is both simple and true and is implied in the Vedas and other Scriptures. I will reveal to you my own peculiar doctrine : apply your mind to listen and worship me only, abjuring all others. The world is the product of my deli-sive power, with all its varieties of life, both moving and motionless. I love them all, for all are my creatures ; but

man is the creature that delights me most. Of men, Bráhmans; of Bráhmans, those who study the Vedas; of these, such as follow the precepts of the sacred texts; of these again celibates are my favourites, and yet more the wise; of the wise I love best the spiritually wise, and of these the best beloved of all are my own servants, who come to me and have no other hope. Again and again I tell you of a truth there are none so dear to me as my own disciples. If Bráhma himself had no faith in me, he would be no dearer to me than any other creature; while the meanest creature that breathes, if possessed of faith, is as dear to me as my own soul; this is my doctrine.

*Dohá 86.*

Tell me how is it possible that a pure, well-disposed and intelligent servant should not be held dear? hearken, O crow, with attention to the principle laid down both in the Vedas and Puránas.

*Chaupái.*

A father has a number of children, each different in character, temper and occupation. One is a student, another a philosophic ascetic, another an accumulator of wealth, an open-handed soldier, a clever man of the world, or a devotee; the father feels the same affection for them all. Another, again, is in thought, word and deed entirely devoted to his father, never even dreaming of any other duty; and this is the son whom the father loves as his own soul, though he be a perfect ignoramus. In like manner all animate and inanimate beings, including brute beasts, gods, men and demons, in short the entire universe that I have created, is viewed by me with equal compassion; but, amongst them all, if there be one who forswears vanity and delusion and worships me only in thought, word and deed,

*Dohá 87.*

whether he be man, eunuch, or woman, whether animate or inanimate, if with all his soul he sincerely worships me, he is my best-beloved.



*Sorathá 3.*

O crow, I tell you of a truth that an honest servant is as dear to me as my own life. Remember this and worship me only, abjuring every other hope and assurance.

*Chaupái.*

Time shall have no power over you, so long as you remember to worship me without ceasing." I should never have tired of listening to my lord's ambrosial discourse ; my body quivered all over and my soul rejoiced exceedingly. My mind and my ears experienced a delight, which it is beyond the power of tongue to tell. My eyes had the bliss of beholding my lord's beauty, but how can they declare it? they have no voice. After he had gladdened me by his manifold exhortations, he again began to sport like a child. With streaming eyes and mouth a little awry, he looked at his mother as if he were very hungry. Seeing this she started up in haste and ran and spoke to him with caressing words and clasped him to her bosom ; then holding him in her lap she gave him to suck, singing the while of Ráma's charming deeds.

*Sorathá 4.*

The citizens of Avadh were ever flooded with that joy, to attain which the blessed Siva assumes his unsightly garb. They who have once realized even in a dream the least atom of that joy, think nothing, O Garur, if they are good and sensible, of the joys of heaven.

*Chaupái.*

After this I stayed some little time at Avadh, a spectator of his delightful boyish play. Then, by Ráma's blessing, having obtained the boon of faith, I kissed my lord's feet and returned to my hermitage. Since then no delusion has ever affected me, after I had joined Ráma. I have now told you the whole of this strange story of how I was bewitched by Hari's delusive power. From my own experience I warn you, Garur, that without prayer to Hari your

troubles will not yield. Hearken, king of the birds; without Ráma's grace, there is no understanding his power; without understanding there is no confidence; without confidence there is no affection; without affection there is no consistency in faith; it slips away, Garur, like oil on water.

*Sorathá 5.*

How can there be knowledge without a teacher? how can there be knowledge without self-control, or (as the Vedas and Puránas declare) how can man attain to happiness without devotion to Hari? Without innate content, Sire, none can find peace: a boat will not float without water, though you strain every nerve, enough to kill yourself.

*Chaupái.*

Without content there is no cessation of desire; so long as desire continues, it is vain to dream of ease. Can desire be subdued without prayer to Ráma; can a tree ever take root without soil? Can equanimity be attained without knowledge, or can you have space without the ether? Without faith there is no religion, as there can be no scent without earth? Can fame spread without penance, any more than there can be moisture in the world without water? Can virtue be acquired without attendance on the wise, any more than vision can exist, Sir, without light? Can the mind be at rest when ill at ease, any more than the sense of touch is possible without air?<sup>1</sup> Without confidence there is no exercise of supernatural powers, and without prayer to Hari there is no conquest over the terrors of existence.

*Dohá 88.*

Without confidence there is no devotion; without devotion Ráma is not moved; without the grace of Ráma no creature can dream of peace.

*Chaupái.*

Thus consider, O stout of heart, and abjuring scepticism

<sup>1</sup> The five elements, ether, earth, water, light and air and their several properties are here enumerated.



and every doubt, worship Rāma, the heroic son of Raghu, fountain of mercy, the beautiful, the beneficent.

*Chaupai.*

Thus have I declared to you, king Garur, according to my ability, the greatness of the Lord's power; nor have I anywhere had recourse to studied invention, for I have seen it all with my own eyes. Rāma's greatness, his names, his glory, beauty and perfection, are all boundless and infinite. The saints sing his praises, according to their several ability, but not the Vedas, Sesh-nāg or Siva could declare them fully. There is no winged creature, from yourself down to a gnat, who can reach to the end of the heaven in his flight. In like manner, Sire, the greatness of Raghupati is unfathomable; none can sound the bottom of it. Rāma is beautiful of body as a myriad Loves; irresistible in the destruction of his foes as a myriad Durgās; joyous as a myriad Indras; immeasurable in expanse as a myriad firmaments.

*Dohi 89.*

As masterful in might as a myriad winds; as bright as a myriad suns; as cooling as a myriad moons, soothing all the terrors of existence; as impracticable, inaccessible and interminable as a myriad deaths; as irrepressible as a myriad fires, our very God,

*Chaupai.*

The Lord is as unfathomable as a myriad Hells; as inflexible as a myriad Yamas; as immeasurably holy as a myriad places of pilgrimage whose name obliterates any accumulation of sin. Raghu-bīr is as immoveable as a myriad Himālayas; as profound as a myriad seas; as liberal in the fulfilment of every desire as a myriad cows of plenty, and is our very God. As illimitable in eloquence as a myriad Sārads; as skilful in creation as a myriad Brāhmas; as potent to save as a myriad Vishnus; as potent to destroy as a myriad Sivas; as abounding in wealth as a myriad Kuvers; as fertile in phenomena as a myriad Mayās; a supporter of

the world like a myriad Sesh-nágs; the illimitable, incomparable Lord, the sovereign of the universe.

*Chhand 9.*

Incomparable indeed; for, as the Vedas declare, Ráma alone is Ráma's peer, none else can compare with him. If one should compare the sun to a hundred myriads of fire-flies, it would be utterly inadequate. In like manner the great sages have exercised their ingenuity in describing Hari, and the Lord, appreciating their intention, has of his great clemency listened kindly and approved.

*Dohá 90.*

Ráma is an unfathomable ocean of perfection, who can sound it to the bottom? I can only tell you the little I have myself heard from the saints.

*Sorathá 7.*

Abjure all selfishness, vanity and pride, and ever worship Sita's spouse, the great God who is moved by sincere devotion, the all-blessed, the all-merciful."

*Chaupáí.*

On hearing Bhusundi's delectable discourse, the king of the birds rejoiced and preened his wings. His eyes streamed and his soul was overcome with delight as he meditated on the might of the divine Ráma. He was ashamed to think of his former delusion, when he had taken the everlasting and Supreme Spirit for a mere man. Again and again he bowed his head at the crow's feet, whom in the greatness of his affection he regarded as a second Ráma. "Without a spiritual guide none can traverse the ocean of existence, though he be the equal of Bráhma or Siva. Doubt like a serpent had crushed me in the painful coils of wordy scepticism; but Ráma appeared in your form as an antidote and restored me to life, beneficent as he is to all his votaries. By your favour I have overcome my delusion and have learnt the incomparable mystery of Ráma."

*Dohá 91.*

After eulogizing him in every possible way and bowing

the head before him with clasped hands, Garur proceeded in these humble, affectionate and winning terms: "In my ignorance, O my lord and master, I would ask you a question. In your infinite compassion be pleased to instruct me, regarding me as your own peculiar servant.

*Chaupái.*

You are all-wise; a perfect philosopher; intelligent, amiable and upright in your dealings: a store-house of knowledge, sobriety and spiritual intuition; and one of Ráma's favourite servants: what, then, is the reason, Sire, for your having received such a form? Explain this to me in full. Tell me also, venerable bird, where you learnt this excellent history of Ráma's deeds. Further, my lord, I have heard from Siva that you do not perish at the time of the destruction of all things. The god never utters an idle word, and therefore my mind is in doubt. For the whole universe, my lord, with all creatures moving and motionless, serpents, men and gods, is but a monthful for Death. Death has swallowed up worlds without end and is ever irresistible and strong.

*Soruthá 8.*

What is the reason that so terrible a monster as Death has no effect upon you? be pleased to inform me whether it be the power of your intellect or the virtue of your mystical devotion.

*Dohá 92.*

Further, my lord, be so kind as to explain to me how it was that my delusion vanished directly I approached your hermitage."

*Chaupái.*

When he heard Garur's question the crow was pleased and answered him, Umá, with the greatest possible kindness: "A blessing on your wit, Garur; your questions are most agreeable to me. As I listen to your affectionate and becoming enquiries, the recollection of many previous births comes back to me. I will tell you the whole of my his-

tory; listen, Sire, with full and reverent attention. Prayer, penance, sacrifice, sobriety of mind, self-control, acts of devotion, charity chastity, knowledge, mystical meditation and spiritual wisdom, all have their fruit in the love for Râma's feet, without which none can attain to happiness. It was in this body that I learnt devotion to Râma, and therefore I have a special liking for it. Every one likes that by means of which he has gained his object.

*Sorathâ 9.*

O Garur, this is a maxim approved by the Vedas and declared by the pious that love should be shown to the meanest creature, if you know it to be your friend. Silk is the product of a worm, but from it is made beautiful apparel; therefore, vile as the worm is, every one tends it with the most sedulous care.

*Chaupâi.*

The highest object of every living creature is the love of Râma. The holiest and comeliest of bodies is the one in which he has been worshipped. An enemy of Râma's, though in bodily appearance he rival Brâhmana, will never be extolled by any intelligent poet. It was in my present bodily form that my devotion to Râma first took root, and on that account, Sire, I have a great affection for it. Though I can die when I like, I do not give up my body, for without a body, as the Vedas declare, I could not pray. At first delusion led me greatly astray; having Râma against me, I was never happy even in my sleep. In different births I practised different courses of action, essaying mystical contemplation, prayer, fasting, sacrifice and almsgiving. Is there any womb in which I have not at some time taken birth, during my peregrinations of the universe? In all my experience, Sire, I was never so happy as I am at present; and yet, my lord, I recollect many previous existences, in which, by the blessing of Siva, no delusion oppressed my understanding.

*Dohá 93.*

Hearken, king of the birds; I will now tell you the story of a former birth. To hear it will increase your devotion to the Lord, which is the remedy for every ill. In a former Kalpa, <sup>1</sup> my lord, there was an iron age of the utmost impurity; man and woman were devoted to impiety and all rebelled against the Veda.

*Chaupái.*

In that iron age I went to the city of Kosala and was there born as a man of the servile class, a devoted worshipper of Siva, but a scornful reviler of all the other gods, intoxicated with the pride of wealth, outrageously boastful, savage of purpose and with a heart full of arrogance. Although I lived in Ráma's capital, I had at the time no knowledge of his greatness. Now I understand the virtue of Avadh, as it has been sung by the Vedas, Puránas and all the Scriptures, that every one who in any birth has lived at Avadh will eventually become a disciple of Ráma's. A man then knows the virtue of Avadh, when Ráma with bow in hand takes up his abode in his heart. It was an age, Garur, of terrible wickedness; every man and woman was bent on crime.

*Dohá 94.*

The sinfulness of the age had stifled religion; the sacred books were all neglected and false teachers had published endless heresies, which they had invented out of their own imagination. The people were all over-mastered by delusion and greed had stifled all acts of piety. Hearken, most wise Garur, while I describe some of the religious practices of those evil times.

*Chaupái.*

No regard was paid to caste or the four stages of life;

<sup>1</sup> A Kalpa is a period of time comprising a thousand *mahá-yugas*. Each *mahá-yuga* is the aggregate of four *yugas*, or ages of gradually diminished duration, named respectively Krita, or Satya; Tretá; Dwápara and Kali; giving together a total of 4,320,000 years. The length of a Kalpa is thus 4,320,000,000 years. When it is over, the existing world is annihilated and another begins to run its course, and so on to all eternity.

every one was bent upon attacking the Scriptures. Bráhmans sold the Veda ; kings devoured their subjects ; no one regarded the injunctions of revelation. The right road was any that most took the fancy ; the greatest Pandit was the one who talked the loudest. Any who indulged in false pretences and hypocrisy was universally styled a saint. A wise man was he who plundered his neighbour ; every boaster was thought a fine fellow, every liar a wit and was spoken of as a man of parts in those evil days. A reprobate who denied the doctrines of revelation was an enlightened philosopher ; and any one with unkempt hair and nails was celebrated in that debased age as a model of mortification.

*Dohá 95.*

To assume the loathsome rags and properties of a mendicant and feed indiscriminately on any kind of food was to be an ascetic, a saint, an object of veneration in that age of iniquity.

*Sorathá 10.*

All kinds of evil-doers were held in honour and respect, and the idlest babblers were accepted as preachers in those miserable days.

*Chaupái.*

The man was everywhere subject to the woman and played the buffoon like a dancing monkey. Súdras instructed the twice-born in theology and assuming the Bráhmanical cord took their infamous gains. Every one was addicted to sensuality, avarice and violence, and flouted the gods, the Bráhmans, the Scriptures and the saints. Wives deserted their husbands, however handsome and accomplished, and adored instead any wretched stranger. Married women appeared without any ornaments, widows were bedecked with jewels. Teachers and pupils were of no more account than the deaf and blind ; the one would not listen, the other had never read. A teacher who takes his pupil's money but does not rid him of his doubts falls into an awful abyss of

hell. Father and mother call up their children and teach them the duty of filling their belly.

*Dohá 96.*

People who are devoid of spiritual knowledge never say anything but this. In their greed they would kill a Bráhmaṇ or their own guru to gain a cowrie. Súdras dispute with the twice-born, "Are you any better than we are? any one who understands theology is as good as the best of Bráhmaṇs:" thus they insolently scoff.

*Chaupáí.*

Lecherous after their neighbour's wife, clever only in trickery, clasped about with ignorance, violence and selfishness, these are the men who are reckoned as theologians and philosophers. I have seen the practice of the Kali yuga. Falling themselves and dragging down others who were keeping the path of virtue, they who trouble the world by their glosses on the Scriptures spend a whole Kalpa in each abyss of hell. People of low caste, such as oilmen, potters, dog-feeders, kiráts, kols, and distillers of spirituous liquors, who on the death of their wife or loss of their household goods shave their heads and turn religious mendicants, and make Bráhmaṇs bow down at their feet; such men by their deeds ruin themselves both for this world and also for the next. A Bráhmaṇ is unlettered, greedy and sensual, dissolute, stupid and the husband of an outcast. A Súdra practises prayer, fasting and all the other duties of religion and taking the highest seat expounds the Puráṇas. Every one practises the duties of some other state of life than his own, and the endless perversions of morality are beyond all description.

*Dohá 97.*

In the Iron Age different castes are confounded together and every one is a law to himself. Men practise sin and reap its reward in trouble, terror, sickness, sorrow, and bereavement. Overcome by delusion, they walk not in the path of Hari's service, such as is approved by the Scriptures

and conjoined with sobriety and discernment, but invent diverse ways of their own.

*Chhand Tomar*

Devotees build themselves costly houses and are carried away by sensuality, forgetful of self-mortification. Ascetics amass wealth, mendicants become householders ; the absurdities of the Iron Age, Sir, are beyond all description. They turn out a well-born and virtuous wife and bring home a servant-girl in violation of family usage. A son obeys his father and mother so long only as he sees not a woman's face ; as soon as he takes a fancy to his wife's kinsfolk, he looks upon his own family as his enemies. Kings, devoted to criminal courses and with no regard for religion, oppress their subjects with unrighteous judgments. The meanest churl, if he is rich, is accounted noble ; a Bráhman is known only by his cord, and any naked wretch is an ascetic.

Any one in the Iron-Age who rejects both Vedas and Puránas is held a worshipper of Hari and a veritable saint. The world neither rewards nor even listens to a poet ; a guru is universally reviled and there is not a single wise man to be found. In the Iron Age famines are of frequent occurrence and the people perish miserably for want of food.

*Dohá 98.*

Hearken, Garur ; in the Iron Age the whole universe is sated with hypocrisy, violence, pride, enmity, heresy, arrogance, ignorance, sensuality and every other evil passion. Men worship the powers of darkness with prayers, fasting, sacrifice, vows and alms-giving : the gods rain not upon the earth and the rice is sown but does not germinate.

*Chhand.*

A woman's only ornament is her hair and she is sorely a-hungred ; the poor are in distress, but are intensely selfish. Fools desire happiness, but have no regard for religion ; their narrow mind is hardened and knows no compassion. Men burdened with disease find no rest anywhere, but only



self-conceit and causeless wrangling. Life is short ; man's age is only fifteen years, yet in their pride they reckon on outliving creation. The Iron Age has no unsettled mankind, that no one shows any obedience, neither younger sister nor daughter. There is no contentment, nor consideration, nor repose ; every caste is degraded to the condition of an importunate beggar ; the world is full of envy, censoriousness and greed ; placidity of temper is obsolete. Every one is smarting with sorrow and bereavement ; all thought of the duties connected with caste and stage of life is abandoned. Men are so niggardly that they ignore all self-denial, charity and kind-heartedness ; torpor and dishonesty are multiplied exceedingly. Men and women alike all pamper their body and slanderers are sown broadcast.

*Dohā 99.*

Hearken, Garur ; the Iron Age is a mine of impurity and iniquity ; but it has one enormous advantage, escape from it is easy. In the Ages of Gold, Silver, and Brass solemn worship, sacrifice and mystical meditation were the appointed means ; in the Iron Age those who attain salvation do so only by Hari's name.

*Chaupāī.*

In the Golden Age every one was spiritual and wise and crossed the ocean of existence by meditating on Hari. In the Silver Age men performed many sacrifices and dedicating their actions to the Lord so accomplished their course. In the Age of Brass men had no other expedient save the worship of Rāma's feet. In the Iron Age men sound the depths of existence simply by chanting Rāma's praises. In the Iron Age neither spiritual abstraction, sacrifice, nor knowledge is of any avail ; man's only hope is in hymning Rāma. Any one who abjures all reliance in every other and prays devoutly to Rāma and sings his praises shall assuredly escape farther mundane existence. The power of his name is the special revelation of the Iron Age. It is its one sanctifying influence by which the soul is purified and sin destroyed.

*Dohi 100.*

There is no age to compare with the Age of Iron : in it, if a man has only faith and devotes himself to singing Ráma's holy praises, he escapes from existence without further trouble. Religion has been revealed with four feet; in the Iron Age one is of the most importance ; to whomsoever God has given, let him practise almsgiving and prosper.

*Chaupái.*

Every Age has its special characteristic, infused into the soul by Ráma's delusive power. Purity, truth, equanimity and wisdom, combined with joy of soul, are recognized as the outcome of the Golden Age. A great devotion to truth—though with some admixture of passion—and general happiness are the note of the Silver Age. Much passion, little truth and some ignorance, with mingled joy and terror of soul, are the note of the Brazen Age. Great ignorance, less passion and universal antagonism are the outcome of the Iron Age. The wise understand the proper virtue of each age and forswearing iniquity devote themselves to religion. The influence of the Iron Age has no effect on him who cherishes a love for Ráma's feet. A juggler, Garur, may practise the most wonderful deceptions, but they do not impose upon his own servants.

*Dohá 101.*

The good and evil, which are the creation of Hari's delusive power, can only be dispersed by prayer to Hari: know this and worship Hari, forswearing all sensuality. In that particular Iron Age I lived, Garur, for many years at Avadh, till a famine occurred which compelled me to go to another country.

*Chaupái.*

I went to Ujaiyin—mark me, Garur—a miserable outcast, poor and wretched. After some time I acquired wealth and as before practised devotion to Sambhu. There was there a Vedic Bráhmaṇ, who constantly worshipped Siva and had no other occupation; a very saintly man, learned in

divine truth, who served Sambhu, but at the same time showed no disrespect to Hari. I hypocritically attended upon this benignant philosopher, and he, Sir, seeing me outwardly so submissive, instructed me as his own son, teaching me the Saiva incantations and giving me every kind of good advice. I went to a temple of Siva and repeated the spells with a heart full of pride and self-conceit.

*Dohá 102.*

Wretch that I was, with a soul full of impurity, low-born and enthralled by delusion, I flew into a passion if I saw any Bráhmaṇa a worshipper of Hari and I persecuted Vishnu.

*Sorathá 11.*

My teacher was distressed to see my manner of life and was always admonishing me; but I became exceedingly angry. Is pride ever pleased by sober counsel?

*Chaupá.*

One day the Guru called me and instructed me at length in the principles of morality: "The reward, my son, for serving Siva is a steadfast faith in Ráma. Siva and Bráhma both worship Ráma; why speak then of miserable man? Do you hope to secure happiness, you luckless wight, by persecuting him whose feet even Siva and Bráhma adore?" When I heard the Guru speak of Siva as a worshipper of Hari, my heart, Garur, was all on fire. Being such a low-born churl, after receiving education I became like a snake that has been fed on milk. Arrogant, perverse, ill-starred and ill-bred, I worried my Guru day and night. But he was too tender-hearted to be angry and still continued his wise admonitions. The very person from whom a churl obtains promotion is the first for him to destroy. Harken, friend; smoke is produced by fire, and yet when promoted to cloudship it puts the fire out. Dust while it lies on the road is held in contempt and submits to be trodden under foot of every one. If the wind carries it aloft, it first darkens that

and then gets into the king's eyes or sullies his crown. Hearken, Gurur, and thus understand my parable; sensible people have no dealings with the mean. The wisest of the poets have declared this maxim, it is good neither to quarrel with a churl nor to be friends with him; never have anything to do with him at all, Sir; let him alone, like a dog. Churl as I was, with a heart full of falsehood and perversity, I paid no heed to the Guru's friendly admonition.

*Dohá 103.*

One day I was in a temple of Siva saying his rosary when the Guru came in, and in my conceit I did not rise to salute him. He was too gentle to say anything, neither did he feel the slightest atom of resentment, but the grievous sin of slighting a spiritual teacher was more than Siva could tolerate.

*Chaupáí.*

A heavenly voice proceeded from the shrine: "You miserable, conceited churl, though your Guru shows no resentment, being so tender-hearted and of such sublime intelligence, yet I must pronounce a curse upon you, you wretch; I cannot endure such a breach of morality. If I were not to punish you for your wickedness, my scriptural ordinance would be violated. Villains who bear malice against their Guru are cast for a million ages into the most awful abyss of hell; then they take birth in the brute creation and suffer affliction in a myriad successive existences. As for you, you guilty wretch, whose soul reeks with impurity, since you kept your seat, as it were some unwieldy boa-constrictor,<sup>1</sup> you shall become a snake; enter into the hollow of some huge forest tree and there remain, vilest of the vile, in the form of the vilest of creatures."

*Dohá 104.*

Alas! alas! cried the Guru, as he heard Siva's terrible

<sup>1</sup> The *aj-gar*, here translated 'boa-constrictor,' is supposed to be too unwieldy to move, and devours only such animals as of themselves fall in to its mouth. Hence the popular couplet of *Malik Dás*—

*Ajagar kare na chikari, pachchhi kare na kím,  
Dás Malika you kabe, sab ka dāta Rām.*

curse ; and seeing me all in a tremble, a profound compassion moved his soul. Devoutly prostrating himself in Siva's presence, with his hands clasped and his voice choked with emotion as he reflected on my awful fate, he uttered this prayer :

*Chhand Bhujanga-prayát.*<sup>1</sup>

"I adore the lord of lords; the embodiment of salvation; the omnipresent and all-pervading Supreme Spirit; the image of the Veda. I worship the absolute; the unqualified; the unconditioned the unwishful; who dwelleth in the heavens and who has heaven for his soul. I bow before the formless germ of the mystic incantation Om; the transcendental; the lord that is beyond all speech, understanding, or faculty of the senses; the Himálayan king, terrible and the death of tyrant Death; and yet the all-merciful; the grace-abounding refuge of the world. Rugged and stern as the Snowy Mountains, yet radiant with the beauty of a myriad Loves; with the bright waters of the Ganges springing from thy head, with the crescent moon gleaming on thy brow and snakes on thy neck, with tremulous ear-rings and large eyes and shaggy brows, with benignant face and deep-stained throat, O all-merciful, robed in a tiger's skin, with a necklet of skulls, I worship thee, the universal Lord, even Sankara, whom I love. I adore thee, the vehement, the exalted, the intrepid, the supreme lord; the indivisible, the unbegotten, whose glory is that of a myriad suns; tearing up by the root every kind of trouble with the trident in thy hand; Bhaváni's lord, accessible only by meditation. Unchangeable and ever-blessed Purári, consummator of earth's cycles, constant bestower of blessings on the pious, sum of all knowledge and felicity, dispeller of delusion, Conqueror of Love have mercy, O my lord, have mercy. So long as they worship not the lotus feet of Umá's lord,

<sup>1</sup> In the metre called *Bhujanga-prayát*, which means literally 'snake-like motion,' each line consists of four Bacchics, or, to use the language of Hindi prosody, four *yogas*.

neither in this world nor in the next is there any happiness for men, nor peace, nor cessation of misery; O my lord, clothed about with all the elements, have mercy. I know nothing of meditation, or prayer, or ritual, but at all times and in all places I bow before thee, O Sambhu. Have mercy, O my lord, on a wretch so sorely afflicted by old age and life's flood of troubles;<sup>1</sup> for thee only I worship, O my lord Sambhu."

*Sloka 4.*

Any one who devoutly repeats this hymn to Siva, as uttered by the Bráhmaṇ in his propitiation, upon him will Siva show favour.

*Dohá 105.*

When the omniscient Siva heard the Bráhmaṇ's prayer and saw his devotion, a heavenly voice again sounded in the temple: "Best of Bráhmaṇs, ask a boon." "If my lord is well pleased with me and will show favour to his servant, grant me first devotion to thy feet and then yet another boon. Overcome by thy delusive power, ignorant creatures ever wander astray: be not then wroth with him, O merciful Lord God. Gracious Sankara, be merciful to him. After a little time may thy curse be a kindness,

*Chaupáí.*

and the highest blessings attend him; bring it thus to pass, O fountain of mercy." On hearing the Bráhmaṇ's speech so pregnant with charity, the heavenly voice replied "So be it. Although he has committed a grievous sin, and I in my wrath have cursed him, yet seeing your goodness I will visit him with a special favour. Bráhmaṇs who are of a forgiving disposition and charitable to their neighbours are as dear to me as Kharáři himself. Yet my curse, father, cannot be in vain; he shall of a certainty have a thousand lives. But the insupportable misery of birth and death shall not have the slightest effect upon him. In no birth

<sup>1</sup> *Yātapyaṃśanam* is the participle of the frequentative verb from the root *tap*, and thus signifies 'suffering excessive pain.'

shall his knowledge fail. Hearken, Sudra, to my judgment. You have been born in Rāma's capital and, further, you have done me service. By the blessing of the city and by my favour a devotion to Rāma shall spring up in your bosom. Now hearken, friend, to my solemn declaration : the way to please Hari is by fasting and ministering to the Brāhmanas. Never again insult a Brāhman; regard the saints in the light of the Everlasting. Indra's thunderbolt, my mighty trident, the rod of Death and Vishnu's terrible discus, by all these a man may be smitten yet not die; but a Brāhman's wrath is a fire which shall burn him to ashes. Cherish this counsel at heart and there is nothing in the world too difficult for you to obtain. One other blessing I have still to bestow; your goings shall never be impeded."

*Dohā 106.*

On hearing Siva's promise, the Guru rejoiced and cried Amen. Then after admonishing me, he returned home, with the image of Sambhu's feet impressed upon his heart. Driven by my fate, I went to the Vindhya mountains and then became a snake, and again after some time quietly dropped that form. Whatever body I assume, Garur, I readily drop again, like a man who puts off his old clothes and takes to him new. Siva observed the ordinances of the Veda, while I suffered no pain; thus I assumed many different forms, but my understanding, Garur, never left me.

*Chāupī.*

Whatever body I assumed, whether of beast, god or man, I invariably retained the practice of prayer to Rāma. The one regret that never left me was in the remembrance of the Guru's mildness of temper and disposition. At last I took birth in the holy form of a Brāhman, a rank to which—as the Vedas and Purānas declare—it is difficult even for a god to attain. So joining in play with other children, I enacted all Rāma's boyish sports. When I grew bigger, my father gave me lessons; but I neither understood nor attended,

nor gave my mind to anything ; every other inclination clean deserted me and I was wholly absorbed in my devotion to Râma's feet. Tell me, king of the birds, is there any one so foolish as to abandon the cow of plenty to tend a she-ass ? I was so overwhelmed with love that naught else pleased me and my father was quite tired of trying to teach me. After my parents had succumbed to fate, I went into the forest, there to adore the Saviour of his people. Wherever I discovered any great saints living in the woods, I frequently visited their hermitage and bowed before them, asking them all about Râma's excellences and listening, Garur, with delight to what they told me. I went about everywhere hearing the tale of Hari's goodness, for by the blessing of Sambhu there was no check to my movements. The three kinds of evil concern<sup>1</sup> had left me and I had only one great longing at heart : ' When I shall behold Râma's lotus feet, then I shall account my life to have been worth living.' Every sage, whom I questioned, told me thus : " The Lord is present in all his creatures." This religion of the impersonal did not satisfy me ; I felt an overpowering devotion towards the incarnation of the Supreme,

*Dohâ 107.*

Remembering the Gurn's words and with my mind fixed on Râma's feet, I wandered about, hymning his praises, and my love every moment grew yet more and more. On one of the peaks of Mount Meru, under the shade of a *bar* tree, sat the Seer Lomas. On seeing him I bowed my head at his feet and addressed him in most humble strain. No sooner, Garur, had the beneficent sage heard my meek and submissive address than he graciously enquired : " Say, O Brâhman, with what purpose you have come." Thereupon I replied : " Fountain of mercy, you are omniscient and all-wise ; teach me, Sire, how to worship the incarnate God."

<sup>1</sup> The three kinds of excessive concern relate to family, wealth and worldly reputation.



*Chaupai.*

Thereupon, Garur, the great saint spoke, briefly though reverently, of Rāma's virtues ; then, being himself a philosopher devoted to the mystery of the transcendental and thinking that I had fully mastered the subject, he began a sermon on Brāhm, the unbegotten, the indivisible, the immaterial, the sovereign of the heart ; unchangeable, unwishful, nameless, formless ; approachable only by analogy, indestructible, incomparable : beyond the reach of thought or sense, spotless, immortal, emotionless, illimitable, blessed for ever ; identical with yourself, you and he being as absolutely one as a wave and its water : so the Vedas declare. The saint gave me the fullest possible instruction, but the worship of the impersonal laid no hold of my heart. Again I cried, bowing my head at his feet : "Tell me, holy father, how to worship the Incarnate." Devotion to Rāma, O wisest of sages, is like the element of water and my soul—which is as it were a fish—how can it exist without it ? Of your mercy so instruct me that I may see Rāma with my own eyes. When I have seen my fill of the lord of Avadh, then I will listen to your sermon on the Unembodied." Again the saint discoursed of the incomparable Hari and demolishing the dogma of the incarnation expounded him as altogether passionless. But I rejected the theory of the abstract and with much obstinacy insisted on his concrete manifestation. For every answer I had a rejoinder ready. The saint at last showed signs of anger. Mark me, Sir ; I was so disrespectful that resentment was aroused even in the breast of a philosopher. An excessive amount of friction will strike fire even out of sandal-wood.

*Dohā 108.*

Again and again the saint angrily expounded his theory, while I sat still and argued the matter from every point of view in my own mind : "Can there be anger without duality, or duality without ignorance ? Can a soul, dull, circumscribed and subject to delusion be identified with divinity ?

*Chaupai.*

Can pain under any circumstances be the same as pleasure? Can the possessor of the philosopher's stone suffer poverty? Can an oppressor be free from anxiety or a sensualist remain without reproof? Can a man's family prosper if he persecute Bráhmans? Can religious observances be practised by a man careful only for bodily comfort? Can sound doctrine be acquired by intercourse with the wicked? Can an adulterer attain to the felicity of the Blessed? Can a searcher after the Supreme Spirit escape from transmigration? Can a reviler of Hari be ever happy? Can a kingdom stand without a knowledge of statecraft? Can sin coexist with a recital of Hari's virtues? Can spotless renown be acquired without religious merit? Can any one be disgraced except by sin. Is there any gain like devotion to Hari, as hymned by the Vedas, the saints and the Puráns? Is there any loss, Sire, in the whole world like that of being born as a man and yet not worshipping Hari? Is there any other sin so bad as detraction, or any virtue, Garur, so great as charity?" Thus I reasoned to myself with much ingenuity and could not listen with patience to the saint's instruction. Again and again I maintained the doctrine of the Incarnation, till at last the saint uttered these angry words: "Fool, I have given you the most advanced teaching, but still you are not convinced and persist in your replies and rejoinders. You have no confidence in my veracious discourse, but like a crow suspect everything. Wretch, as your soul is so exceedingly self-opinionated, you shall at once be changed into an unclean bird."<sup>1</sup> I took the curse on my head, but was neither alarmed nor humbled.

*Dohá 109.*

Immediately I was turned into a crow. Then again I bowed my head at the saint's feet and mindful of Ráma, the

<sup>1</sup> There is here a play on the words *sva-padehát*, 'self-opinionated,' and *padantí*, 'a bird,' which cannot be preserved in an English translation.

jewel of the line of Raghu, I joyfully flew away. O Umā, they who devote themselves to Rāma's feet and abjure lust, pride and choler, they see their lord present in everything : with what then can they quarrel ?

*Chaupāi.*

Hearken, king of the birds ; the saint was no way in fault ; it was Rāma who had stirred his soul. The All-merciful had confounded his intellect and thus made trial of my love. When the Lord God had proved the thoroughness of my devotion, he restored the saint his senses. On beholding my great amiability and pre-eminent confidence in Rāma, the holy man was much astonished and sorely repented him and courteously called me near. After consoling me in every possible way, he gladly taught me the spell by which Rāma is invoked, and in his infinite compassion told me how to meditate on the blessed child. The beauty and sweetness of this cult pleased me well. I told you all about it at the beginning. The saint kept me there some little time and recited the whole of the poem, entitled ' the Lake of Rāma's deeds.' When he had reverently completed the narrative, he finally addressed me in these gracious words : " By the blessing of Sambhu, my son, I discovered this secret and delectable fountain of song ; I know you to be one of Rāma's most devoted servants and therefore I have told it all to you. Never repeat it, my son, in the presence of any whose heart is void of Rāma's love." The saint reiterated his instructions again and again, and I lovingly bowed my head at his feet. He touched my head with his lotus hands and gladly gave me his blessing : " Henceforth by my favour an unalterable devotion to Rāma shall dwell for ever in your heart.

*Dohi 110.*

Be for ever Rāma's favourite ; an illimitable store-house of all good qualities ; changing your form at will and choosing your own time for death ; a treasury of knowledge and asceticism. May every hermitage, where you hereafter abide and make your prayer to the blessed God, be unap-

preachable by the spirit of ignorance for the space of a league all round.

*Chaupái.*

May neither time nor fate, merit, demerit nor circumstance ever cause you any vexation. May the unspeakably delightful mysteries of Ráma, the esoteric as well as the exoteric doctrines of the *Chronicles* and *Puránas*, be all comprehended by you without any difficulty, and may your affection for Ráma's feet increase day by day. May every desire you form in your mind by the blessing of Hari be ever easy of attainment." On hearing the saint's benediction—mark me, O firm of faith—this solemn response of Bráhmaná's came from heaven: "May your words come to pass, O wisest of sages: he is my votary in thought, word and deed." When I heard the heavenly voice I rejoiced and was so drowned in love that all my doubts vanished. After making humble petition I received the saint's commands, and bowing again and again at his lotus feet I took my leave and arrived with joy at this hermitage, having obtained by my lord's favour an inestimable boon. During my stay here mark me, king of the birds, seven and twenty cycles have elapsed. I incessantly repeat Ráma's praises, and the birds in their wisdom reverently listen. Whenever Raghu-bír in behoof of his votaries takes upon him the form of a man at the city of Avadh, I go and stay at his capital and delight myself with the spectacle of his childish sports. Again, cherishing in my heart the image of the child Ráma, I return, Garur, to my own cell. I have now told you the whole history of the reason for which I was changed into a crow and have replied, Sir, to all your questions. The efficacy of faith in Ráma is truly marvellous.

*Dohá 111.*

Therefore I love this form, in which my devotion to Ráma's feet has been exhibited, in which I have been favoured with the sight of my lord and all my doubts have been removed. For my obstinacy in upholding the doctrine

of faith I was cursed by the seer, but eventually I obtained a boon which even the saints find difficult : see the efficacy of prayer.

*Chaupai.*

They who knowingly reject such devotion and labour merely for wisdom are fools, who would leave at home the cow of plenty and go out to look for *ák* plants to give them milk. Hearken, Garur; all who abandon the worship of Hari and seek to prosper by any other means are wretched blunderers who would try to swim across the ocean without a boat. On hearing Bhusundi's speech, Bhaváni, Garur was glad and said in gentle accents : " By your favour, my lord, every doubt, anxiety, error and delusion has been removed from my breast. Through your clemency I have heard the holy tale of Ráma's achievements and have gained peace. There is still one matter, Sir, about which I would ask ; in your infinite compassion be pleased to enlighten me. The saints and sages, the Vedas and Puránas, all say there is nothing so difficult of attainment as wisdom. But the saint told you, father, that there is nothing so estimable as faith. Explain to me, most gracious lord, all the difference between faith and wisdom." The sagacious crow was pleased to hear Garur's question and courteously replied : "There is no difference between faith and wisdom; both put an end to the troubles incident to existence. There is no discrepancy, Sir, in the saint's doctrine : give me your attention, O noblest of birds, while I explain the matter. Wisdom, asceticism, abstraction and science—mark me, Garur—are all masculine. Now the masculine character is altogether strong, while the feminine is weak and naturally inferior.

*Dohà 112.*

The man who can forswear woman must be self-restrained and resolute; not a sensual voluptuary without any regard for Hari's feet.

*Sorathá 12.*

Even such a saint and philosopher, Garur, is distracted

at the sight of a woman, with her fawn-like eyes and moon bright face. Now creation's bride is manifested as Mayá.

*Chaupti.*

Here I maintain no private theory of my own. I only declare the doctrine of the Vedas, Puránas and the saints. Delusion is not feminine, though of feminine appearance; this, Garur, is a strange proceeding. But observe; Mayá and Faith are both of the feminine gender, as every one knows. Again, Faith is beloved of Ráma, while he regards Mayá as a mere dancing girl. Ráma being thus amiable to Faith, Mayá is greatly afraid of her. Ráma's Faith is incomparable and illimitable, and he in whose heart she abides is ever blessed. Mayá at the sight of her is confounded and can do nothing of her own power. Knowing this, the most enlightened sages attest Faith to be the source of every blessing.

*Dohi 113.*

This mystery of Raghunáth's no one can grasp all at once; whoever, by his favour, does comprehend it is never even in sleep subject to any delusion. Further now, hearken with your best intelligence to the distinction between Wisdom and Faith, by the hearing of which is induced an imperishable devotion to Ráma's feet.

*Chaupti.*

Attend, my son, to this unutterable utterance, which is in truth incapable of expression though it may be mentally conceived. The soul is a particle of the divinity, immortal, intelligent, pure and naturally blissful. But, Sir, being overcome by Mayá, it is caught, as it were a parrot or monkey. The enfeebled intellect is bound with a knot, which

1 The allusion is to two modes of catching parrots and monkeys, which, whether ever really practised or not, have at all events passed into a proverb. A stick with a bait at the end and a string attached to it is so set in the ground that it revolves from the weight of the parrot when it lights upon it, and the bird, confused by the motion fancies it is entangled in the string, though it is really loose and might fly away if it tried. For the monkey a large jar with a narrow mouth is sunk in the ground full of grain; the monkey puts in his paw and clutches a handful, but being unable to draw out, his closed fist on account of the smallness of the jar's mouth, he fancies himself caught, though if he opened his hand he could extricate it immediately. Two apt illustrations are thus afforded of the way in which man allows himself to be caught by delusive phenomena.

though imaginary is difficult to untie. Thus the soul becomes worldly; there is no loosing the knot and it knows no happiness. The Vedas and Purāṇas have declared many remedies; but there is no getting free, the entanglement is rather increased. The interior of the soul is full of the darkness of delusion and it cannot see how the knot can be untied. When God brings about such a complication, escape is problematical. If by Hari's favour a spirit of sincere piety like a beautiful cow comes and dwells in the heart, the prayers, penance and fasts and all the religious observances and acts of devotion which the Vedas have inculcated as meritorious practices are, as it were, a green pasture for the cow to graze in. The calf which fills her teats with milk is love; the heel-rope with which she is bound is the spirit of quietism, the milk-bowl faith, and the herdsman who tends her a spotless soul. After drawing off the milk of sound religion, it is set to boil on the fire of continence. Forbearance then cools it with the breath of patience; and perseverance is the rennet that coagulates it into curds. Contentment is the maid who churns it in the bowl of discretion, with self-restraint for the stick, and truth and good words for the cord. By such churning is produced the butter of pure, excellent and holy asceticism.

*Dohā 114.*

After kindling the flame of meditation and applying actions both good and bad, Intelligence allows the *ghi* of wisdom to cool, but burns all the scum of selfishness in the fire. Then Intelligence, master of highest wisdom, takes this absolutely pure *ghi*, and filling with it the lamp of the soul sets it on the stand of equanimity. Then extracting from the cotton the soul's three conditions<sup>1</sup> and the three

<sup>1</sup> According to the Vedantists the three ordinary conditions of the soul are waking, dreaming and profound dreamless sleep. The fourth is the state of abstinence in which it is permanent indistinguishable from the Supreme Spirit. When awake, it has to do with the visible and material world; while asleep with the world of illusion; and when in dreamless sleep, it is temporarily unfolded as it were in the soul of the universe.



properties, it works up the clean fibre of the fourth state and fashions it into an excellent candle.

*Sorathá* 13.

In this manner is kindled a splendid torch of science and the gnat-like swarms of vanity and other vices on approaching it are consumed by it.

*Chaupái.*

The unalterable persuasion of the identification of the soul with God is its pre-eminently brilliant flame, and the happiness that results from this knowledge of self is the light it diffuses, by which it destroys the erroneous distinctions which are born of the world. Delusion and all the other forms of darkness that attend upon tyrant Ignorance are utterly dispersed. Thus Intelligence having procured a light<sup>1</sup> sits in the chamber of the heart and tries to loosen the knot; should he succeed in untying it, the soul obtains its object. But when Mayá, O Garur, sees him loosening the knot, she creates many difficulties and sends forth, Sir, innumerable elves and fairies to excite his concupiscence. In some way or other, by force or by fraud, they get near and try to put out the lamp by a side puff. If Intelligence is altogether wise, he perceives their hostile intent and will not look at them. Should he escape free from this danger, the gods then proceed to attack him. The faculties of sense are so many portals, at each of which a god sits on guard. When they see any sensual air stirring, they at once throw the doors wide open. If the blast penetrates the chamber of the soul, it forthwith extinguishes the lamp of knowledge. When its light is put out, there is no untying the knot, for Intelligence is undone by this blast of sensuality. Neither the senses nor the gods approve of wisdom; they are always inclined to sensual enjoyment. When Intelligence has been

1. This is a paraphrase of a passage in the Vedánta-S'ra. "When the understanding, free from the four hindrances, (mental inactivity, distraction, passion and propensity to pleasure) and motionless as a lamp sheltered from the wind, thus becomes the infinite Intelligence only, then is realized that which is called undifferentiated meditation."



thus fooled by the breath of sensuality, who can light the lamp again as before ?

*Dohā 115.*

Then the soul is again subjected to all the manifold miseries of transmigration. O Garur, Hari's delusive power is a trackless ocean that none can traverse. Wisdom is difficult to describe, difficult to understand, difficult to master, and if by any lucky chance a right judgment be formed, still many impediments block the way.

*Chaupāī.*

The path of wisdom is like the edge of a scimitar ; for those who fall on it, Garur, there is no escape. If any traverse the path in spite of its difficulty, they attain to the supreme sphere of beatitude. But this exalted felicity is immensely hard of attainment, as is declared by the saints, the Parānas, the Vedas and all the Scriptures. By the worship of Rāma, Sir, salvation comes freely of its own accord. As water cannot stay without some support, however much you may try to make it ; in like manner, mark me, Garur, the joy of final salvation cannot be secured without the worship of Hari. The wisest of Hari's worshippers know this, and thinking lightly of the soul's deliverance from the body crave rather for faith. By faith, without any trouble or difficulty, the ignorance that arises from mundane existence is utterly abolished. Eating is for the sake of satiety, but it is the heat of the belly that digests what is eaten ; in like manner the worship of Hari gives immediate relief. A man must be a fool indeed who does not delight in it.

*Dohā 116.*

Except by the good favour of the worshipped, it is not possible, Garur, for any worshipper to escape from existence ; worship then the lotus feet of Rāma, knowing this to be the end of all theology. With Raghunāth is the power to make the living dead and the dead alive ; blessed are the souls that worship him.

*Chaupaii.*

I have thus stated and expounded the theory of Science; hear now the virtue of the jewel Faith. Faith in Ráma is a glorious philosopher's stone ; in whose-ever heart it dwells, Garur, there night and day is an infinite splendour, a lamp that never requires to be fed with oil. Delusion and poverty come not near ; no blast of covetousness ever extinguishes it. The gloom of overpowering ignorance is dispersed ; the swarms of gnats are all destroyed. Neither vile lust nor any other vice approaches the soul in which faith abides. It changes poison to ambrosia, enemies to friends, and without this jewel no one can attain to happiness. Those grievous mental diseases, by the influence of which all living creatures are rendered miserable, have no effect upon him in whose heart is the jewel of Faith ; not even in a dream can he feel the slightest atom of pain. They are truly paragons of wisdom in the world who labour persistently to secure this jewel. Though it be revealed on earth, without Ráma's grace none can find it. There is an easy device for finding it, but luckless wights go on wrangling. The Vedas and Puránas are the holy mountain, the legends of Ráma its many glorious mines ; the pious are the discoverers, and good counsel is their pick-axe, while wisdom and asceticism, Garur, are their eyes. Any creature who searches with a will can find the jewel, faith ; in itself a mine of every, blessing. I have in my mind persuasion of this, Sir, that one of Ráma's servants is greater than Ráma himself. Ráma is the sea, the good and pious are the rain-clouds. Hari is the sandal-tree and the saints are the winds that diffuse its perfume. Faith in Hari is a delight and the crown of all desire, but it cannot be had without the saints. Any one, Garur, who understands this and communes with the saints will find faith in Ráma easy of attainment.

*Dohá 117.*

The Supreme Spirit is the ocean, wisdom is mount

Mandara and the saints are the gods, while the sacred legends are the nectar which they churn out having faith for its sweetness. Again, self-control is the shield, and wisdom the sword, with which faith in Hari slays his enemies, Pride, Greed and Delusion, and wins the victory ; take thought, O king of the birds, and see if it be not so."

*Chaupâi.*

Garur asked further in loving tones : " Since, my lord, you are pleased to be gracious to me, acknowledge me as your disciple and resolve me these seven questions. Tell me first, O staunchest of the faithful, what form is the most difficult of all to obtain. Next consider and explain briefly what is the greatest pain and the highest pleasure. Tell me also the essential characteristics both of the good and of the evil, for this is a secret you understand. Tell me further what is the highest religious merit as made known in the Scriptures, and what the most awful sin. In your infinite wisdom and supreme compassion explain to me also the diseases of the soul." " Listen, my son, with the greatest reverence and devotion, while I briefly expound this scheme of doctrine. The human form is the most excellent of all, and the desire of every living creature, whether moving or motionless. It is the ladder that connects hell and heaven and final emancipation and is the bestower of the blessings of wisdom, continence and faith. Men who have attained to this form and yet do not worship Hari show themselves, in their infatuation for the world, greater fools than any fool living, clutching at bits of glass while they throw away the philosopher's stone which they had in their hands. There is no pain in the world so great as poverty and no pleasure like that which results from communion with the saints. It is an essential characteristic of the good, Garur, to be charitable to others, in thought, word and indeed. The good take pains to help their neighbours, but wicked wretches to trouble them. The good in their compassionateness resemble

the birch tree<sup>1</sup> and constantly submit to the greatest distress in order to benefit others. The wicked, like the hemp, have their skin flayed off and perish in agony, merely to supply cords to bind people. Observe, Garur ; the wicked do mischief, even when they have no object of their own to gain, like a serpent or a rat. They would kill themselves to ruin another's prosperity, like the hail which dissolves after destroying the crops. The rising of the wicked is as much a cause of calamity to the world as that of the famous planet Ketu is known to be. The rise of the good is ever productive of happiness, as when the moon rejoices the world by scattering the darkness. The highest religious merit as declared in the Scriptures is to do no harm to any creature; and there is no sin so heinous as the abuse of another. He who abuses Hari or his Guru becomes a frog and is born a thousand times in that form. He who abuses a Brâhman, after suffering in many Hells, will be born into the world in the form of a crow. They who have the presumption to abuse the gods or the Scriptures will fall into the hell called Kaurava. They who delight to abuse the saints will be changed into owls, as loving the night of error and hating the sun of knowledge. The fools who abuse every one will be born again as bats. Hearken now, my son, to the diseases of the soul from which all people suffer pain. Delusion is the root of all ailments and from these again spring many pains. The flatulence of lust, the phlegm of insatiable greed, and the bile of passion constantly inflame the breast, and when these three combine, Sir, there results a miserable paralysis of the whole system. Who can tell the names of all the diseases represented by the various obstinate sensual cravings? Such are the leprosy of selfishness, the itch of envy, the rheumatic throbs of joy and sorrow, the consumption that burns at the sight of another's prosperity, the horrible open sore of a

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<sup>1</sup> The bark of which is employed as paper and for other useful purposes and after being torn off the tree is again renewed.

malignant spirit, the excruciating gout of egoism, the sciatica of heresy, hypocrisy, vanity and pride, the terrible leprosy of greed, the violent tertian ague of the three kinds of covetousness,<sup>1</sup> the two fevers of jealousy and indiscrimination; but why continue the interminable list of diseases?

*Duhá* 118.

A man dies even of one disease; but these incurable diseases which constantly harass the soul are many in number, how then can it find rest? Pious and religious observances, penance, meditation, sacrifice, prayer and almsgiving are so many different remedies;<sup>2</sup> but the disease, Garur, does not abate.

*Chaupái.*

Thus every creature in the world is diseased, distracted alternately by sorrow and joy, by fear and love. I have mentioned only some of the diseases of the soul; they touch every one, but few only detect them. On detection the wretches diminish somewhat, but these tormentors of the faithful are not completely destroyed. They spring up even in the soul of a saint, if fed on the unwholesome diet of materialism; how much more in that of an ordinary man? By the grace of Ráma every disease is extirpated, if the treatment is conducted in the following manner, with a holy teacher for physician, faith for a prescription, contempt of

1 The three things not to be coveted are another man's wife, wealth and good name.

2 The pessimistic views, as expressed above, have been revived in an exaggerated form by Schopenhauer and the modern European Buddhists, who hold that life is necessarily a state of suffering. For the only reality is Will, i. e. a blind force pervading the universe, the Greek *avarky*. This is primarily unconscious and only manifested in the species by actions, which tend to the conservation of the individual and serve to prolong the life of the species. Will is thus the will to live; life being that for which everything pants and labours. To will is, therefore, to strive, and to strive is to suffer. Our nature is thus a kind of insatiable thirst, a struggle for existence with the certainty of being vanquished. Hence the deductions, first, that all pleasure is merely negative, suffering alone positive; and second, that increased intelligence is simply increased capacity for pain; the world being the worst possible world; if it were worse, it would cease to exist. The will to live ought therefore to be rooted out, and the means to this (as Tulsi Dás also says) are voluntary poverty, chastity, and the various practices of asceticism. But the spiritual faith and devotion, upon which the Hindu theologian insists as the crowning step in the process, are necessarily ignored by the modern school, with whom not only is the world of experience an unreality, but the idea of God also is a mere dream.

the world for regimen, devotion to Hari for life-giving drug and a soul full of faith for the vehicle in which it is administered. By this treatment the disease is easily subdued ; otherwise all your efforts go for nothing. You may know, Sir, that the mind is free from disease as soon as it gains strength in self-control, with a daily increasing appetite for good resolutions and disappearance of the weakness of material hopes. After bathing in the pure stream of divine knowledge, the whole soul is suffused with faith in Rāma. This, O king of the birds, is the doctrine of Siva, Brāhma, Sakadeva, Sanat-Kumāra, Narad and all the sages, who have been eminent in theological speculation ; ' Practise devotion to Rāma's lotus feet.' The Vedas and Purānas and all the Scriptures declare that without faith in Rāma there is no happiness. It would be easier for water to stay on the back of a tortoise, or for the son of a childless woman to be slain, or for flowers of every description to bloom in the air, than for any creature to be happy in opposition to Hari. Sooner shall thirst be satisfied by drinking of a mirage, or horns sprout on the head of a hare, or darkness extinguish the sun, than any creature find happiness if he have Rāma against him. Sooner shall fire appear out of ice than any one oppose Rāma and yet find happiness.

*Dohā 119.*

Sooner shall butter be produced by churning water, or oil come out of sand, than the ocean of existence be traversed without prayer to Hari: this is an indisputable conclusion. The Lord can change a gnat into Brāhma, or make Brāhma himself even less than a gnat. A wise man will consider this and discard all doubt and worship Rāma.

*Sloka 5.*

I declare to you as an established truth, and I have nothing to say as against it, that they who worship Hari can alone traverse the impassable.

*Chaupái.*

I have told you, my lord, Hari's unparalleled achieve-

ments, in full or in brief as my ability served me, and this Garur, is the crowning dogma of the Scriptures to abandon sensuality and worship Ráma. Whom else can you serve if you forsake the Lord Raghupati, who was compassionate even to such a wretch as myself. You are wisdom itself and superior to delusion, but you showed me, my lord, a great kindness in that you asked me for Ráma's history, which is so holy that it delights the soul even of Sukadeva and Sanat-Kumára and Sambhu. The company of the good is hard to get in the world, even for once only and for a single moment. See, Garur, and consider for yourself ; I am now a master in the worship of Raghu-bír; though I was the vilest of birds and in every way abominable, the Lord has made me famous as a purifier of the world.

*Dohá 120.*

Blessed, blessed indeed am I to-day notwithstanding my meanness; for Ráma has acknowledged me as one of his own servants and has admitted me to the communion of the saints. I have spoken, my lord, according to my ability and have concealed nothing; but Ráma's doings are a very ocean; who can find the bottom of their ?"

*Chaupái.*

As he pondered on Ráma's manifold perfections, the all-wise Bhhusundi was yet more and more enraptured. "He, whose greatness the Scriptures have declared to be unutterable, whose might and majesty and dominion are unbounded, whose feet are adored by Siva, and Bráhma, even he Raghu-rái, has in his infinite compassion shown favour to me. Never have I seen or heard of such benignity; to whom, O Garur, can I compare Ráma? Miracle-working saints, deified anchorites, inspired bards and rigid ascetics, spiritualists, doctors, self-mortified divines and the wisest and most religious of philosophers, can none of them escape but by serving my lord; again and again and yet again I bow myself before Ráma. I worship the Immortal, with whom all



who take refuge are sanctified, though even guiltier than I.

*Dohá 121.*

He whose name is an elixir of life, the healer of every kind of trouble, may he in his mercy remain ever gracious both to me and to thee." Hearing Bhūsundī's words and perceiving his admirable devotion to Rāma's feet, Garur replied in loving tones and with every doubt at an end:

*Chaupái.*

"By your discourse I have attained my end, now that I have learnt the delectable doctrine of faith in Rāma. My love to his feet increases ever more and more, and the trouble created by Mayá is clean gone. You have been my raft in the sea of delusion and have bestowed on me, my lord, the most exquisite delight. I can in no way requite you; but again and again I prostrate myself at your feet. Full to overflowing with love for Rāma you are so blessed, Sire, that none can equal you. Saints, trees, rivers, mountains and the earth, all operate for the good of others. The heart of the saints is like butter; so the poets say, but they say not well; for butter melts when itself is tried by the fire, but the saints are so good that they melt at others' trials. Now has my life become worth living, for by your favour my doubts have disappeared. Regard me ever as your servant." Again and again, O Umá, thus spake the noblest of birds.

*Dohá 122.*

After affectionately bowing his head at his feet, Garur proceeded to Vaikunth, with Rāma's image impressed upon his heart. O Girijá, there is no blessing like that of communion with the saints; it is attainable only by Hari's grace; so the Vedas and Purānas declare.

*Chaupái.*

I have now finished the all-holy history, by the hearing of which the bonds of existence are loosened, a very tree of Paradise abounding in mercies for all who approach it and stimulating a devotion to Rāma's lotus feet. Sins engendered of thought, word and deed are all absolved in those



who listen attentively to this legend. Pilgrimages to shrines, recourse to all the means of grace, meditation, self-control, perfection in wisdom, works of religious merit, devotional practices, fasting and almsgiving, continence, temperance, prayer, penance and manifold sacrifices, tender-heartedness to all living creatures, ministering to Bráhmans and Gurus, learning, morality and exalted intelligence, in short all the forms of discipline, which the Vedas have recommended, have but one aim, Bhaváni, *viz.* devotion to Ráma. To such devotion—as the Scriptures describe it—scarce any has attained and then only by Ráma's favour.

*Dohá 123.*

But though the patriarchs found it scarce attainable, any one can now easily acquire it, by the repeated hearing of this history, if only he believe.

*Chaupái.*

He is all-wise, he is an accomplished scholar, he is renowned throughout the world for learning and beneficence, he is truly pious and his kinsfolk's saviour, whose soul is enamoured of Ráma's feet. He is perfect in morality and supremely intelligent; he has a thorough understanding of scriptural doctrine; he is an inspired bard and a man of fixed purpose, who without hypocrisy worships Raghu-bír. Blessed is the land where the Ganges flows; blessed is the wife who is faithful to her husband; blessed is the king who governs justly; blessed is the Bráhman who swerves not from his duty; blessed is the wealth which is used to the best advantage; blessed is the creed which most conduces to works of piety; blessed is the hour which brings communion with the saints; blessed is the life which is staunch in devotion to the twice-born.

*Dohá 124.*

Blessed is the family, yea—mark me, Umá—worthy of veneration throughout the world and truly holy, in which is born a humble worshipper of the divine Raghu-bír.

Though at first I kept it secret, I have now to the best of my ability told you the whole story. I saw the extreme devotion of your soul, and it is for this reason that I have declared to you Ráma's history. It is not to be repeated to any perverse wretch, who will not give his mind to understand the tale of Hari's sportive manifestations, nor to any covetous, choleric or sensual person, who worships not the lord of all animate and inanimate creation. Neither must it ever be told to a persecutor of the Bráhmans, even should he be as great a king as Indra. They are fit for instruction in Ráma's history, who dearly love the communion of the saints, who have a great affection for the feet of their Guru and the precepts of morality and are submissive to the Bráhmans: these are fit recipients. But he will derive a special delight from it who loves Ráma as he loves his own life.

*Dohá 125.*

Whoever wishes to love Ráma's feet or to attain to final deliverance should devoutly fill the pitchers of his ears with the water of this legend.

*Chaupái.*

The story of Ráma, as I have now told it you, O Umá, has power to subdue the impurity of this evil age and to remove all the impurities of the soul. It is a healing remedy for every disease of life, as is declared by those learned in the Veda. It has seven beautiful gháts, being so many steps towards faith in him. Only he to whom Hari shows special favour can set his feet on this road. They who guilelessly recite this history obtain success in everything their soul desires. They who hear, or repeat and gladly assent to it, traverse the depths of existence as they would a mere puddle." Umá was greatly pleased to have heard the whole history and cried in joyous tones: "By my lord's favour my doubts have been dispelled, and my love for Ráma's feet has sprung up anew.

*Dohá 126.*

Through your grace, O lord of the universe, I have now attained my desire; a firm faith in Rāma has resulted and all my troubles are at an end."

*Chaupái.*

This glorious dialogue between Sambhu and Umá is fruitful in blessings and destructive of sorrow; it breaks the bonds of existence, refutes scepticism; delights the believer and is dear to all good men; there is nothing in the world equally dear to a worshipper of Rāma. By Raghupati's favour I have sung to the best of my ability his holy and gracious deeds. In this the last age of the world there is no other means of salvation, neither abstraction, sacrifice, prayer, penance, the paying of vows, nor religious ceremonial. Think only of Rāma, sing only of Rāma, give ear only to Rāma's infinite perfections. Let the soul give over its perversity and worship him whose special characteristic it is to sanctify the fallen, as is declared by saints and seers, by Veda and Purānas: is there any one who has worshipped Rāma and not found salvation?

*Chhand 12.*

Hearken, O dull of soul; is there any creature who has worshipped Rāma, the purifier of the fallen, and not found salvation? The wretches whom he has redeemed are countless, such as the harlots Pingalá and Ajánil, the huntsman Válmiki, the vulture Jatáyu and the elephant.<sup>1</sup> An Abhír, a foreigner, a Kirát, a Khasia, are an outcast, embodiments of pollution as they are, are purified if they but once repeat his name; O Rāma, I adore thee. Any one who reads, or hears, or recites this history of the glorious son of Raghu washes out the stains of the world and the stains of his own soul and without any trouble goes straight to Rāma's sphere in heaven. Any one who, appreciating their beauty, learns by heart five or six stanzas is delivered by the blessed

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<sup>1</sup> See page 23 Note 1.

Raghubír from all the disturbances created by the five<sup>1</sup> over whose councils the monster Ignorance presides. Ráma alone is all-beautiful, all-wise, full of compassion and of loving-kindness for the destitute, disinterested in his benevolence and the bestower of final deliverance: whom else can I desire? There is no other lord like Ráma, by whose favour, however slight, even I, the dullwitted Tulsí Dás, have found perfect peace.

*Dohá 127.*

There is no one so poor as I am and no one so gracious to the poor as you, O Raghu-bír: remember this, O glory of the race of Raghu, and rid me of the grievous burden of existence. As a lover loves his mistress and as a miser loves his money, so for ever and ever may Ráma be beloved by me.

(111) *End*

[Thus endeth the Book entitled THE SEQUEL, a provocative to steadfast faith in Hari, being the seventh descent into the holy lake of Ráma's deeds, that cleanses from every defilement of the world.]

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1 In this antithesis between the five stanzas and the five members of council, who are not specifically designated, the latter would seem to stand for the five senses.

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